

APRIL 11, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



GRACE KELLY
and her leading men
See pages 16-17-18

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APRIL 11, 1956

Vol. 23, No.

GUIDANCE ON MARRIAGE

THE recently published findings of the British Royal Commission on divorce, though in many ways confused and indecisive, made at least one point very clearly.

That point is that education and guidance—rather than divorce—are the best ways to solve many marriage problems.

Though its members disagreed on practically every point about divorce, the Commission gave its unanimous approval to marriage guidance councils and their work.

It was no lightly given approval, either. For almost five years the 19 Commissioners (12 men and seven women) devoted themselves to exhaustive research into marriage.

After all this research they came to the conclusion that easing the divorce laws would do little, if anything, to solve the enormous problem of unhappy marriages.

But they did agree that thousands of marriages could be saved if skilled guidance were given in time.

This is a point of view that has long been held by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia. It is a point of view which this paper also holds.

In co-operation with the National Marriage Guidance Council we are giving practical expression to our belief this year by bringing to Australia Dr. David Mace and his wife, Mrs. Vera C. Mace.

Dr. and Mrs. Mace, whose full Australian itinerary is given elsewhere in this issue, are world authorities on marriage guidance. During their four months here they will give public lectures and will confer with Australian marriage guidance counsellors.

From these lectures and conferences, it is hoped, a definite advance will be made towards saving Australian marriages from the scrap-heap of the divorce courts.

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Our cover:

● In this latest color portrait Grace Kelly looks about 15 instead of her admitted 26 years. Her white dress is the simple, severe, and shapeless kind that only the beautiful can wear. Grace's marriage to Prince Rainier takes place in Monaco on April 18. See pages 16, 17, and 18 of this issue for a Hollywood story telling what Grace's leading men in films think of her.

This week:

● If somebody mentions the name Mrs. Simpson and you register her identity immediately it's safe to say that you're no child. It is 20 years this year since King Edward VIII abdicated to marry her. On pages 12 and 13 of this issue famous novelist Ursula Bloom draws a pen-picture of the Duchess at 60. (Some people say that the Duchess is more than 60, but no woman is ever given the credit of stating her true age.) It is not a kind picture. The light that beats upon a throne is no fiercer than the limelight which has continued to blaze on the Windsor romance.

Next week:

● Planning new curtains? Wait till next week and study our seven-page section, "Clever Curtains." You'll find ideas for windows of all shapes and sizes. Four of the pages are in color and directions for making are clear and complete, so that you'll have no trouble in following them.

● Early autumn is the right time to plant evergreen climbers in the garden. Next week's gardening feature deals with vines and climbers and gives comprehensive information on evergreens, deciduous climbers, and annuals.



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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

7. Is the inside of a tulip 2 down in this Swiftian country? Could be (8).
8. Behold the doctor is upset with the master (4).
9. I am in an exquisite gondola (3).
10. Draw with a vapid friend (9).
11. Encompass and be placed (5).
12. The woman in heavy metal held in control (7).
13. Chemical term which is nothing to a disturbed poet (7).
14. Deans could procure such saythe handle (5).
15. Power of one of them gives authority (5).
16. On the eye or around a pig (3).
17. At liberty in the reef (4).
18. Worship of those creatures which are kept in its head (8).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Half of a well-known prison permits such underwear (8).
2. See 7 across (3).
3. Blemishes a few drinks (5).
4. Bombastic Edward on a pole (7).
5. Walks lamely in a gee-gee and appearing faintly (9).
6. Brisk, steady pace in North-west Rotterdam (4).
7. His sixth was pastoral (9).
8. Those who demand as of right are old stagers? (8).
9. Seventeenth-century philosopher whose head appears to whirl round (7).
10. Poet who said of himself: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous" (6).
11. Pie which must have a sharp taste (4).
12. Sporting implement often kept in the belfry (3).

UNCLE and the OCTOPUS

MY word, weren't we the envy of all the other kids when we went back to school after the holidays!

They had all seen it in the papers, of course — our story, not the octopus—with photographs of Yvonne and George and me on the beach with the policeman taking down our statements in his notebook and standing out on the sandbank, on the very spot where the tragedy occurred, me with the rake and George holding the victim's straw hat.

It was easily the most exciting thing that had ever happened to us, and we had to tell it over and over again. The kids at our school bragged about it to children from other schools, and they were so interested that they used to stop us in the street and beg us to tell them all about it.

Some of them at our school got quite narked because nobody wanted to hear about their holiday accidents, but that was only natural. After all, who wanted to hear how Elsie Smith broke her arm, or how Bill Walters was in a car smash, or how it took three-quarters of an hour to pump the water out of Jimmy Talbot when he fell into the creek and nearly drowned? That sort of thing happens every day of the week, but it's only once in a lifetime that you can hear from the actual eye-witnesses how their uncle was taken by an octopus.

That was our position, and we made the most of it, for, as George said regretfully, it would probably never happen again to us, no matter how long we lived. The only drawback was that he wasn't a real flesh-and-blood uncle, only an uncle by marriage. But George and I agreed that we'd keep that to ourselves. Nobody at school was any the wiser, and, as Dad says, it's a pity to spoil a story by irrelevant details.

There was just one other little detail we left out when we told about our holiday tragedy, but I'll come to that later. Dad tells me I'm exactly like my mother, telling everything back to front, so I'd better start right from the beginning and set down how it all happened.

We were staying at Seaview, one of the bayside beaches, in a holiday house belonging to some friends of Dad's; they'd let it to us for a month, and we had a marvellous time. The house was right on the beach, so that you walked out the back gate over the sandhills straight down to the water, and we spent most of our time there, living in our bathers.

There was just Mother and Dad and George and Yvonne and me; Dad had to work some of the time, but he just went in by train every day—it was little more than an hour's journey to town.

George is 12, Yvonne's seven, and I'm 14. There were plenty of other children about the same ages staying there, and we soon got to know them, but most of the time we kept to ourselves, particularly after Uncle Claude arrived.

We were just sitting down to tea one evening, a week after we'd gone to Seaview, when there was a knock at the door that opens straight into the living-room, and in walked Uncle Claude, bowing and sweeping his hat off and smiling.

"Any room for a little one?" he asked, and Mother, who was coming in from the kitchen, nearly dropped the plates she was carrying, and cried out:

"It's not—it's not Claude?"

"Your old Uncle Claudius," he said, looking at us children, "rising fifty and a little the worse for wear, but otherwise as good as new. Always turns up like the joker, when you're not expecting him, eh?"

He kissed Mother and shook Dad's hand heartily, as if he were going to try to sell him something. Dad mumbled politely and let his hand be shaken, but he didn't look in the least pleased, even when Uncle Claude told him he didn't look a day older than when he last saw him five years ago.

"And this is—surely this isn't Jill!" he said, turning to me. "Why, you've grown into a young lady—breaking the boys' hearts already, I'll bet. And here's George, looking more like his Dad than ever."

"A fine, handsome lad," he added, speaking to Dad, "he'll be the dead spit of you in a few years."

"And this is the baby—you were only a baby when I last saw you—Yvonne, is it?—and now you're exactly like your mother at the same age. Same eyes, same pretty hair, same sweet little smile. I'd know you anywhere."

Mother was bustling about setting another place, and she

had that calculating look in her eyes that meant she was trying to work out how to turn five dinners into six. She pulled up a chair for Uncle Claude, and he said not to make any fuss for him, he'd be satisfied with a chunk of bread and cheese to eat in the kitchen. But he sat down with us, and he ate more than anyone else, and he talked and paid us compliments and told how he'd found out where we were staying from our neighbors at home, and how he'd decided to walk right in on us and give us all a surprise.

"I see," said Dad—I think it was the only thing he said during the whole meal—but Uncle Claude made up for his lack of conversation. And when we'd all finished, Uncle Claude wouldn't hear of Mother washing up—he insisted on doing it, with George and me wiping. He had a really dashing way of washing dishes, sweeping whole piles of things into the sink at once, flourishing the dishcloth like a handkerchief with his silver staff, and whipping the plates out on to the draining-board with a flick of the wrist. He said it was the American style of washing up. He'd washed dishes, he said, from California to New York, and they really hustled over there in the States. He broke a cup and a small milk-jug, but he told Mother not to worry about them. He'd replace them, he said, with the best china that money could buy.

Afterwards he sat and talked with Mother and Dad until it was bedtime for George and me, and Dad said he supposed Uncle Claude would be getting along now if he wanted to catch the train.

Then Mother asked if he wouldn't care to stay the night, and when Dad said we hadn't a spare bedroom Uncle Claude said that was okay with him, he could sleep anywhere, on the sofa or out on the porch, so long as he had a blanket or two and some old bags or a cushion to rest his head on.

Mother remembered there was a spare stretcher in the house, so Uncle Claude dragged that on to the porch and made himself up a bed with some rugs and one of Dad's pillows.

In the morning Dad had to go off to town. He suggested that Uncle Claude could travel up with him, but Uncle wasn't enthusiastic. It looked like being a hot day, so he thought he would stay for an hour or two and have a swim, he said. Dad just said, "Well, please yourself," and went off, looking huffy.

It turned out Uncle had forgotten to bring his bathing-trunks. All he had with him were a few clothes and his shaving gear, so he borrowed Dad's new pair. He looked a scream in them, really. Uncle was not much taller than me, very thin and wiry, with a little ginger moustache, and Dad is nearly six feet and weighs 14 stone. But Uncle didn't care. He taught me the genuine butterfly stroke. The champion Japanese swimmer had shown him how you did it when he was in Japan years ago, he explained. Not many people outside Japan have the right technique, Uncle said.

When we were tired of swimming Uncle showed George

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The policeman took down our statement on the very spot on the sandbank where the tragedy occurred.



An amusing short story

By D. J. GOLDING



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No one would have ever thought that one day Martha would be famous, for they all thought of her as . . .

THE QUIET ONE

BY JAMES PIRIE

THAT year, the year of the famous summer, Elizabeth Wintrey was sixty. The war years, and the years just after the war, had aged her. She was a tall woman, now growing more austere with age. Her voice made tradesmen tremble and reduced the members of her numerous committees to compliance with her wishes.

The younger generation of the townspeople called her Old Liz. To their more respectful elders she was Miss Wintrey, the Miss Wintrey, the one you had to reckon with.

Her sister Martha was nearly twenty years younger, and as a personality she did not amount to much. Martha had been a delicate child, her life repeatedly despaired of. Later, as a wan and spiritless adolescent, she had developed interests in literature and music, and these had helped her to endure a world which seemed at times intolerably harsh and brutal.

In her late thirties, having overcome the weaknesses of earlier years, she still retained the figure and complexion of a girl. A stranger might have supposed her to be Elizabeth's daughter, or even her paid companion. The people of the town regarded her with sympathy and affection. They knew her as Miss Martha, the quiet one.

The sisters lived, as they had lived for nearly twenty years, in the lovely old house on Blythe Hill. The house had been bought and restored by their father, Sir George Wintrey, and it was theirs for as long as they lived.

Below, on the outskirts of the little town, was the Wintrey iron foundry, larger and more prosperous than it had ever been in Sir George's day. It was Elizabeth, of course, who attended the board meetings. It was Elizabeth who was periodically conducted through the inferno of the foundry. She liked to see things for herself.

People were sorry for Miss Martha. They remembered her many kindnesses, and in particular they remembered how good she had been during the war. While her sister kept an eye on the business and wrought her will upon a score or so of committees, Martha had quietly emerged from her private world of books and music, and for several years she had devoted most of her time to welfare work.

To the hundreds of shocked and stricken people made homeless by the great air-raid of 1941, she had seemed an angel of mercy, gentle and diffident and strangely understanding. Later, she had come to be well known among the soldiers in the military hospital. They had recognised her as a woman they could talk to, a friend to whom they could tell any kind of trouble. Her kindness had given them strength; her gentleness had given them courage.

In her occasional clashes with authority, curiously enough, Miss Martha had always seemed to hold her own. It was a pity, some people thought—the younger ones especially—that she had never stood up to Old Liz. She probably never would.

It was on a fine spring morning, when the summer was still only a golden promise, that the letter arrived. Martha read it at the breakfast table, sitting with her back to the sunlit window. Elizabeth, glancing up from the communication she had been reading, was startled by her sister's expression.

"Well?" she said.

The one word, so uttered, was calculated to have a definite effect. Martha was expected to start somewhat guiltily, blush and hand the letter to her sister.

This time she did not follow the expected pattern. She raised her eyes from the letter and blinked. She was smiling.

"Is it important?" Elizabeth asked.



"Important?" Martha looked at the letter again. "Oh, yes, quite important. I think I may have to go to London."

"London?" Elizabeth contrived to make the capital sound scarcely less remote than Vladivostok. "Really, Martha! Why on earth should you have to go to London?"

"This letter," said Martha, still keeping possession of it, "is from a firm of publishers. They say they want to publish my book. It appears that there are several things which ought to be discussed . . ."

Elizabeth sniffed. Had she been confined to a dozen words and a few odd noises, she would still have been capable of expressing a wide variety of comment.

This particular sniff expressed her awareness of the fact that Martha had always been much given to idle scribbling. It added that there were many more important things to which an able-bodied and intelligent woman might be expected to give some attention. It expressed no surprise, of course. Elizabeth Wintrey was a difficult woman to surprise.

"What sort of a book is it?" she asked presently. "Poetry? Essays? That sort of thing?"

Martha pondered for a little while. "I suppose one might describe it as a war novel."

Elizabeth clicked her tongue. Of all things! One of her committees had just been considering a book belonging to this very category, a work of American origin. It was a book about which questions had been asked in the House, and Elizabeth had only just been able to keep it out of the local library. Still, it was hardly likely that Martha had produced a work of this description.

"I am at a loss," she began, exactly as though she were dictating a sharp note in one of her offices. She recovered herself. "Really, Martha, what can you know about the war?"

Once more Martha seemed to think very carefully before she spoke. She held the letter close to her breast, and it appeared to give her confidence.

"It is true," she said thoughtfully, "that I did not actually participate in the war. But don't you remember how I spent those years? Don't you remember what a nuisance I was, sometimes—how you had to rescue me from the authorities when I had been foolish? I learned a great deal. Perhaps it did not make me wiser, but it taught me to understand. I heard about the battles—what the places were like, the places with the curious names; what really happened, how the soldiers thought and felt."

"Boys told me things they would have told to no one else—because I was unofficial and, I believe, sympathetic. I didn't have to invent incidents. I simply listened and remembered."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1956



and then I arranged the things I remembered and wrote them down. That was all. I think you may be surprised, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth sat silent for a time. She poured herself a second cup of coffee, breaking the routine of years. When she spoke again her voice and manner had changed slightly.

"And what have you called it?" she asked, almost as though she were asking the name of a child.

Martha suddenly became embarrassed. She blushed and lowered her eyes. "You'll think it silly, I'm afraid."

"I may or I may not," Elizabeth said, something of her old sharpness returning. "Really, Martha."

"The title—the provisional title—is 'Battle Song.' It may have to be changed later, but I do like it. The idea is not actually mine. It really belongs to Tchaikovsky."

"Tchaikovsky? I don't follow you at all."

"It isn't easy to explain—more a feeling than a thought. But you know how much I love his last symphony, the 'Pathétique.' Before the final gloom of the adagio lamentoso, that wonderful march is almost gay by contrast. It expresses so much, and so perfectly. Valor without the lust for power; glory which is not gained by the humiliation of others. I felt the same thing during the war, too. There was happiness as well as sorrow in world conflict. Many people were happier than they had ever been . . ."

"Martha! What a dreadful thing to say!"

Time had been when such a rebuke would have silenced Martha. Not any more. She looked at the letter again and smiled reminiscently.

"I had never really been happy before. All my pleasures had been abstract, self-delusions. No one can live that way, Elizabeth. You know it—you have always known it. I know it now."

"So, some people were happy. They were doing their best; for the first time, in many cases, they were being allowed to do their best. Cities were bombed and people starved and ships burned . . . I am not forgetting the tragedy. But people were glad to do their best, working or fighting for their beliefs."

"Life continued in the midst of death and destruction. Such things have been said before, of course; so often, indeed, and so formally, that we are apt to forget that they are really true. I have not written a sad book, and already there have been more than enough grim ones. I have written a book about the people who kept their courage—the ones who were the most and needed the least, if you understand me. It is a small thing, but it was something I believed I could do."

Elizabeth's eyes were fixed upon her sister's face. Martha's head was raised. She looked almost beautiful as the light of

As Elizabeth hurried off, leaving Martha to her book, she felt the discomfort of a strange emotion which she could not define.

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Hearts you lose

A short story complete on this page

By **ROBERT ZACKS**

ILLUSTRATED by **HEDSTROM**

JANE'S cheeks glowed with color. Her brown eyes shone as her fingers danced over the typewriter keys. The sun pouring through the open window splashed over her auburn hair.

From their desks on either side of her the two young men, Bill and Harry, gazed upon her loveliness, their work forgotten.

Mike Caldwell, the rugged, tall office manager, appeared at the door. His cool grey eyes took in the scene and he scowled at the other men as he leaned over Jane's desk.

"How about lunch with me, Jane?" he whispered. When things happened, they happened all in a crazy rush, Jane thought. When first she had come to work in this office two months before, she had yearned for some nice fellow to fall in love with.

Now, suddenly, she was overwhelmed. Bill, Harry, Mike Caldwell. They really liked her. Jane could see it in their eyes.

But recently a strange seriousness had crept into their gay and teasing competition, and now, as Mike Caldwell waited for her answer to his lunch invitation, she threw a swift look at Bill and Harry. They were glaring at Mike.

Soberly, but with heart pounding, Jane said, "I can't have lunch with you today, Mr. Caldwell..."

He scowled, and she added: "I mean Mike. I'm going shopping... A new outfit."

As she went out, the three men stared after her with an unsmiling seriousness that gave her the oddest feeling. It was both frightening and intoxicating.

Jane hardly knew what she was doing as she went through the department stores examining dresses, gloves, blouses. She kept thinking:

"What do I know of them—Harry, Bill, and Mike? Why, they're strangers!"

"Be careful, now, Jane," her mother had said. "Don't choose the wrong one."

Which one? Which of these eager men to entrust with her heart forever?

Suddenly Jane stopped dead in her tracks. There was an emptiness under her arm. A vague, awful feeling.

"My purse!" she cried.

She turned and hurried back to the store she had just left.

Two hours later a pale and miserable Jane crept back to the office.

She said in a choked voice: "I... I lost my handbag. The money I saved for my new outfit was in it. Twenty pounds!"

She began to weep and the three men gathered protectively around her, questioning her, their faces filled with sympathy.

"Oh," she sobbed. "If I just lost it, it could turn up, because my address was in it. But if it were stolen..." She gulped.

"Let's wait and see," said Mike gently. Bill and Harry nodded.

The pain in her heart must have shown on her face. The men couldn't stand it.

"Oh, come on, Jane," said Mike, gruffly. He grinned at her and his eyes lit with inspiration as he pulled up a chair. "Look at it this way," he said. "You know how it is when somebody dies and they have a certain amount of money left unused."

"I don't know what you mean," faltered Jane.

"What I mean, Jane," said Mike

doggedly, "is this. When you die you'd have a certain amount of money left unused. So just count that you'll have £20 less, unused. That's how I see it."

"I... I see what you mean," said Jane, more disconsolate than ever. "But I wasn't going to save it, don't you see? I was going to spend it now for my new outfit and..."

Two tears trickled down her cheeks.

"And, anyway," she added, "I have no intention of worrying about what I'll have unspent when I die."

"I was just trying to help," said Mike.

"Well," interrupted Bill, firmly, "there's only one way to look at this, Jane..."

"I'd be fascinated to hear it," said Mike—so angrily that Harry tried to restore peace by saying, "Look, chaps, let's not all get rattled."

"That's easy to say," said Bill, loudly. "You didn't lose the money. Jane did. All I'm trying to do is help her ease the blow, that's all."

He turned back to Jane. "Look, all you've got to do is exert some self-discipline and stop eating sweets for a year. That'll help make up the loss."

Harry asked mildly: "But what if

Jane is crazy over sweets? Do you know what I'd do? Just the opposite. I'd buy myself the biggest box of chocolates in the shop, just to forget my troubles."

"Oh, stop it!" cried Jane.

"Yes, cut it out," snapped Mike. "It's no time to talk nonsense."

"Maybe the money's not lost," said Harry, hopefully. "There are a lot of nice people around, you know, who return handbags."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Jane's face lit up.

The phone jangled. Harry snatched it up. He spoke a few words. Then his face brightened.

"Stay right there. I'll be down in five minutes," he said to someone.

He hung up and Jane said in a tremulous voice: "Is it...?"

"Now don't get excited and build up hopes," Harry called over his shoulder as he ran out of the room. "I'm not sure yet. Be back in a few minutes."

Jane, Mike, and Bill stared after him.

"Why's he going alone?" growled Bill.

"Why do you think?" said Mike. "He wants to be the one to return the handbag to Jane."

Harry came back, holding Jane's bag.

With fumbling hands she opened it, pulled out her purse, and counted the money. Twenty crisp pound notes. Her eyes widened.

She looked up at Harry. His

broad grin faded. His face turned scarlet.

"What's the matter?" he muttered. "Something wrong?"

Tears came again to Jane's eyes. A different kind of tears.

"Harry," she said softly, "my £20 was made up of two £5 and ten £1 notes." She held out the money.

"Take your £20 back, Harry." He said mournfully: "They told me on the phone that the handbag had been found empty. I'm sorry, Jane."

She looked at him for a long, shining moment before she answered.

"I'm not sorry," she said. "Suddenly I don't feel I've lost anything."

She smiled, stepped forward, and kissed Harry. Then she went to her typewriter.

With cheeks glowing and the sun in her hair, her fingers began a graceful dance over the keys.

(Copyright)



Jane was aware of Bill and Harry's scowls as Mike Caldwell leant over her desk and said, "How about lunch with me today, Jane?"



Second intriguing instalment of our
gay Regency serial

Sprig Muslin

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED
BY BOOTHROYD

SIR GARETH LUDLOW, handsome man-about-town, has been the target of every matchmaking mother in London since the death of his beautiful fiancée, CLARISSA LINCOMBE. To his sister, MRS. BEATRIX WETHERBY, he announces that he has asked for the hand in marriage of LADY HESTER THEALE. Beatrice is shocked and says Hester is an admirable young woman but dull, and will never make him a suitable wife. Lady Hester lives with her widowed father, the EARL OF BRANCASTER, at their country seat. When the Earl tells her that Gareth is on his way to propose to her she says she does not wish to marry him.

Meanwhile, Sir Gareth, innocent of the refusal awaiting him, travels leisurely to Brancaster Park. Stopping at a modest inn he finds the landlord in

heated argument with a pretty girl who is demanding accommodation. When the landlord refuses, Sir Gareth offers to try to settle the matter. The girl says her name is AMANDA SMITH, that she has run away from her guardian, her grandfather, because he refuses to give his consent for her to marry her young sweetheart, NEIL, an Army officer on leave in London from the Continent.

Gareth, realising Amanda is too young to be wandering around the countryside alone, decides to take her to Brancaster Park and put her in the care of the kindly Hester, although he realises it will not further his prospects of marriage if he arrives at Hester's home in the company of such a pretty girl. NOW READ ON:

AMANDA, in spite of her indignation at being, as she said herself, "abducted," was enjoying her journey in Sir Gareth's curriole and was soon demanding to be told who lived at Brancaster Park.

When she learned that she was to be the uninvited guest of Lord Brancaster, and of his daughter, she protested vehemently, saying that, so far from being anxious to regain possession of her, her grandfather would in all probability be delighted to know that she was a guest in an Earl's country seat.

Sir Gareth suggested helpfully that she should prevail upon Lady Hester to hire her as an abigail.

Amanda audibly ground her teeth.

"If you force me to go there with you I shall make you very, very sorry!" she warned him.

"I expect you will, and am already in a quake of terror," he agreed.

"I trusted you!" she said tragically. "Now you are going to betray my confidence, besides ruining all my schemes!"

"No, I won't betray your confidence, except, I think, to Lady Hester. When you have met her you won't, I fancy, object to her knowing the truth. I shall desire her not to divulge it to her father, or—if they should happen to be at Brancaster—to her brother and his wife."

She was quick to catch a certain inflection in his voice, and lifted her eyes to his profile, saying: "I can tell you don't like them above half, sir. Are they horrid?"

He smiled. "No, not horrid. I daresay very worthy people, but it so happens that they are not particular friends of mine."

"Oh! Is Lord Brancaster a particular friend of yours, sir?"

"Well, he is considerably older than I am," he temporised.

She digested this, inquiring presently: "Is Lady Hester a particular friend of yours, then?"

"Why, yes! She and I have been good friends for many years now."

He was prepared for even more searching questions, but she relapsed into silence.

"I have been wondering what I should tell Brancaster, and the Widmores," he said presently, "and I am strongly of the opinion, Amanda, that you are the daughter of some acquaintances with whom I have been staying at Baldock. You are on your way to stay with relatives at—Oundle, perhaps—and from some cause or another I offered to take you with me as far as to Huntingdon, where these relatives had engaged themselves to meet you. Unhappily, there must have been a misunderstanding, for no carriage awaited you there. Being pledged to present myself at Brancaster Park today, what was I to do? Why, take you along with me, to be sure, with the intention of conveying you to Oundle tomorrow! How does that suit your notion of a splendid story?"

"It is quite untrue," she said primly.

"I wonder why I should have thought that that would have recommended it to you?" he murmured.

The only reply he got to this sally was a dagger-glance. He said over his shoulder to his groom: "I trust you heard that, Trotton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't forget it!"

"Pray have the goodness to inform me, sir," said Amanda, with awful civility, "where you have the intention of taking me tomorrow?"

"I hope, to your grandfather."

"No!"

He shrugged. "As you wish."

Intrigued, she demanded: "Where, then?"

"That, my child, you will see in good time."

"I believe you are at a stand!" she challenged him.

"Not a bit of it!"

Conversation languished after that, Amanda occupying herself for the remainder of the journey in turning over in her mind various plots for Sir Gareth's discomfiture, and returning only monosyllabic replies to his occasional remarks.

They reached Brancaster Park as the shadows were beginning to lengthen, passing through impressive lodge-gates and driving for some way up an avenue which had been allowed to deteriorate into something akin to a cart-track. The trees, growing rather too thickly beside it, rendered it both damp and gloomy; and when the pleasure gardens came into sight these, too, bore unmistakable signs of neglect.

Amanda looked about her with disfavor; and, when her eyes alighted on the square, grey mansion, she exclaimed: "Oh, I wish you had not brought me here! What an ugly, disagreeable house!"

"If I could have thought of any other place for you, believe me, I wouldn't have brought you here, Amanda!" he said frankly. "For a more awkward situation I defy anyone to imagine!"

"Well, if it seems so to you, set me down now, while there is still time!" she urged.

"No. I am determined not to let you escape me," he replied lightly. "I can only hope to be able to pass you off with some credit—though what the household will think of a

To page 53

Amanda, accompanied by Lady Hester, entered the room and threw Sir Gareth such a saucy and challenging look that he almost laughed aloud.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 11, 1956



UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

UNCLE TOBY'S OAT CRUNCHES

UNCLE TOBY'S OAT CRUNCHES
 MIX 2 level cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 level cup brown sugar, ½ teasp. baking powder and small pinch salt in mixing bowl.
 ADD ¼ lb. melted butter into which 1 egg has been beaten. Place in teaspoonfuls on greased tray and bake in slow oven until golden brown.

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WEEK'S BEST LETTER

£1/1/- to Mrs. Enid Moses, Windsor, N.S.W.

10/6 to E. Malcolm, Moorabbin, Vic.

10/6 to Mrs. L. Martin, Vancluse, N.S.W.

10/6 to Mrs. Leona Dibbs, Armidale, N.S.W.

10/6 to Mrs. R. V. Lindsay, Orange, N.S.W.

10/6 to Miss F.M. (name supplied), Perth, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

He changed young Mrs. Nattering from blond to charcoal.

FRUIT AND NUTS

"It doesn't do anything for you, sir."

When my children sing: "I love the dear grapefruit that shines in your hair" — that'll be the day.

£1/1/- is paid for the best general letter of the week, 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writer's original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WHEN will people stop asking twins, "Why don't you dress alike?" I am a twin in my teens and I intensely dislike dressing the same as my sister, but I have come to expect this question every time we go out together. Other people dislike seeing a replica of their own dress being worn by someone else, and so do we. It's about time people realised that twins are individuals and have individual tastes.

10/6 to V.M.U. (name supplied), Echuca, Vic.

Calling in-laws

10/6 to Mrs. C. McCawley, Millthorpe, N.S.W.

OUR only child's husband always calls my husband and me by our Christian names and, in this modern age, I agree with it. It gives a friendly feeling all round, too.
10/6 to P.M.H. (name supplied), Ulmarra, N.S.W.

Family affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Before bed each night we consult the diary-calendar and get ready all the necessities for the morrow, thus saving early-morning panics as well as teaching the youngsters self-reliance. When I go off to hospital I know that at least that phase of their lives will continue to run smoothly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. C. Mitchell, Canberra City, A.C.T.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 11, 1956



THIS IS AUSTRALIA

THE ROCK-FISHERMEN. The thought of a long day in the sun, with the spray of the surf, cooling sea breezes—and the chance of a fish dinner—is enough to send any fisherman searching for rod and reel. Fishing has been described as “a way of doing something, and yet doing nothing,” but rock-fishing is a more perilous form of the sport. The fisherman must never take his eyes off the sea, for there is danger that a wave may sweep him off the rock to injury or death. But at least one problem—where are they biting?—may soon be solved by the C.S.I.R.O., whose Fisheries Division has begun a ten-year plan to find out what fish there are in Australian waters and where they are located. These fishermen are trying their luck from the rocks near Bastion Point at Mallacoota Inlet, on the northern coast of Victoria. Picture was taken by George Hoskin, of Elwood, Victoria.

"Morning-Bath Freshness"

LASTS ALL DAY LONG!



Protect yourself against your most intimate enemy with Odo-ro-no for a full 24-hours!

ONLY ODO-RO-NO gives you such safe, sure protection from perspiration and unpleasant odour for a full 24-hours a day! Quick-acting, gentle Odo-Ro-No won't harm your skin or clothes—and gives you a wonderful, secure feeling of "morning-bath" freshness all day and all night! Go and buy Odo-Ro-No next time you're shopping—start using it right away. Odo-Ro-No ensures that you're always "nice to know"!

Odo-ro-no

ODO-RO-NO CREAM—2/7; 4/6
ODO-RO-NO SPRAY—4/3



BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

PAA

PAN AMERICAN WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

THE DUCHESS AT SIXTY...

• The first of two instalments of a frank study by English writer Ursula Bloom of the Duchess of Windsor — a woman who will be 60 years old on June 19 and is no longer a figure of romance.

THIS is the story of a duchess who, as a girl, could have had everything; as a woman nearly got everything, but who today, approaching her 60th birthday, has only emptiness left.

Her tale is illustrated by those frequent pictures of her as she boards some giant liner, looking a little more haggard, or poses at a gigantic railway station with her husband, innumerable bags, and two pug dogs.

Or at a dance, jiggling with that fixed smile, maybe wearying somewhat of the music, which must have begun to lose its passion, sick of the constant search for pleasure, and whatever else it may be it is always a pitiful picture of a woman who tossed dice with life.

Married for 18 years, the Duchess of Windsor knows no permanence, and is pursued by a remorseless restlessness.

What lies ahead of her? Only a few more wrinkles, a greater fear of putting on weight (she guards her hyper-slender figure zealously), and growing more easily tired.

Before her lies the time when the years make her less vital and of even less importance.

She still struggles to keep her place in the world she once wanted, but she must realise that she is playing a losing game. Her dreams are already dead. They lie under the headstone engraved H.R.H., the title she wanted so much but never got.

She treks along the nomad's road — Paris to New York, Palm Beach, Florida, the Bahamas, Rapallo, Capri, Austria, Baden-Baden, Paris again, New York again—catching up but getting nowhere.

Cafe society

SHE is submerged in the cafe society of New York, where eager snobs may seek her friendship, gourmands with an unhealthy appetite for publicity, but she knows by now that none of this really counts.

They are not the people she set out to meet.

Once she could get all the publicity she wanted. Today she gets the sort in which the sensational Press revels.

Once the Duchess had so much, or hadn't she?

Fantastic stories have been told about her, denied and retold, for she talks a lot, giving herself the background her mood of the moment wishes, and revoking it with equal casualness.

Did her mother take in boarders in the East Biddle Street house, Baltimore, America, when as a widow she was financially embarrassed?

I doubt if anybody knows the real answer.



"She is pursued by a remorseless restlessness." The Duchess of Windsor with her pet pug, Davy Crockett.

Wallis Warfield was never beautiful, not particularly gifted, but she possessed enormous ambitions and probably that strange quality of which Elinor Glyn wrote at the beginning of the century and called so ambiguously IT!

IT as an expression perished with many other romantic stories in which princes married commoners, and King Cophetuas wooed beggar maids.

Today, as the disappointed Duchess dances to the throbbing rumba in some New York nightclub or suns herself at Palm Beach or the Cote d'Azur, she must at moments feel forlorn.

At 60 she can look back regretfully on her youthful popularity.

She had charm; other girls liked her; had she not won over old Uncle Sol (S. Davies Warfield) to pay for her luxury education? Then she realised that life had everything to offer, if only she could reach out her hands to grab it.

Today those hands are still reaching out, but the prizes are not so fat, and they themselves have changed considerably.

Dead Sea fruit

THEY are an old woman's hands, and the gains within reach are merely Dead Sea fruit.

Both the Mrs. Simpson romance and the Duchess of Windsor's story which it be-

came have lost their sparkle; she has little more to tell, little more that the world wants to know, where once there was so much.

Those who knew her as a girl speak well of her. She wore the first hobble skirt in Baltimore; she bobbed her hair when everyone else wore it long.

She danced the first one-step in the town, and hated white dresses, asking for red because she wanted people to notice her!

Although today she professes not to be interested so much in clothes as in house-keeping, her wardrobe is exceptionally lavish, her jewels fabulous, and she wears many of the exquisite ones which once belonged to Queen Alexandra, some of the most famous diamonds in the world.

Her best-known one is "Big Ice," little less than half the weight of the Koh-i-noor.

"Big Ice" is beautiful, but she must realise that it is not the Koh-i-noor, and does not carry with it that queen-ship which the Koh-i-noor crowns and which once she came so close to winning.

In clothes she has now set a certain fashion for herself from which she does not swerve.

There are the slick, close-fitting dress and neckline; small trim hats, well off the bland brow, which in a competition won first in the world for foreheads.

In her early life she hoped to make an exciting marriage;

she made three all told, and her third one was undoubtedly the most exciting of the century.

Her first marriage to Winfield Spencer of the Aviation Corps — World War I made uniforms the rage — was just what her friends would have expected of her for he was very eligible.

She wore white panne velvet, lily of the valley, and gardenias, all the trimmings for she believed in them.

It is a tragedy that now when she must be searching for further trimmings, there are none left for her, for she has already overtrimmed her life, and the lily of the valley and gardenias have all withered.

Everybody knows that the first marriage failed. The failure was a far greater one than the newspaper columns revealed.

Not only did it lose her old Uncle Sol's fortune (he was so angry that he cut her out of his will, leaving her a paltry £3000 in trust), it did far more!

It built a cast-iron barrier between herself and the throne of England. When she received the decree which set her free; a queen-consort's crown slipped away from the fingers which lifted up the paper. She knows that now.

At her first wedding the Argentine Ambassador commented: "My, my, who would have guessed our little Wallis had come so far?"

No real home

BUT she was to go farther than that. Today this over-travelled lady is for ever moving about, seeking the sun which can always be made to shine for those who can afford to pay for it. She has no abiding city, and probably this has been the greatest loss of all.

She was not heartbroken over her divorce, but went about the world. She was 30 when life offered her a second husband, Ernest Simpson, who married her at the registrar's office in Chelsea, London.

If her first marriage had failed, her second opened the door far wider on her eager social ambitions.

She met new friends, among them Lady Furness. She moved into London's fashionable Bryanston Square, and became extravagantly hostess-minded, for in the social swing lay the whole of her future.

She spent a fortune on interior decoration, she took an enormous pride in her meals, and boasted about her superb cook. She planned parties, and enjoyed the fun of it all, for she wanted fun.

"Soup," she once said, "is an interesting liquid which gets you nowhere."

Plays losing game



"Her wardrobe is exceptionally lavish, her jewels fabulous." She greets French playwright Jean Cocteau in Paris.



"At a railway station with her husband, innumerable bags, and two pug dogs." The Windsors arrive in Paris.

She left the soup alone, and she got somewhere!

Even in those days she was restless; she was nervy; once she explained this condition to a friend. "It worries my doctor. He said he could fix me up if I'd stop moving ashtrays three times!"

Her continued expensive living caused comment in a world which is still scarred badly by two disastrous wars. Her luxurious code is one few Englishwomen could hope to foster, nor would they if given the opportunity when the rest of the world needs so much.

She still basked in the bought sunshine of far-away places, stayed at luxury hotels where people danced all night, floating airily in the pink-champagne atmosphere of the entirely matterless.

In Royal set

It is probable that she would tell you her great romance began when she first entered the Prince of Wales' set, which was the most fashionable and coveted in social London of the 1930s.

She had been in her early twenties when she had first caught sight of Britain's Prince Charming, when he visited a Naval ball given in his honor in the United States. There she was only a guest, one of the crowd.

Years later when they were introduced at a private party given by Lady Furness, the vital fascination of three white feathers that form the crest of the Prince of Wales must have attracted her. It is understandable that she walked quite deliberately into their curling shadow.

Later, Kane — her maid — is said to have alluded to the Prince, who had become a frequent visitor at Bryanston Square, as "Mrs. Simpson's Three Feathers."

Mrs. Coolidge, the widow of the U.S. President, is reported to have remarked, at the very time when Wallis Simpson first met the Prince, that the lady had a certain feeling of apprehension.

To one of her friends Wallis was said to have remarked: "You'll see, there will be trouble come out of this; everybody will turn against me. I shall become poor and spend the rest of my life with the spinsters of Baltimore."

She might have been even

happier with the spinsters of Baltimore than as a disappointed duchess who finds life slipping through her fingers yet still travels madly, still dances, still interests herself in the shoddy and futile fun, yet does nothing and gets nowhere.

One sympathises with her, for before the King's abdication he was told by the then British Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, that under English law his wife would assume his status and marriage with her was impossible, for that would make her queen.

With that assurance they must have presumed — as anyone would — that after the abdication she would share her husband's title and become H.R.H. the Duchess of Windsor.

The H.R.H. was never given to her. This is probably the most bitter pill in the royal medicine cupboard, and, although her husband insists that all the servants address her as "Your Royal Highness," both of them — and the servants — know that this is not her legal title.

Naturally she would have preferred to take her husband's rank, but this would have given her seniority to walk before the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent.



"Or at a dance, jigging with that fixed smile, and maybe wearing somewhat of the music."

She must have known before she ever met the Prince of Wales that she was his type.

She must have realised, also, that their meeting came at a moment in his life when he was particularly lonely.

The flame, once lit, burnt with the vigor of all such love affairs. To her everything was possible, and she must have been so sure that the enormous love for England's most popular Prince of Wales would carry them through.

Standing by his side on the day his proclamation as King was read, she broke a tradition of the Royal Family as the two of them listened behind a curtain in St. James' Palace.

Then she must have thought that fortune had given her all the court cards and that the throne of the Queen of England was to be hers.

She did NOT hold all the court cards.

There were two marriages already entered against her, two impregnable divorces, and even if she believed that the popularity of Britain's Prince Charming would turn the whole country to his side, she was misled.

Wrecked hopes

ENGLAND is a country which has a cherished and faithful loyalty to the finest Royal Family in the world, and the loyalty of the people was the reef on which foundered all Mrs. Simpson's hopes.

It was not love at first sight. They met. They talked. It was said that he committed the worst cliché by asking if she did not find England cold. She admitted that the question disappointed her.

In the beginning the Prince seems to have had little inkling of the start of a great passion, one of the world's great love stories. She may have understood better.

A few evenings later, when some friends asked the Prince out to dine, he refused, saying that he had someone coming to dinner with him.

Playing golf at Sunningdale, outside London, that afternoon, he confessed to his Equerry: "I've got people whom I've hardly met coming to dinner. An American couple, called Simpson."

Did anybody guess then that the whole future line of the history of England would be changed by people the heir hardly knew? . . . An American couple called Simpson!

But that must be the subject of next week's instalment.

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SEE IT NOW- AT Sunbeam DEALERS EVERYWHERE!



TENOR Harold Blair, newly appointed singing teacher at Melbourne Conservatorium, runs through scales with Pamela Fisher, one of his first pupils.



CRICKETER Harold Blair in action (right). Cricket is Harold's favorite game, and he plays in the team of the hardware store where he works daily.

He sang to scare dingoes

Probably no singer or singing teacher in the world can claim the same unorthodox origins for his singing career as can aboriginal tenor Harold Blair.

HAROLD BLAIR, newly appointed singing teacher at the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, Albert St., began singing for dramatically unusual reasons—he wanted to frighten dingoes away.

As a small boy working on a dairy farm in the Macpherson Ranges, in Queensland, nearly 20 years ago, one of young Harold's jobs was to round up the cows before dawn on the dingo-infested ranges.

Singing at the top of his lungs was the best way the terrified youngster could think of to keep the wild dogs at bay.

Harold Blair, now 32, solidly built, copper-skinned, and self-possessed, has come a long way from that frightened child on the lonely ranges.

But, as he says himself, having been through the mill has done him no harm. It has certainly trained him to evaluate himself pretty shrewdly.

"One thing I always tell my pupils," he said, when I interviewed him soon after his new teaching appointment, "is that if they come to me they must be prepared to work hard."

"I know what I'm talking about—they must work much harder than I ever did. I didn't work hard enough."

"I took four years to do the course here at the Conservatorium, and it's a three-year course." He gave an expressive shrug. "Well, I ask you! I should've worked harder. Of course, I didn't have much education when I started."

Considering his educational handicap, the boy who had an extremely elementary educa-

tion in a mission school on a Queensland aboriginal reservation might well have taken more than four years to get through a difficult academic course in music.

But Harold's standards of hard work are pretty high—with his robust physique he thinks nothing of working 16 hours a day and spending his weekends in energetic sport.

Cricket is his game. He plays with a team from the Melbourne hardware store where he works, and really puts his heart into it.

"I'm a pretty dull batsman," he told me, "but quite a good bowler."

Job in shop

AS well as working full-time at the hardware store, Harold devotes hours, mostly at night, to singing, teaching, and lecturing on aborigines.

He has been taking singing pupils privately for about a year, and was delighted when the Conservatorium director,

Mr. Herbert Davies, asked him to come back to his former school as a teacher.

Mr. Davies is the man who gave Harold his first big break in Melbourne, when he sang in the "Messiah" in the Melbourne Town Hall nearly 10 years ago. It was in oratorio that the tenor's magnificent voice and interpretive powers were given full display for the first time.

Harold has very definite theories on training singers.

"Of course, I can't tell you all my trade secrets," he said. "But one thing I won't allow my pupils to do is to start singing in concerts and quests before they are ready."

"My aim is to teach them relaxation. That is what all the great singers of the world have. That wonderful relaxation—the voice just seems to float out effortlessly."

"I'm using a method I've devised myself, combining something from each of my teachers."



DOROTHY BLAIR with husband Harold. Mrs. Blair, also a singer, was a fellow pupil of her husband's and is now his secretary-manager. She has abandoned her singing career.

By
BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter

American negro singer Todd Duncan and Duncan's teacher, Sara Lee, both gave him lessons in America.

In Melbourne his teacher was Kathleen Wielaert.

"In those three years after I came back from America she did more for me than anyone else—and I've been helped by many people," he said.

Harold and his pretty wife, Dorothy, have a modern, comfortable home in Ringwood, an attractive, outlying suburb of Melbourne.

They have had a hard struggle to buy their home and furnish it, and to pay for Harold's singing lessons.

"I should be studying from a teacher now, but I can't afford it at the moment," he said.

Pied Piper

IN Ringwood jovial Harold is something of a Pied Piper. "All the kids in the district know me as Uncle Harold," he said.

He has become quite a force in the local community, speaking at school break-ups, exhorting the council to maintain the present high level of building standards and parklands, and seizing every opportunity to speak on the subject close to his heart—the higher education of the aboriginal race.

All these interests and activities have turned Harold Blair, one-time cowhand, into a happy, contented citizen.

And nothing makes him happier than living in the tree-filled, rural atmosphere of Ringwood.

He is content there because his bush upbringing gave him a permanent love of open spaces, especially when those open spaces are, like Ringwood's, devoid of dingoes.

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GRACE PERFECT AS PRINCESS



In M.G.M.'s "The Swan," Grace Kelly as a princess isn't sure whether the Crown Prince, Alec Guinness, is in love with her. "The Swan" is adapted from the play by the famous Hungarian writer Ferenc Molnar.



SCENE from "The Swan." Grace Kelly playing the part of a princess is receiving a fencing lesson from her fencing master (Louis Jourdan) with her two brothers (Van Dyke Parks and Christopher Cook).

● Seven of Grace Kelly's leading men agreed recently that Grace had some special quality. All of them had different ideas about what this quality was. But, as these interviews show, all seven believe her perfect for the role of princess.

In the past, Grace Kelly's business was acting. In the future it will be as Her Serene Highness, wife of Prince Rainier III of Monaco, the tiny (it's as big as Sydney's zoo) kingdom of 22,000 people on the French Riviera.

THE seven leading men are Alec Guinness, James Stewart, William Holden, Stewart Granger, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, and Paul Douglas.

Because they are all actors, they tended to describe this special quality in terms of their profession, but as they talked it became clear that hers is a personal essence which they believe will translate easily into the new role of Princess of Monaco. What Grace Kelly was, they thought, will affect what Grace Kelly will be—and it is the Grace Kelly who was to whom their minds turned in reminiscence.

Alec Guinness had met Grace Kelly only a short while before, when he arrived in Hollywood to make his first American film—"The Swan," by Ferenc Molnar.

"It's very difficult to say exactly what her quality is," he brooded, poking suspiciously at a persimmon-and-cottage-cheese salad. "I'm mad about her. She's enchanting. But I'm not sure why."

"She has a kind of balanced thing. She's not just sitting in a Beverly Hills mansion, dreaming about being an actress. She is an actress. That is, she was, and I hope always will be."

"She has great talent, great understanding, perfect timing. In 'The Swan' she played the part of an impoverished princess looking for a husband, and I was a prince looking for a bride. Odd, isn't it? When we met she had to make a kind of gauche curtsy and bring her head up on the point of my chin, almost knocking me out. She did it with perfection—it takes good acting to make gaucheness graceful, you know."

"Also, Grace has such spontaneity. I think she's very highly strung; her reactions are always spontane-

ous and warm. The other day I told her a joke while she was sitting on a couch, and she actually fell off the couch from laughing. No matter where she lives, Grace will never lose her quality of spontaneity.

"She doesn't talk about herself very much," he meditated, "and, of course, her reserve is part of her charm. Once I saw her waiting on the set, just looking into space, and I asked her, 'Grace, are you feeling all right?' Then she came to, but with a little start of surprise, as if she had been far away. Maybe with the real Prince, now I come to think of it."

A photographer came up to the table where we were lunching and conferred with Mr. Guinness about a publicity picture which had been promised. The Englishman nodded, and made one more effort to sum up Miss Kelly before he left.

"Many people in our business are selfish—but Grace is different," he said. "But this isn't it, really, nor the fact that she's blonde and pretty, nor that she's going to be a princess." He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, and gave up.

"It's just, oh . . . she's special!" he said hopelessly, and smiled.

"GRACE threw everybody into a tizzy out here," remembered James Stewart, lounging comfortably on a couch in the library of his Tudor-style home in Beverly Hills.

His hair, unexpectedly, was a bright reddish blond. Mr. Stewart explained that it had been dyed for his role as Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis."

"Hollywood just didn't know what to make of Grace," he explained. "She just didn't fit the pattern. You're supposed to be discovered behind some counter in a drugstore or a luncheonette, see? Then the producer brings you to Hollywood and says, 'I'll make you a star, but I'll have to pull your teeth out and put caps on them, and dye your hair and tell you where to stand and how to talk and what to do in your spare time.'"

"So the little girl gets to be a star, but she's basically without confidence because she doesn't really know anything about acting. To cover up she does the hail-fellow-well-met act, slaps electricians on the back and plays poker around the set. And the publicity people think this is fine, and put out all kinds of stories about the little cutie who doesn't know anything about acting but who's such a good egg."

"Well, now, Grace wasn't like that at all. She didn't grow up in a garret. She wasn't discovered in a drugstore. She had a nice family in Philadelphia and she was given a good education. When she wanted to go on the stage they didn't throw up their hands in horror (the way families are supposed to do), but if you can imagine it, they helped her. She had training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Then she picked up more training and experience on the stage and in television. She kept on studying—she took ballet, she learned how to talk and walk and move beautifully."

"By the time she came to Hollywood she was a finished product. When she was called in front of the cameras she knew her job. Then when she was finished she'd just go quietly away, and read or study."

Mr. Stewart, who starred with Grace Kelly in "Rear Window," grinned reminiscently. His pale blue eyes looked around.

"Nobody knew what to make of her," he laughed. "The publicity people didn't know what to write about her. Girls who just sit quietly aren't good copy—unless they get engaged to a prince, of course. So they had to hang this tag 'aloof' on her, for lack of anything else."

PERHAPS it was a scene like this that caused actor James Stewart to say of Grace Kelly, "Grace has that twinkle and a touch of larceny in her eye."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY —April 11, 1956

"But she could have been another Garbo"

"Of course it was only a publicity tag! Grace cold? Why, Grace is anything but cold. She has those big warm eyes—and . . . well, if you ever have played a love scene with her, you know she's not cold."

Mr. Stewart was silent for a moment, staring out of the window to the back garden where some workmen were building a new patio. But he didn't seem to see them. "People who have inner confidence are not cold," he meditated. "Besides, Grace has that twinkle and a touch of larceny in her eye."

"She has class. Not just the class of being a lady—I don't think that has anything to do with it—but she'll always have the class you find in a really great racehorse."

"You know, she had it in her to become another Garbo, if she kept on the way she was going. Garbo played everything: tragedies like 'Camille,' comedies like 'Ninotchka,' romance like 'Queen Christina.' Grace could have played all those roles, too."

He sat up again, and made a dismal face, pounding his fist against his forehead in mock horror. "If she had married one of those phony Hollywood characters," he said violently, "I'd have formed a committee of vigilantes."

WILLIAM HOLDEN, who played opposite Grace Kelly in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "The Country Girl," was in his office on the Paramount lot.

As he talked, he paced the floor between the trophies of his Asian travels—brilliant marionettes from Bali, African sculptures, a pencil drawing in black and white of a gigantic Chinese horse, golden gods from Siam. Against one wall stood the Oscar he won for his performance in "Stalag 17."

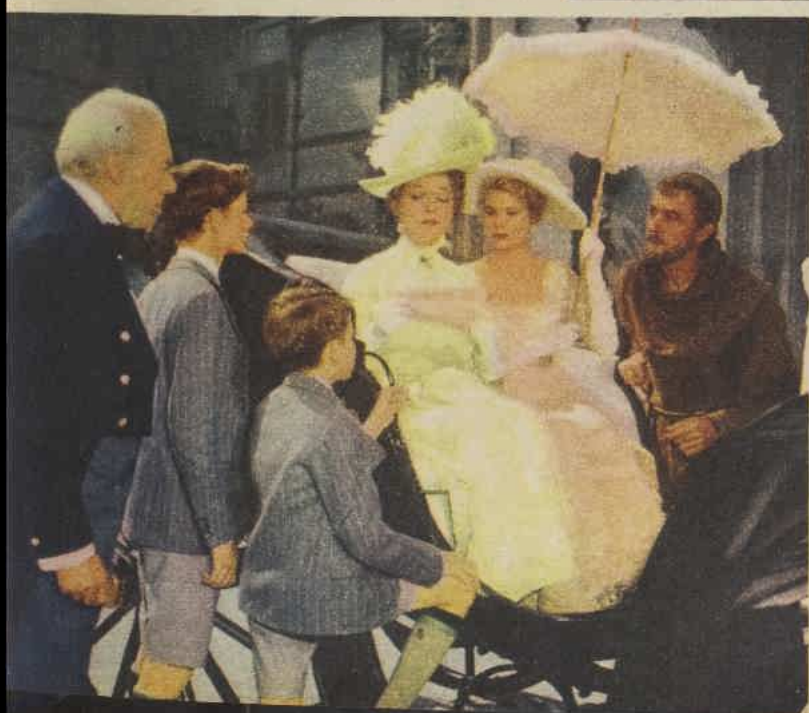
"Look," he said. "Popularity goes in eras, and depends on the mood of the world. In the late 'twenties and early 'thirties the grand movie stars like Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford provided the elegance and glamor the people wanted. Then came war, chaos, economic turmoil, religious insecurity—all those things. All this created a mood in which the emphasis was on bodily pleasures and excitements. For a long time our actresses were popular in proportion to the size of their busts. Phoniness didn't matter."

"But now I think the world wants something else. I hate to impose this responsibility on Grace—it just makes it harder for her in her new life—but I think she had become a symbol of dignity and all the good things that are in us all. I do think she has an honesty and a dignity, and I think the world has to get back to honesty and dignity, and wants to get back to honesty and dignity. Women like Grace Kelly and Audrey Hepburn help us to believe in the innate dignity of man—and today that is what we desperately need to believe in."

"Grace could do this because she had refinement, poise, and dignity," he said finally. "She had good judgment, good taste, and a tremendous ability to concentrate. She still has."

He put an index finger to the centre of his forehead, then brought the finger slowly down to the batik-

Continued overleaf



LEFT: Grace Kelly, portraying a beautiful princess, looks over Jess Royce Landis' shoulder at telegram announcing that the Crown Prince (Alec Guinness) will arrive next day.

ABOVE: Grace Kelly dances with Louis Jourdan in surroundings that have much in common with those at Monaco, where Grace will live after her marriage to Prince Rainier.

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GRACE KELLY Continued from previous page

covered coffee table. "It's incredible how she can concentrate," he said.

GARY GRANT, in sandals and trunks, was watering the garden of his Palm Springs home when his visitors arrived to interview him.

"I've written down a few thoughts about Grace," he said. Mr. Grant and his wife, the former Betsy Drake, are close friends of Miss Kelly. They gave her Oliver, the brother of their poodle April. They saw her often in the days when she still "belonged" to Hollywood.

Mr. Grant, who played in "To Catch a Thief" with Grace Kelly, ordered tea in his living-room and then began to read aloud his "few thoughts." They went like this:

Grace never drenches anyone in unwelcome goodwill. ("You know what I mean," he said anxiously. "She doesn't force herself on you.")

"Even now, she will probably go through life being completely misunderstood, since she usually says exactly what she means. ("I thought that was rather good, myself," he murmured as the laughter subsided.)

"She owns a controlling interest in her own mind—and if you ever hear of her throwing herself away, I predict she'll be taking careful aim . . . I wrote that about her in the days when she was still playing the field.

"Grace is extremely vulnerable in being entirely herself, both off screen and on," said Mr. Grant, pouring more cups of tea. "But in all her roles Grace had to be herself, to look like herself.

"She surprises people because they are unaccustomed to reserve, just as they are unaccustomed to the truth. And Grace will not compromise with hypocrisy. She has the courage to be vulnerable. I believe all religions are good, and I believe Grace's religion has played a large part in her character, her integrity."

GARY COOPER was in the midst of filming "The Gentle Persuasion," a story of nineteenth-century Quakers by Jessamyn West.

He first met Grace, he said, when he visited the set where "Fourteen Hours" was being shot. She had a bit part in the picture, her first movie. Mr. Cooper noticed her, and asked to meet her.

"I thought she looked pretty and different, and that maybe she'd be somebody," he said. "She looked educated, and as if she came from a nice family. She was certainly a refreshing change from all these sexy types we'd been seeing so much of." Mr. Cooper laughed, and made an eloquent gesture to describe what he was talking about.

"I'd like to use the word 'lady,'" he explained, "except that it has been so overworked ever since 'Edie was a lady.'"

Then he played with Miss Kelly in "High Noon," her second picture, he said. It was easy to work with her, even though her role was "a thankless one," he thought. She seemed serious about her acting, "keyed up," and she had "good manners and a sense of humor."

"You know, we Hollywood people are all on the defensive," he meditated. "We're different from the public idea of us, and the public makes it hard for us to keep on being ourselves. Really, it takes two things to make a good actor or actress: ability and humanity. Sometimes the public forgets about the humanity part.

"Grace is pretty and nice," he summed up, in the tones of a benevolent elder statesman. "She was a damned good actress and she deserves everything she gets. I wish her luck."

PAUL DOUGLAS, who played with Miss Kelly in "Fourteen Hours" and "Green Fire," also took a somewhat paternal attitude towards the young actress.

"I've got a different angle on her, because I knew her father before she was born," he explained in his dressing-room on the set where he and Judy Holliday were making "The Solid Gold Cadillac." "It still seems strange to me to hear an Olympic rowing champion like Jack Kelly identified as 'Grace Kelly's father.' I used to see her in New York sometimes after she'd grown up, around Sardi's or places like that. Then she had a bit part in 'Fourteen Hours.' She seemed like a nice girl, but she was always Jack Kelly's daughter to me." Mr. Douglas knew Jack Kelly in the early days when the young Irishman was just beginning to build the contracting business which later made him wealthy and a political power in Philadelphia as a Democrat.

"Now, of course, Grace is big stuff, and until the Prince appeared the producers were all bidding for her. They wanted her because she had something we haven't seen since Irene Dunne came along. She was a young lady. She's stayed that way, too, completely herself. She didn't go Hollywood, and I don't suppose she'll go 'Monaco,' if there is any such thing.

"There was bound to be a lot of gossip about Grace, because she committed the unforgivable sin in Hollywood—she minded her own business. But for that very reason the talk couldn't touch her."

Mr. Douglas shook hands and stepped out of the dressing-room. "By the way," he said, "her brother's a rowing champion, too, you know, just like Jack Kelly."

Hollywood pays its tribute



JAMES STEWART: "She'll always have the kind of class you usually find only in a really great racehorse."



GARY COOPER: "She has good manners and a sense of humor. She deserves everything she gets. I wish her luck."



PAUL DOUGLAS: "She committed the unforgivable sin in Hollywood—she minded her own business. She's a lady."



WILLIAM HOLDEN: "She had become a symbol of dignity and all the good things that are in every one of us."



GARY GRANT: "She will always be completely misunderstood, since she usually says exactly what she means."



STEWART GRANGER: "She is like a little baby, very sweet and naive. Grace is not a tough dame at all."

STEWART GRANGER wanted to talk about Miss Kelly on the telephone.

His wife was in Chicago, he said, it was his butler's day off, and he was caring for two rumbustious youngsters, aged eleven and nine, and coping with the cooking. The situation, he felt, was unrepresentable, but, on the other hand, he was delighted to discuss Grace Kelly. "Alas, Grace and I were together in 'Green Fire,' a picture I've been trying to forget ever since," he complained in his clipped English accent.

"I remember one time when we had to go out in a little motor boat during a storm, I was shaking like a leaf, I was so scared.

"But Grace stepped into the boat and said calmly, 'Well, if we have to, let's go.' I got in, too, but I remember thinking at the time, 'Most women would be screaming like mad if they had to do this.'

"She has a mental attitude which says, well, there's nothing she can do about a bad situation, she's perfectly calm. If there's something she can do about it, then she's not calm. It's a wonderful philosophy of life.

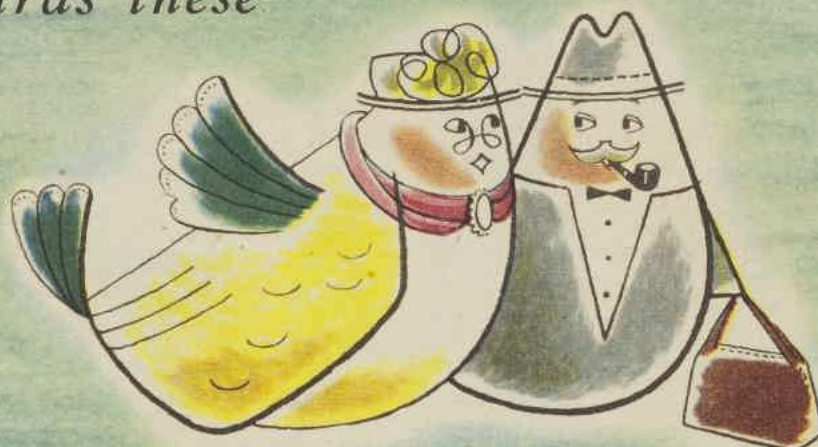
"Far from lacking emotion, she's very sensitive. As everyone knows, after you're a success is when you start getting clawed. After Grace became a success some of the Press started clawing her—linking her name romantically with her leading men and writing all sorts of nonsense about her. This was all before the Prince, of course.

"One night when this was going on she came to dinner with my wife and me, and she started talking about all this. She was like a little baby, very sweet and naive—she's not a tough dame at all. 'I don't understand why they are doing this to me,' she kept saying. 'I haven't done anything to hurt anyone.'

"She's really quite a sweet little girl. But I didn't fall in love with her, because I happen to be married to quite a delicious girl myself."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1956

Wise old birds these



Darbies *and* Joans

THEY'VE experienced the horse-and-buggy days, but they revel in the age of flight. And now, though their brood has scattered north, south, east and west around the world, they can flit from nest to nest as the mood indicates, or as the ties of family tug—all without upheaval . . .

Just an overnight bag, where it once meant bulging trunks . . .

Just an hour or two, where it once meant days . . .

Just a pleasant hop, where it once (they well remember) meant a wearying, laborious journey.

Now they arrive as fresh as when they left, as unwearied as once they were exhausted . . .

Veritably as by magic carpet compared with travelling in *their* young days.

There's something, says Gran'pa, about a pretty lass bringing you a spot and suggesting (mind you!) that a man kicks off his shoes . . .

It's nice, says Gran'ma, the way they fuss over you . . . And that's how, north, south, east and west, the family manages *not* to feel separated.

So whenever Gran'pa and Gran'ma feel they'd like to see Alice, or Jack, or May, or Bill and the Kiddies . . .

. . . they fly

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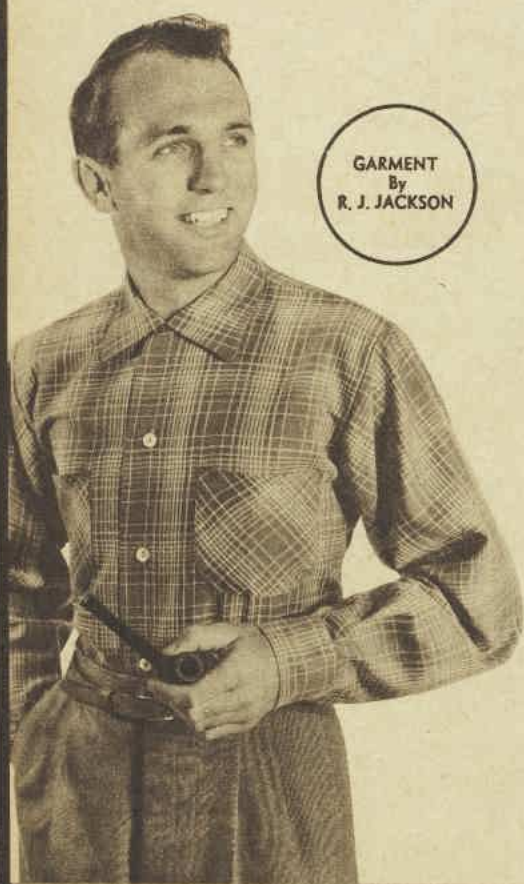
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ROUND THE WORLD



PLASTIC GLOBE being blown up by Jessica Reynolds, 11, has marked on it in ink the route of the Phoenix, the 50-foot ketch in which Jessica, her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Earle Reynolds, and her brother, Ted, are sailing round the world. They set out from Hiroshima, Japan, two years ago. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

American family is taking five years to circle the globe

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

The carved and gilded figurehead of the 50-foot ketch Phoenix glittered in the sun in Sydney's Rushcutters Bay when I went aboard to meet the Reynolds', an American family two years and 16,000 miles out from Hiroshima, Japan, where the ketch was built and where the Reynolds' world voyage began.

THE scene was half Oriental, half Occidental. On deck the Japanese crew, Mickey, Moto, and Nick, were mending the rigging. Ted Reynolds, 17, was slapping white paint on a hatch cover. The two ship's cats, Hiroshima-born Mi Ke (Japanese for three

colored) and her daughter Manuia (Tahitian for good luck), were stretched out on a sail, soaking up the sun.

Below, Mrs. Barbara Reynolds was tidying the cabin, and 11-year-old Jessica, who had rowed us over from the landing-stage, was about to return to her square of tapes-

try which she was stitching to gain a Girl Guide's badge.

Skipper Dr. Earle Reynolds, an American anthropologist, was ashore. It was his "red-tape day," and he was going about the business of getting visas for Indonesia, next port of call on the schedule for the Phoenix and her crew.

From Australia, Phoenix will sail to Indonesia, to Cocos, across the Indian Ocean to

Africa, thence to America, and back to Hiroshima.

The sailing Reynolds' are also the writing Reynolds'. Accounts of their journeys have appeared in the top-circulation American magazines. Jessica's diary, part of which has already been printed in the States, is due for book publication, while Mrs. Reynolds, author of five children's books, is busy on a sixth.

Her son Ted, at sea the navigator of Phoenix, prefers to write science-fiction fantasies.

Money brought in by writing or by the lectures they give helps to pay for the next stage of the trip.

When they first left Hiroshima early in 1954, all were unskilled in sailing. Dr. Reynolds had dreamed of such a journey since a boy, and had had the ketch built to his specifications in Japan, where he had been posted by the American Atomic Energy Commission to "assess the possible effects of atomic radiation on the growth of Japanese children."

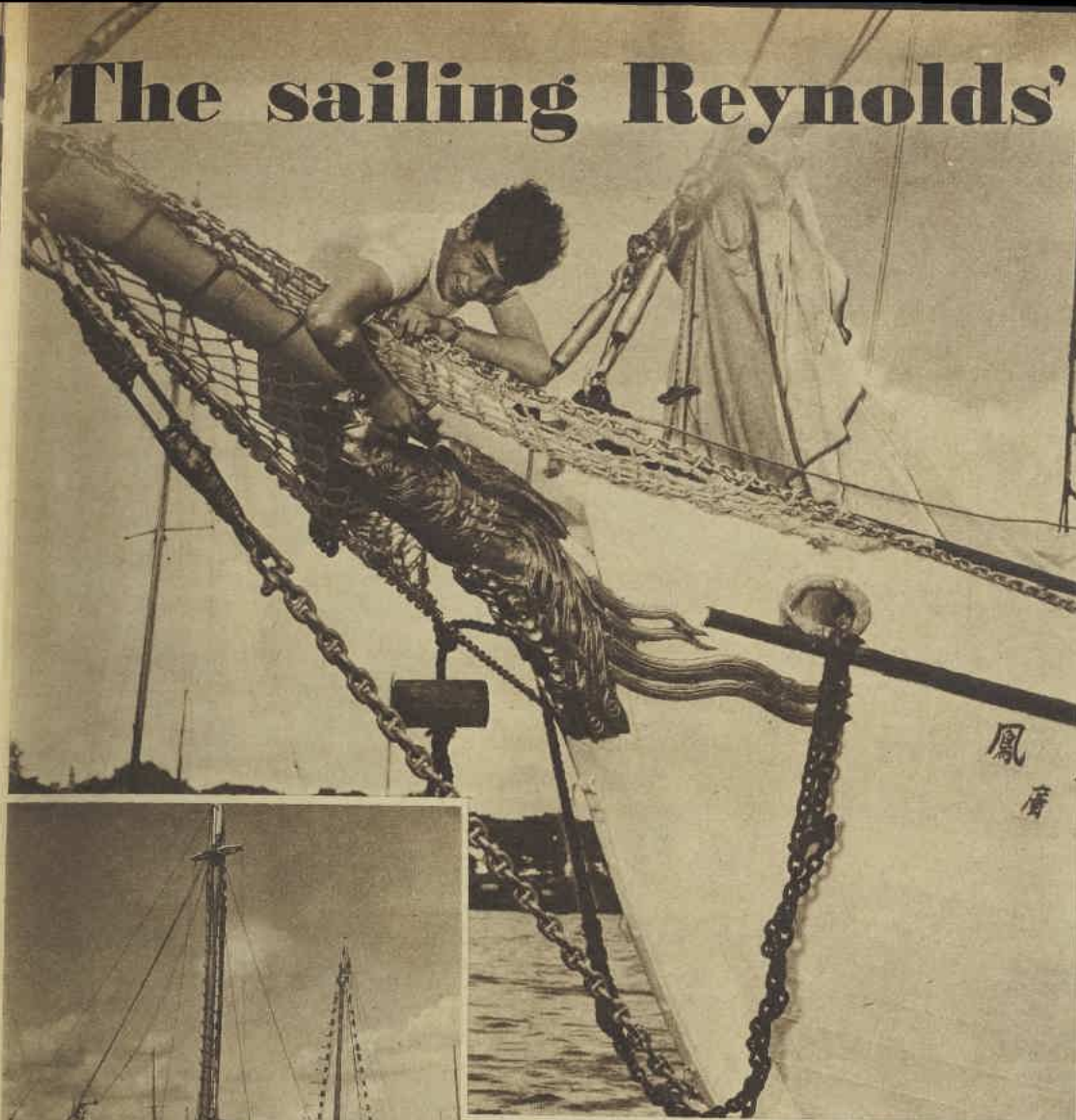
The journey from Hiroshima to Hawaii proved, however, to be more of a nightmare than a dream, due to bad weather conditions. But the run down to Australia, via Tahiti, the Cook Islands, Samoa, Fiji, and New Zealand, was the dream in reality.

"Day after day, the trade winds, sailing along in good weather," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Nights when you could sleep on deck if you wanted to, with no spray, let alone waves, coming aboard



JAPANESE CREW, from left, Mickey, Moto, and Nick, are accompanying the Reynolds' on their world cruise. In Sydney the three crew members were hard at work making the Phoenix ship-shape for the next leg of her long voyage by way of Indonesia.

The sailing Reynolds'



TED REYNOLDS (above) touches up the gilt paint on the carved figurehead of a phoenix, from which the ketch gets her name. Ted (17) is the navigator for the voyage. LEFT: Phoenix at anchor in Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, looks big beside other yachts, but is still not most people's idea of a safe-and-sound ocean-going vessel.



to worry you. Then Tahiti in the week of the Bastille celebrations, with the native dancing, the parades, and the music."

Then between Fiji and New Zealand, four days of absolute calm, when the sea was glassy and the albatrosses floated nearby like ducks on the water.

"We enticed them closer and closer with a trail of biscuits," said Mrs. Reynolds. "The birds came right under the stern. They were absolutely fearless. The skipper lay out on the stern sprit, made a lasso of the clothesline and dropped the noose over an albatross' neck. It was quite powerless, and couldn't fly away. He lifted it aboard."

"It didn't hurt them. We had them aboard, one after the other. The swimming ones were quite unconcerned."

"People say to me," Mrs. Reynolds went on, "aren't you ever bored at sea? Bored! We're usually too busy, either at sailing or writing. And we amuse ourselves in other ways, tossing tin cans overboard to pot at them with a .22 rifle."

"We have an old gramophone aboard — the kind which you have to wind up — and we play records on it which we pick up at the islands along the way. Sometimes at night the Japanese boys will have a sing-song,

playing their guitars. We can't play anything. But we do sing, or try to."

Mrs. Reynolds does all the cooking on a kerosene stove set in gimbals. When Moto had his birthday at sea she opened a few cans of Japanese delicacies (pressed seaweed and tinned squid) for the celebration.

But Jessica and Ted enjoy meals ashore most.

Said Jessica, "Steaks, for instance. Fish and chips, here and in New Zealand. And meat pies. We don't have those in the States."

At each port, Jessica, a Girl

Guide, and Ted, a Boy Scout, visit Guide and Scout companies. Jessica has just sent in her qualifications for the second-class badge, and is hoping to gain her Needlewoman's, Writer's, and Boating badges soon.

At ports of call Dr. Reynolds visits native villages and collects native wood carvings. Mrs. Reynolds adds to her jewellery—pawa shell from N.Z., a mother-of-pearl necklace from Tahiti. Ted adds to his set of Yacht Club badges, while Jessica concentrates on her various enthusiasms.



REYNOLDS FAMILY, from left, Jessica, Mrs. Reynolds, Dr. Reynolds, and Ted. The family are Americans, but have come from Japan, where Dr. Reynolds was working.

She has Japanese dolls, Maori dolls, and is now looking for an Australian aboriginal doll. She tries to learn a different dance in each place, from a Hawaiian hula to the Maori poi dance. She also collects feathers.

"That started with the albatrosses," she said. "Then I got a kiwi's feather in New Zealand and an emu feather here. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to get a lyre-bird or bird of paradise plume. But in South Africa there's the ostrich."

Phoenix is crammed with books, as well as with souvenirs. There is a complete set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Ted's), shelves full of fiction, as well as facts, on the places they have visited or will visit.

In each port the youngsters are taken to see places of historical or industrial interest. Their English, sociology, and geography are of a high standard.

Mrs. Reynolds turned to her daughter. "Blow up your world, honey," she said.

Jessica took out her plastic globe and puffed into it until it ballooned into a sphere. Marked across it in careful Indian inking was the route of the Phoenix.

Jessica turns 12 in April — the first time she will have an autumn birthday. She will be 15 by the time the rest of the route is inked in.

Never wash your hair with soap

advises lovely Australian starring in Hollywood



Victoria Shaw — formerly Jeanette Elphick, co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria is learning Hollywood

beauty secrets but still follows the golden rule of hair care — never wash hair with soap — shampoo each week with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo.

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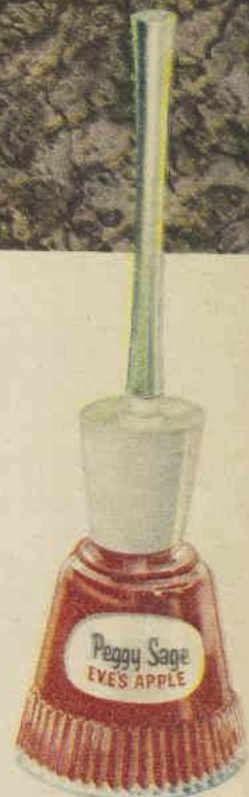


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Marriage Guidance



AT MORNING TEA in their Madison, New Jersey, home are Mrs. Vera Mace, an authority on human relations, and her famous husband, Dr. David Mace. The couple will arrive in Australia in August on a Commonwealth-wide lecture tour.

Extensive plan for Australian visit of famous expert

The visit to Australia in August of Dr. David Mace, world authority on human relations, will be of vital importance to thousands of Australians, young and old.

Dr. Mace, who will be accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Vera Mace, also an authority on marriage and the family, will focus attention immediately on the National Movement for Marriage and Family Living, launched by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia.

This movement, which will benefit all Australians, aims to stabilise and raise the level of marriage and family living.

The Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, has promised his official and personal backing to the project.

The Mace visit has been arranged by the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in association with The Australian Women's Weekly.

The tour schedule is organised to enable Dr. and Mrs. Mace to make the fullest contribution to this movement.

They will address public meetings in all capital cities, conduct tutorial classes with professional social workers, confer with doctors, clergymen, and other special groups, and hold discussion groups with university students.

They will visit each State in the Commonwealth. Dates for the State visits are: New South Wales, August 4 to August 18, September 4 to September 16, November 18 to November 28; Victoria, October 9 to October 29; Queensland, August 19 to September 3; South Australia, September 17 to September 30; Western Australia, November 9 to November 17; Tasmania, October 30 to November 5; Canberra, November 6 to November 8. Melbourne: Special conferences October 1 to October 8, not open to the public.

Dr. David Mace, a 48-year-old Scot, is Professor of Human Relations at Drew

University, Madison, New Jersey, U.S.A.

He is, perhaps, most famous for the work he did in Marriage Guidance in Britain.

He was responsible for the establishment of the first Marriage Guidance Centre in Britain and for bringing the organisation from its beginnings to the stage where it was a nationally accepted, Government-sponsored social service.

Details of their itinerary are now being finally discussed. Organisations which would like to participate in Dr. and Mrs. Mace's visit by arranging lectures in their towns should contact the National Marriage Guidance Council in their own State.

State addresses are as follows: New South Wales and National (which includes Canberra), Room 409, 44 Margaret Street, Sydney; Victoria, 18 Orrong Road, Armadale; Queensland, 201 Wickham Terrace, Brisbane; South Australia, Industrial Building, 55 King William Street, Adelaide; Western Australia, 49 Havelock Street, West Perth; Tasmania, c/o Mrs. M. Orchard, Cornelian Bay, Hobart.

For an All-Day-Long set GOSSAMER

Invisible Net



At the touch of your fingertip, a fine mist of Gossamer sets your hair with a sweet-scented invisible net. No heavy "lacquer look" . . . no dryness or stiffness.

Buy GOSSAMER to-day. See for yourself how fascinating it is to use . . . how it keeps your hair always perfectly groomed . . . no wandering wisps . . . no limp waves . . . no uncontrolled curls. Instead, a smooth sculptured hair-set that stays in place all day long.

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Instant Set—Spray with Gossamer after a shampoo and set. Use it to "settle" a new perm. Set a new hair style in minutes before a special "date." Gossamer is "instant setting" . . . there's no waiting for water or wave-set to dry.



"Conditions" Hair—Lanolin Esters in Gossamer keep hair soft, sheeny and in good condition. It's perfectly safe for any type of hair (even tinted and bleached). Gossamer is invisible, non-sticky, non-oily—it brushes out happily.

GOSSAMER only 13/11 at cosmetic counters everywhere.

GOSSAMER is made in Australia by the PRESSURE*PAK Company
A Division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 20

Here are the results of our "Baby Talk" Contest No. 20, the final contest in this series.

FIRST prize of £50 was won by Mrs. J. W. Rickey, 49 Berkeley Crescent, Floreat Park, W.A. Her entry was:

"Me a page-boy? Cut it out, Mum!"

£10 prizes were won by: Mrs. Denis Swanborough, South Isis, Childers, Qld.

"That's a mighty high steeple to repair, Boss."

Mrs. Nancy Fraser, Raglan St., Ingleburn, N.S.W.

"How many times MUST I tell you to fill in your cheque books?"

Miss Essie Richards, Newce Creek, Macksville 2C, N.S.W.

"Madam, is there anything you DIDN'T sluice down this drain?"

£5 prizes were won by:

Mrs. R. E. Ambrose, 46 Sisters Crescent, Drummoyne, N.S.W.

"Better do what your mother tells you, son."

Mrs. R. Bruce, P.O. Box 382, Darwin, N.T.

"I wish you hadn't told the fellers I helped with the dishes!"

Mrs. James Pegg, 58 Park Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.

"Must you bring out those photos again?"

£1 prizes were won by:

Mrs. J. R. Wilson, C/o Post Office, Keith, S.A.

"Oh, dear! Here comes Aunt Essie with her ulcers."

Mrs. D. Landon, 26 Bradnall Tce., Dunleath Gardens, Glenelg, S.A.

"I'd ask you to keep my family out of this!"

Mrs. M. Owens, 66 Almond St., Caulfield SE8, Vic.

"She's been in the phone

box more than three minutes."

Mrs. C. Swain, Edward St., Sth. Tamworth, N.S.W.

"We don't sell shark here, lady!"

Mrs. Freda Burke, 115 Roslyn St., Middle Brighton S5, Vic.

"I ASKED for vanilla."



"Me a page-boy? Cut it out, Mum!"



How You Can Have WHITER TEETH in 10 days!

Several good toothpastes promise you clean teeth. And they keep that promise, too! But new American-formula NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before... actually makes them whiter, brighter in only 10 days. Nyal Toothpaste gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you a stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly-activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

The smooth texture and clean refreshing peppermint flavour of NYAL Toothpaste makes it the family favourite.

Send NOW for this FREE 10 day TRIAL TUBE

Mail this coupon to-day for a free trial tube of NYAL Toothpaste and prove for yourself that it will make your teeth whiter, brighter in 10 days.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Mail to Dept. A, Nyal Company, Box 3286, G.P.O., Sydney.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

'Prompt, natural laxative action!'



Feel better and brighter to-morrow by ridding yourself of constipation to-night! Be regular and keep regular—naturally—by taking NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle family laxative. FIGSEN acts without pain or griping; brings prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Try NYAL FIGSEN's new, rich chocolate flavour. Its pleasant taste will please young and old alike! FIGSEN comes in two forms—Regular for children and adults; Double Strength for those adults who prefer a more positive laxative action. 2/3, 3/6

Nyal FIGSEN



MATRON SHAW tells how to

Soothe Baby's tummy

"Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents wind-pains and acidity in infants," says

MATRON SHAW (late of Crown Street Women's Hospital). "NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits."

NYAL Milk of Magnesia is pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Two forms

—Sweetened or Regular.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA



"How to get a KWIK tan"

Get a smooth, healthy suntan the easy way with NYAL KWIK TAN. Kwik Tan enables you to sun-TAN without sunBURN... Apply Kwik Tan (Cream or Sun Oil) before sun-baking and you'll have a rich, burn-free suntan in next-to-no-time. Screens out the sun's burning rays—keeps skin soft, supple. Cream 3/-, 4/6 Sun Oil 4/3, 7/6

Nyal KWIK TAN

"Novel plastic squeeze pack"



Containing NYAL Baby Powder, "CYRIL THE SQUIRREL" is an attractive squeeze-plastic powder dispenser. When squeezed gently, a fine mist of silky-smooth NYAL Baby Powder spreads evenly over the skin. There's no mess, no waste when "Cyril" is used—the powder can't spill. "Cyril" is easily refilled with NYAL Baby Powder. Empty, "Cyril" may be used as a durable nursery or bath toy.

"CYRIL the SQUIRREL"



Soothing Relief for Tired, Aching Eyes

Bathe those sore, inflamed, aching eyes with NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops. You'll get relief from the burning, itching and smarting in seconds. The modern formula of NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops ensures that they blend perfectly with the natural fluids of the eye. Thus they spread evenly; will not "blink" out. You can use NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Eye Drops as often as you like; they make your eyes feel good! Packed in a special dropper-container for your convenience 4/9

Nyal

"DECONGESTANT" EYE DROPS

Ask For These Other NYAL PRODUCTS

Nyal Antacid Powder	3/6, 6/6
Nyal Antacid Tablets	1/-, 5/6
Nyal Aspirin-Codeine Tablets	2/-, 3/6
Nyal Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/3
Nyal Corn Remover	2/6
Nyal Nappy Rinse	6/-
Nyal Piperazine Worm Elixir	5/6, 9/6
Nyal Sunburn Cream	3/-
Nyal Toothache Drops	2/6
Nyal Baby Soap	1/4, 2/-
Nyal Holdrite Dental Plate Powder	3/-, 4/3
Nyal Holdrite "Squeeze-plastic" Pocket Pack	3/9
Nyal White Lip Salve	2/3
Nyal Zinc Cream (jars and tubes)	2/3

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Births at home or in hospital?—our readers' opinions

ONE of the many mothers who have written to us is Mrs. P. Rapson, of Chatswood, N.S.W.

She wrote:

I HAVE just finished reading Viscountess Savernake's article to the accompaniment of my three-year-old playing cowboys with my seven-year-old, and the voice of my eight-year-old singing "Davy Crockett." I shuddered.

No, a thousand times no! What might be good enough for a Viscountess would certainly not suit Mrs. Ordinary Housewife. Where would a mother get a better rest from home, other children, and baby worries than in hospital? There she would be provided with regular meals and she and her new baby would get every care and attention. If there were complications, doctors and nurses would have everything needed at hand. The low mortality rate alone shows the wisdom of hospital births.

Here are excerpts from other readers' letters:

WHEN I had my second child in hospital, my husband had to run the home without any outside help. I shall never forget the look of misery, at this time, on my little boy's face, caused by his fretting for me. Home births are definitely the best. The children have their mother with them and accept the new baby in happy surroundings; this happiness helps the mother in breast-feeding. Both mother and father have the feeling of security that is true family life.—Mrs. M. Marsden, Mitcham, Vic.

WHAT a pleasant surprise it was to read the article by Viscountess Savernake. Before her marriage she was often mentioned in the reports of the gay doings of the young society set in England. One got the impression that she might have been rather spoiled, used to having a very good time, and her own way. However, her article shows how these reports of young society people can be misleading.

That she can look after young children (three of them), cook and do housework herself, in addition to instructing staff is a surprise after reading of her debutante days. The fact that she seems to enjoy it all shows her to be a true mother, but her insistence of breast-feeding her babies impressed me most of all.—"Admirer" (name supplied), Adelaide.

IT is quite impractical for the average Australian woman to have her babies at home, no matter how anxious she is

WE have received many letters, some of which are published on this page, in reply to an article by Viscountess Savernake in our issue of February 29, in which she advocated having babies at home instead of hospital.

Viscountess Savernake, a well-known English society debutante before her marriage, lives in London and is the mother of three young children. In her article she said she managed her home confinements quite well by planning the running of her household beforehand. She has a children's nurse and a domestic help.

to do so. I think the clue to Viscountess Savernake's success is that she has two servants.

My youngest child was born at home. This was not my wish, but baby was anxious to enter the world, and the local ambulance did not arrive quickly enough. Believe me, I was only too happy after the baby's birth to go into a hospital, with its security, cleanliness, and quietness. I have found the maternity ward a happy place, on the whole. To Viscountess Savernake, "I dips me lid," but she can have it!—Mrs. Olive M. Usher, Bowraville, N.S.W.

HOW many of us can afford the luxury of a children's nurse and a domestic help, too? Of course Viscountess Savernake likes to have her babies at home. She can afford it. Given similar circumstances, most women would have their babies at home.

I have two children, one born at my home (then on the outskirts of London) and the other at the Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney. When I realised I was going to have a baby in Sydney I was quite upset to think I wouldn't be having it at home again. Crown Street Hospital made me think differently about that.

Let Viscountess Savernake have her babies at home, but don't let us imagine she really prefers it. After all, she hasn't tried the other way, so how is she to know?—Mrs. Edna V. Mathison, Coogee, N.S.W.

HOW very fortunate is Viscountess Savernake to be able to have her babies at home! I agree with her statement that in a busy maternity ward you are just another patient to the nurses and it can be very lonely. I believe this is a real reason why many women today do not have

more than one or two children. Most mothers are very fretful in hospital because of the lack of comforting, especially in the labor ward. In one's own home you do have plenty of love shown to you at that time.—Mrs. P. (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

I DON'T think having babies at home is a good idea. I have two girls, both born in a women's hospital, where I had the best attention possible. The nurses were very nice and friendly and looked after me with a smile. When I got up I was fit and well and ready to go home and begin looking after the new baby's needs.

Should we not consider the doctors, too? They are hard-working men, and a confinement in hospital means less work and worry for them.—Mrs. T. Terestnow, Mitchell Park, S.A.

IN my experience, Australian maternity hospitals are the opposite of the English maternity hospitals the Viscountess Savernake describes.

The Viscountess said some hospitals do not persevere in helping the mother to establish breast-feeding. I had difficulty in establishing my milk supply, and for 10 days the nurses never ceased to help me. But for them I would never have been able to feed my baby. I am due to have another child in May and am looking forward to going back to the same hospital.—Mrs. B. Bramble, Cardiff, N.S.W.

IT was pleasant to read my own sentiments expressed so aptly on the subject of having babies at home. I am the mother of four boys and two girls. The first and last were born in hospital, the others at home. Having them at home, with doctors and nurses whom I had come to know well, brought a feeling of security and also that extra "fussing over" that I think should be every woman's right at such a time.—Pauline Attrill, Kalgoorlie, W.A.

HAVE my baby at home?

Yes, please, if I could count on such help as the Viscountess has. I have had four successful, uncomplicated confinements in hospital.

Yes, I could enjoy having a baby at home if the expense of a nurse and a household help were not so great; if they were easier to obtain; if the doctor's aid at the confinement were certain; and if the family could refrain from consulting mother on household matters. In Australian conditions a hospital or nursing home definitely is the answer to the question of a happy confinement.—Lillian M. Jensen, Ipswich, Qld.

Banish odours instantly!



Toilet, bathroom, sick room, kitchen . . . all unpleasant odours vanish the moment you press the "button" of the Air-O-Zone Pressure*Pak.

Some "deodorisers" only deaden your sense of smell! But Air-O-Zone is a true deodoriser. The Air-O-Zone mist floats to every part of the room, actually absorbing and destroying even the faintest trace of odour.

Use Air-O-Zone in your home . . . and smile when your friends say "Your place is always so fresh and clean!" Everyone likes Air-O-Zone pine-scented freshness.

Air-O-Zone is economical. It's so highly concentrated that it takes only two or three seconds to deodorise a complete room.

KILLS HARMFUL AIRBORNE BACTERIA

Air-O-Zone not only "air conditions" . . . but it kills harmful airborne bacteria. You should always spray Air-O-Zone in sick rooms, especially when coughs and colds are prevalent.

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MEDIUM, 9'11 LARGE, 17'9



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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"One nice thing about working here, the boss doesn't show up till ten or eleven in the morning."

MOTHER



"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mum! Dad's boss rang and said he was coming to dinner tomorrow night instead."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

AUTUMN always makes me feel a little sad. The better the weather the sadder I feel.

If the day is fine and sunshiny it looks beautiful. It is beautiful. But though the colors of autumn may be lovely on country gardens, the brown leaves falling into the city gutters are dismal, a reminder that winter is nearly here.

However, there is always a little amusement to be garnered here and there and I found a sample among fashions in an American magazine.

It's a new-type stole, shaped to look like a sweater tied carelessly round the shoulders.

The name of it, in case you want to adopt the idea, is a "pseudo-sweater" and it is described as "a fashion with wit."

What would be even wittier, and a lot less trouble, would be to tie an old sweater round the shoulders.

But witty fashions are terribly difficult to wear. Men are particularly obtuse at understanding why a dress is amusing.

In fact, one must be very, very careful. Otherwise one doesn't look witty—just funny.

PERHAPS it was the autumn that set a friend of mine thinking about life with a capital L the other night.

Her mind ranged over the eternal round of caring for a family, and then her thoughts focused on an aluminium frying-pan griller which she has owned for 17 years.

"I use it twice a day," she told me afterwards.

"So I've worked out that I've used it more than 12,000 times. At first that made me more depressed than I was at the beginning. Then I cheered up a bit. The thing looks like lasting for ever, so you could say I made a good buy."

"I can tell you something else that ought to cheer you," I said. "Not too many women can multiply by 17 in their heads at all."

She gave a wan little smile. "I suppose so," she said, "but honestly, do you feel that mental arithmetic adds any glamor to life?"

THERE'S a new sleep-inducing machine invented in America which reproduces the soothing murmurs of the sea.

A pattern of waves rolling on rocks will be thrown on the screen of a cabinet, inside which rice or beans, kept moving, will sound like waves.

For those fond of the sea it seems a good idea. Yet I have been picturing one of these in the kind of built-up area I inhabit.

By the time you add the screams of brakes, the tooting of horns, and the cries of late partygoers, the effect will not be that of a peaceful, isolated shore.

It will sound more like a shipwreck at the height of a storm in a busy harbor.

A much simpler idea would be two shells clamped to the would-be sleeper's ears.

ON display at an ideal homes exhibition in London is the House of the Future made of moulded plastic plaster with curved aluminium roof.

Describing this house, planned for 1981, a writer says: "The room divisions flow from one to another, but folding doors can be used to preserve old-fashioned ideas of privacy."

Frankly, I don't know what that bit about flowing room divisions means, but if architects come to believe that ideas of privacy are old-fashioned, I can foresee the day when members of a family will mark off their own bits of the house with chalk on the floor.

The tendency to design houses for one big happy family is based on the false premise that families are composed of people who are happy all the time and who live in the picture-book world portrayed in modern American advertising.

LAWN-MOWING is a subject in which I take only a superficial interest.

Nevertheless a recent advertisement for a mower was worth looking at twice.

In the foreground, holding the mower, is a strong, healthy girl in sweater, shorts, and sandals.

In the background, holding nothing heavier than a pipe, is a strong, healthy man wearing casual clothes and a hat.

The caption, in a balloon issuing from the girl's mouth, is "No help wanted."

This adds up to one of the most foreboding shapes of things to come that I've seen.

In a year or two the boys will be tying white chrysanthemums to lawn-mowers and giving them away for Mother's Day.

THE British Government has instituted a new cost-of-living index based on a survey designed to show how the average worker spends his money. New items on the index include nylons, lipsticks, washing machines. Discarded items are lump sugar, rabbits, candles, and turnips.

Lump sugar? I'll take it or leave it,
A rabbit I never would scorn.
A candle is handy for blackouts,
But turnips are not to be borne.
Boiled marrow and rhubarb and cabbage
Have virtues no doubt, though a bore.
A turnip I'd fancy if starving,
And not for one minute before.
If asked which I found less attractive,
The white or stringy old swede,
I would ponder, unable to figure
Which repelled me the more of the breed.
Lump sugar and rabbits and candles
Are all very well in their way,
But if they're a job lot with turnips,
Then toss out the lot's what I say.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1956

Australian Wool Bureau shopping guide for

Autumn-Winter '56

What to look for in the shops this season — news of Wool, wonderful Wool — the fabric for the whole family

BRILLIANT NEW SEASON FOR KNITWEAR!

This year, knitteds take a major place in every wardrobe — and there's grand variety from which you'll choose. Knitwear for the kiddies is indispensable — men will be boasting the "bulky look" in sweaters — for women, there are smart new styles in rich, handsome colours, an endless choice of patterns. All the family feels so warm, looks so smart in wonderful Wool!



WOOL BLANKETS — MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERY YEAR!

Shopping for blankets this season will be a thrilling experience. Stores are showing beautiful new designs and colours — gay plaids to the softest pastels. Only Wool blankets bring you such practical, long-lasting beauty!

PURE WOOL TWEED

LEADS THE FASHION FABRICS!

The smartest wardrobes feature tweed this year — soft, fine tweeds for dresses (many with jackets to do double duty as a suit) — bulky wool tweeds are news for top coats, and the sensation of the year is a fingertip length jacket worn with skirt or dress to match! Watch for them in the stores when you're buying your wardrobe in wonderful Wool!



There's more value in WOOL

Wool gives you wonderful wear as well as smart good looks. Wool keeps colours bright and beautiful — resists wrinkling, holds shape so well. It's the fabric for the whole family. There is no substitute for WOOL.

NOTE FOR MEN!

Wool makes the smartest, most comfortable socks. Wool wears so well, is so kind to your feet — absorbs moisture, cushions your feet. Wool is light, yet so warm to wear — and brings you exciting colours. Watch for the many smart new designs in Wool socks coming up for Autumn-Winter '56.



There is no substitute for

WOOL

Flower-fresh

... and
beautifully
perfumed!



You, and your clothes, remain fresh, airtight and beautifully perfumed right through the day when you use cool, smooth Coty deodorant Talc. Dual-purpose Coty Talc gives all-over body protection, stops perspiration odours before they start. Choose your favourite fragrance from five distinguished Coty perfumes.

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WELCOME HOME at Mascot airport for Mr. and Mrs. Michael White, who returned from seven weeks' honeymoon in Honolulu, from Michael's sister, Mrs. David Playfair (left), and her small daughter Judy, Mrs. White's mother, Mrs. Eve Crossing (second from right), her sister, Mrs. Colin Ryrie (right), and Mrs. Ryrie's son Kim.



ABOVE: Mrs. Francis Graham (left), of Darling Point, with her daughter Caroline (right) and Jean Kater at the coming-out dance given for the girls by their parents at Elanora Country Club.

LEFT: Guests at the coming-out dance for Jean Kater, of "Egelabra," Warren, and Caroline Graham are (from left) Joan Ashton, of Mandurama, Peter Matthews, and Annette Primrose.



COUNTRY GUESTS at the Town and Country Ball are Dian Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell, and Norman Wheeler, of "Kia-Ora," Scone. The ball was held at Prince's and the proceeds will go to the Smith Family.

WED IN LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. David Bateson leave Christ Church, Chelsea, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Sarah Reading, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reading, of "Wambidgee," Cootamundra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 11, 1956

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VENCAT that's the
flavah!



Famous for over 100
years Old Boy!

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY





AT SYDNEY CUP DAY RACES were (from left) Mrs. Tom Field, Mr. Field, Mrs. John Goodwin and Mr. Goodwin. Mrs. Field wore a tabbed oatmeal hat with her dark green wool suit and Mrs. Goodwin chose maize tweed for her unbelted sheath dress.



ARRIVING AT RANDWICK for the Sydney Cup Day Meeting are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Merriman, of Canberra. Mrs. Merriman wore a black suit.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

"FASHION seems to have gone to their heads," said one man at Randwick . . . and he was right. The accent at the Autumn Race Carnival's fashion parade is definitely on millinery.

Big hats are winning the honors, and specially the ones with the new "top-heavy" look.

Among the most striking headwear on the racecourse: the straight-set platters worn by Mrs. Alan Potter (in white fur) and Mrs. John Carr (in black velvet), Miss Sylvia Smith's white "saucer" of ruffled satin, and Mrs. Campbell Jaquet's "mushroom" of creamy felt.

AT the races on St. Leger Day were Susan de Salis, of "Longfield," Dalgety, and her fiancé, Bill Dovey, of Vauchuse. Susan came down to Sydney this Easter for "the Show and shopping" . . . the shopping is in preparation for her wedding on June 29 at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

PRETTY Evon Gregory, of "Kydrilla," Narellan, took time off from her busy Show programme to watch the Doncaster at Randwick. Evon has had a lot of success at the Show — she gained a first, a second, a fifth, and two sixth places in ring events.

TWO smart women chose identical coats on St. Leger Day at Randwick, Mrs. Len Plasto and Mrs. John Thompson both wore loose-fitting coats of oatmeal-colored wool with horizontal tabs encircling the hipline.

VISITOR from Melbourne Mrs. Ronald Nott (whose wonderful furry white hat attracted admiring glances on Doncaster Day) wore a fob-watch hanging from the belt of her navy wool dress. Mrs. Nott bought the watch in Honolulu when she holidayed there last year. The watch is encircled with small pearls and its face is decorated with rhinestones.

KEEN equestrienne Leslie Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, went straight from the Show to Randwick on St. Leger Day . . . wearing jodhpurs, tweed jacket, and a black velvet cap. With Kim Brownhill, of "Beaudesert," Mudgee, Leslie watched her father's horse Troy race in the A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes.



WALKING ACROSS THE LAWNS at Randwick on St. Leger Day to the members' stand are (from left) Mrs. Denis Allen, New Zealand visitor Mrs. G. Chapman, Mrs. Pat Osborne, of Bungendore, and Mr. Osborne.

I SAW attractive Jill Moore, of "Walma," Walgett, at Randwick, carrying a soft white fur muff with her slim-fitting black barathea suit. Jill tells me she has chosen October 3 for her wedding with Alan Friend at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and she will be attended by three bridesmaids . . . her young sister Jan Moore, Diana Sinclair, and Diana Lee. After their marriage Alan and Jill plan to live in the Walgett district.

AFTER the St. Leger Day meeting many of the young racegoers went on to the dinner-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Miller at their home in Vauchuse. The party celebrated the engagement of their daughter Pamela to Tony Wilkinson, son of Dr. F. O. B. Wilkinson, of Crookwell, and the late Mrs. Wilkinson. Tony and Pam, who is wearing a diamond- and sapphire ring, will marry in June.



ENTHUSIASTIC RACEGOERS Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons were at Randwick on Doncaster Day. Mrs. Parsons wore a strawberry felt cloche and a navy suit.



SUGAR-PINK VELVET "lampshade" hat was worn by Mrs. John Steele, of Melbourne, to the races. She bought the hat in London.



TOPAZ ANGORA made the "basin" hat worn by Mrs. Robert Noss with her grey worsted sheath dress to the Sydney Cup Day races.



CINNAMON MELUSINE "bucket" was worn by Mrs. Dick Opie to the Autumn races at Randwick with a slim-fitting, matching tweed dress.



SWATHES OF PINK TULLE encircled the crown of the lilac "flower-pot" hat worn by Mrs. Michael Read on Sydney Cup Day.



BURNT AMBER cone-shaped hat tied with a perky black ribbon seas Mrs. Colin Cudwallader's choice at the races.



Wake up fresh — FROM WARM SOUND SLEEP

Sleep comes on wings of dreamy comfort when you snuggle into Blansheets. No creeping into icy sheets here! Blansheets are warm and cosy; yet smooth and soft as a rose petal, light as a feather. With pillowcases to match too! And here's something else you'll like about

Blansheets. They'll wear 'n' wear and come up "smiling" through years of tubbing and tugging. Washed or boiled, they never shrink or lose any of their heavenly colour. What are you waiting for? Make this the winter you changed to Blansheets on your bed—and slept like a kitten.

Vantona BLANSHEETS

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WHICH COLOUR DO YOU WANT?

CHAMPAGNE, ROSE, GREEN, WHITE, PEACH OR BLUE. All colours as fast as modern science can make them.



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FORMER U.S. PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN in his Kansas City office after announcing his daughter Margaret's engagement to Clifton Daniel.

MARGARET TRUMAN MARRIES SOON



MARGARET TRUMAN, daughter of former U.S. President Harry Truman, and her fiance, Clifton Daniel, of the "New York Times." Their wedding will take place on April 21.

U.S. "Princess" tells her wedding plans

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

When Margaret Truman, daughter of U.S. ex-President Harry S. Truman, marries journalist Clifton Daniel at Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Independence, Missouri, on April 21, two of her former schoolmates will be her only attendants.

THEY will be Mrs. John E. Horton, of Los Angeles, formerly Drucie Snyder, daughter of President Truman's Secretary of the Treasury, John W. Snyder; and Mrs. W. Coleman Branton, of Kansas City, formerly Mary Shaw.

The bride-elect held a Press conference in New York recently to give news of her wedding plans to newspapers that had greeted the announcement of her engagement — as did Americans generally — with as much excitement as Britons would show at a similar announcement from Buckingham Palace.

Margaret Truman has chosen a wedding date that is only three days after the date on which America's other "princess," Grace Kelly, becomes the bride of Prince Rainier in Monaco—April 18.

In home town

MISS TRUMAN told the conference she hoped her father would give her away. She was planning a small, simple wedding ceremony in the church where her parents had been married and where she had sung in the choir as a child.

Her wedding dress was being made by Fontana, of Rome, and would be "short, beige, a combination of lace and tulle," but Miss Truman would not give more details to the conference.

"I want to keep the style of the dress a secret from everyone, including my fiance," she said.

Her hat and veil to match

her wedding gown would be made by John Fredericks, exclusive New York hat designer.

Her "practically-non-existent trousseau" would contain the handiwork of American designers Harvey Berin, Mollie Parnis, and Lilly Dache.

The wedding would be followed by a reception at her parents' home in Independence.

She and her fiance would tell later where they would spend their honeymoon. Their plans were not yet completed. "We know we cannot keep them a secret," she said, somewhat wryly.

Margaret Truman, who lived at the White House, Washington, from the age of 21 to 28 during her father's seven years' term as U.S. President, occupied a place in American life very like that of Princess Margaret in the lives of Britons.

She won the hearts of the American people with her simple charm, unsophisticated Middle Western good looks, and old-fashioned strength of character.

She conducted herself with dignity and good taste then and during her subsequent career as a concert singer.

It was a radiant and excited Margaret Truman who introduced her fiance—handsome 43-year-old Clifton Daniel, of the "New York Times"—to an earlier Press conference.

Daniel is a suave, well-dressed bachelor with a distinguished record as war correspondent and foreign editor in Moscow and London.

With his Savile Row clothes and English accent acquired in 10 years of living abroad, Daniel made a great hit with

the hard-boiled New York Press—particularly the women members.

One woman reporter wrote: "Margaret's fiance is the man of every girl's dreams—a handsome, sophisticated foreign correspondent, equally at home in a fox hole or at a fox hunt."

Another reporter recalled a joke once popular in New York newspaper circles about the butler who tells his master: "There are four reporters at the door and a gentleman from the 'Times.'"

Clifton Daniel epitomises the "gentlemen from the 'Times.'"

Just before he left London to assume his present duties as assistant to the foreign news editor in New York, Daniel was described by a British diplomat as looking "more like one of our Foreign Office chaps than any of the men in Whitehall."

Daniel, with his prematurely silver hair and his courtly Southern manner—he is a native of Zebulon, North Carolina, and a graduate of the University of North Carolina—was a popular "extra man" at dinner tables in May-

fair, London, and at English weekend gatherings.

He is known as a daring and independent reporter, as well as a social asset.

Soon after Daniel's return to New York in November last year he attended a dinner at the home of an old friend, newspaper publisher George Backer, in his familiar role of "extra man."

His female companion of the evening turned out to be Margaret Truman.

Table talk

"It was a quiet evening," Mrs. Backer recalls. "Margaret and Cliff took to each other right away. They found they had a great deal in common—music, ballet, the theatre."

In January he proposed and "after a decent interval," as she put it, Margaret accepted.

Daniel told reporters that he went shopping for Margaret's engagement ring by himself, because they were not yet ready to reveal their secret to the whole wide world and "Margaret is too conspicuous to take shopping for engagement rings."

Writing in a current magazine, Margaret remarked:

"I think at my advanced age of 32 that the kind of man who will sweep me off my feet is the one who will tell me what to do in no uncertain terms—and see that I do it."

Whether or not Daniel swept Margaret off her feet, he seems to be willing to let her make her own decisions.

At their Press conference someone wanted to know if Margaret intended to continue her career in television.

"Mr. Daniel hasn't put his foot down on it," Margaret answered, glancing at him shyly.

"Mr. Daniel hasn't put his foot down," he murmured. "and isn't going to."



CLIFTON DANIEL, Margaret Truman's fiance, is a globe-trotting reporter.

What does the future hold for him?



We know not what the future holds for us, but we do know that a sane, correct diet will help us to face the future whatever it may be. It is widely acknowledged that many of our foods lack the vitamins and trace elements which make the body function smoothly. Most of the important vitamins and trace elements are richly concentrated in Pro-Vita WEAT HARTS—Just two tablespoons daily on cereals or fruit. It's so easy to get the best out of life the "Pro-Vita way", why not assure a healthy future, it's half the battle of life.

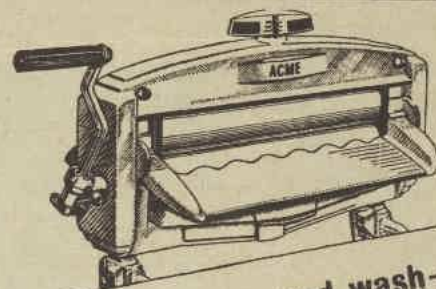
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AUSTRALIAN COLLECTION FOR NEW ZEALAND



● These autumn and winter fashions, designed and made by Australian manufacturers, are at present being shown by five Australian mannequins in a six weeks' tour of New Zealand. Eighty per cent. of the garments are of Australian wool. It is the first government-sponsored fashion venture outside the Commonwealth.

The collection, under the title of "Australia Arrives," will be staged in large stores in Wellington, Auckland, Dunedin, Christchurch, and Hamilton. The mannequins are Janice Wakely, Pauline Kiernan, Karen Hill, Helen Homewood, Lucia Schaeppman.



● Tunic-line suit (above) in vivid red trimmed with black Persian lamb. The long-length, straight jacket is front-buttoned in black and worn with black gauntlet gloves. Suit by Shaw Bros., fur-fabric hat by Belvoir.



● Slender-line late-day dress (above) in avocado-green warp-printed satin of Persian design. The dress, finished with "push-up" sleeves, is worn with an oriental-inspired turban. Dress by Lucas, hat by Chapeaux Delsanne.



● Elegant, loose-fitting coat (above) made in pure wool reversible cloth in black and white. The black is turned back in striking revers and cuffs. The new "bulky" hat look is achieved with a grey fez. Ensemble by Stell-Ricks.

● Short-skirted evening dress and matching theatre coat (right) in French silk taffeta shantung. The bodice-top is strapless. The coat has a wide shawl collar and a flared back. Ensemble is from Lucas, Melbourne.





● Lavishly encrusted with pearls, rhinestones, and paillettes is the short-skirted white French brocade evening dress (above). The dress has an Empire bodice-top, one of the new high necklines. The skirt bells out at the hemline. The dress is worn with long white gloves and matching shoes. Gown by Hartnell, of Melbourne.



● Glamorous ball gown (left) made in white silk organza. The skirt flows in fine pleats from a low-waisted bodice-top which has a shaped front. The bodice is embroidered with hand-made roses and heavily encrusted with pearls. Dress by Hartnell.

● Evening dress in watermelon-pink duchesse satin (above) has an enormous flat bow placed low at the back above a tiny train. The strapless bodice is finished with a self-material cuff. A petticoat holds out the skirt. Dress by Charlotte, Fifth Avenue.

Smart
women
choose..



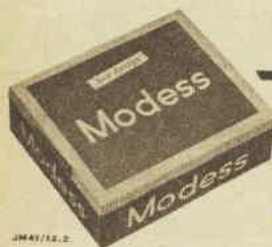
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dress worn with
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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A sheath-dress minus sleeves is a popular new teenage fashion. The one illustrated below is chosen for a young reader.

HERE is her letter and my reply.

"WOULD you please design a basic frock I could vary with collar, belts, etc.? The frock is to be suitable for a teenager with a good figure. I would also like to inquire if I could buy a paper pattern, size 36in. bust, for the frock you suggest."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated at right. It is something quite new in American teenage fashions—a sheath-dress sans sleeves. The dress can be worn beltless with a sweater, as shown, or with a cummerbund, a blouse, or its neckline just filled in with a dickey. Furthermore, the dress minus a blouse or any type of "fill in" becomes a late-day dress.

Yes! You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size (36in. bust). The price is 3/9. See lines in caption for further details how to order.

"MY problem is a winter coat. I want something a bit new and unusual—and dashing. I am 19 years of age, blond coloring, and very fashion-conscious. I would be obliged for any ideas on color, design, etc."

A scarf-coat in plaid wool (Black Watch would be a currently fashionable clan choice) would look dashing and young. Have the coat straight cut, single-breasted, and finished (attached to a high, round neckline) with a long scarf heavily fringed in black. Have the coat lined in black to match the fringe.

"WOULD a white pique collar look incorrect on a dark green woollen frock? I



D. S. 187. — Sleeveless sheath-dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material, price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

am olive-skinned, and the green near my skin makes me look sallow. I have a fairly

decent figure and am in my early twenties. Please suggest a style for the frock, something quite smart."

White pique with wool is very chic and French, and white on olive-green would look extremely smart. For the design I like the idea of a torso-sheath dress, self-cuffed at the hipline to accent the smooth bodyline. Have the skirt from this point slim and straight. Finish the high, round neckline with a Lord Byron collar, a big, round one, in starched white pique.

"I NOTICED several weeks ago you suggested to a reader a style for a sari made into an evening frock. I have a sari I want to make up, but I wanted to wear it for a late-afternoon frock. The sari has gold stripes on the edges. I hope you can assist with this problem. My fitting is SSW."

Your sari could be used for a bouffant-skirted shirt-waist dress. Have the bodice-front buttoned and finished with a V-neckline with swallow-winged revers and short reversed cuffs. Use the gold stripes at each side of the bodice opening and at the hemline. Wear the dress over a bouffant petticoat with a gold kid belt and gold shoes.

"I HAVE some brown tweed flecked with a reddish shade which I am having made into a suit with a straight coat and narrow skirt. My problem is the color to choose for the hat, handbag, and shoes. I would be grateful for advice."

I suggest you wear a deep red velvet cloche or a dark brown jersey turban—either would be new and smart. For the accessories I suggest red for handbag and deep brown for shoes and gloves. N.B.: The new brown is very dark and is called jet-brown.

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**SEE YOUR SKIN
TROUBLE GO
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Beauty in
Brief

Colors for autumn

By CAROLYN EARLE

● As the seasons change, you must know on which particular phase of your beauty to concentrate in order to meet the seasonal requirements of your skin.

IN the autumn the idea is to do away with that parched, after-summer look which comes from exposure to the sun, and to replace your healthy suntan, as far as you are able, with a paler look.

A light complexion will be far more suitable at this time of year than a patchy, fading tan. As a quick pick-up for darkened skin there is nothing better than a series of treatments to cleanse, clear, and stimulate it.

Starting from this point, make-up should present no problems. The cosmetic rule is simply this: as the complexion takes on a lighter hue, lighten

your foundation and face powder at the same time.

In lipstick the best idea is to select a shade that imparts ripe, autumn brilliance to the mouth. The color range is almost unlimited; sharp reds and those with a ruby cast are flattering.

According to the news from overseas, eye-shadow flecked with gold or silver and worn with long, straight oriental brows are "the thing" of the season.

No doubt the fashion is stunning for glamor girls. Almost anything is. But the conventional woman may like to know that occidental eyebrows are also acceptable, as are sober shades of eye-shadow.

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The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair

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Sutex skirts...

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Every Sutex skirt has that air of fashion that sets it quite apart . . . even before the wool is clipped they're destined to be the most exclusive ever! That's because Sutex spin their own yarns . . . weave them into cloth creations exclusive to the Sutex label . . . and tailor them to styles—35, no less—created by "Fenmoor," Australia's cleverest fashioners. See the new "cloth magic" Sutex have woven for autumn-winter—especially Derwent Park, Saxony, Regent's Park, Micro-check, Florentine Flannel, and Airflow Worsteds. You'll love the new colour harmony, dramatic drape and slenderising pleats in these wonderful new Sutex skirts. See them all—they're the smartest ever!

MAIN RIGHT: Style 257 in willow brown, forest green, charcoal and two others. TOP LEFT: Style 253 in charcoal, dark green, mid grey and three others. TOP CENTRE: Style 237 in black/white, brown/white and two others. TOP RIGHT: Style 258 in fawn, dark grey, mid grey and two others.

"ALWAYS TAKE THE ONE WITH THE SUTEX LABEL"

Worth Reporting



Off duty in Honolulu:

HOSTESS of Paris Anne Dixeront is 22, and can spot a tourist or would-be tourist at sight.

Usually she sees the tweedy British or the flat-shoed, camera-slung Americans when they pile off the trains at the Gare du Nord, standing bewildered for the first few moments, wondering if they can remember the French for taxi or bus, or "Which way do I go to the hotel?"

But this Easter Mlle Dixeront saw more would-be tourists than ever before when Australians queued up to ask questions at the French Exhibition at Sydney's Showground.

Standing by a scale model of the city of Paris, Anne wore an elegant blue uniform, a *tailleur* designed by Amy Linker, of the Faubourg St. Honore.

On her squashed-down beret were the gold letters "S.I.P.", standing for the *Syndicat d'Initiative de Paris*, an organisation which founded the corps of Hostesses of Paris in 1950.

There are 25 girls in the corps—chosen for their intelligence, charm, linguistic ability, and knowledge of Paris and its history—who staff the Information Bureaux at the main Paris railway stations and at the Invalides Air Station.

"We stand there to help tourists in difficulties," Anne said. "If they have not hotel accommodation, we must try to get it for them. And if they want to know where to eat good meals inexpensively, we tell them, giving them the booklet I am now giving you."

This booklet even lists what to do in emergencies, what to do if you "lose a dog," have a "car stolen," or want "to pawn something."

As we were saying goodbye to Anne, an Australian school-boy, aged 10 or so, came up to her.

"Comment allez-vous?" he asked.

She answered in French, then caught the blank look on his face.

"Very well, thank you," she repeated, while other Australians stood enraptured peering at the lights of Paris flickering in Sydney's Showground.



A MELBOURNE colleague blushed a little at opening her Savings Bank book after a recent visit.

"WOW" in loud green banking-ink was expressively printed beside her figure measurements (36 bust, 26 waist, 38 hips), which she had jotted down inside the cover before a visit to a dressmaker.

A Rajah in the suburbs

IN his Malayan palace, on the Siam border, the wealthy Rajah of Perlis is making plans to move into a white timber villa in Marshall Avenue, Kew, Victoria, in time for the Olympic Games in Melbourne in November.

The present rulers of 15 Marshall Avenue, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gilliam, offered accommodation to the Olympic Games Committee for one Englishman, and now find themselves prospective hosts to the Rajah, one of his wives, and four of his staff.

The Rajah was late in applying for accommodation and missed out on hotel bookings.

Mrs. Gilliam already is making plans for the Rajah's stay in her comfortable, 10-roomed home.

"We haven't planned any welcome for His Highness. We will keep out of his way as much as possible," she said.

"It means having to board the children out with friends and relatives," Mrs. Gilliam said, "but we don't mind."

"We've got to board the dogs out, too. Our two terriers don't like strangers. I don't know what to do about the three cats. Do you think Malayan Rajahs object to cats around the house?"

No tea-towels for Miss Kelly

WHEN the average bride-to-be is given a shower tea by her girl-friends, most of the guests arrive with a standard assortment of gifts—plastic canisters, tea-towels, bean-cutters, pie-plates, etc.

Grace Kelly, bride-to-be of Prince Rainier of Monaco, was given a shower by Hollywood designer Helen Rose. Guests, however, brought not bean-cutters but trousseau nighties.

Naturally, when a girl is soon to become a Serene Highness she doesn't need to stock up on tea-towels.

Zsa-Zsa Gabor was there, Celeste Holm, Ann Blyth, Edith Head, and Australian swimming star of many early movies, Annette Kellerman.

Ann Blyth gave Miss Kelly a little sea-shell-studded toilet bag, and Annette Kellerman a handkerchief to carry on her wedding day.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

THE hero of Charles Gormham's novel "The Gold of Their Bodies" was known to the Tahitians as Ko-Ki, the Frenchman who drank absinthe, lived in a hut, and loved women as passionately as he loved painting.

To Europeans he was, and is, known as Gauguin.

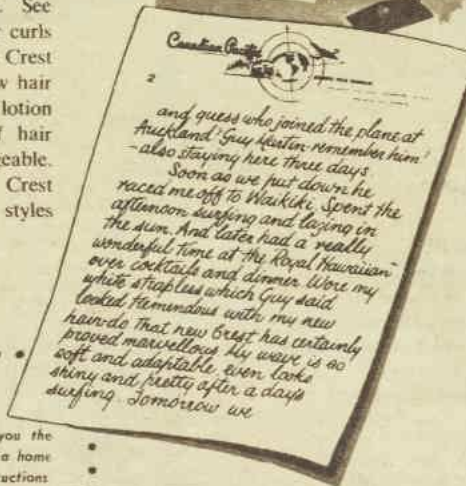
The facts of Gauguin's life are absorbing enough. Until he was in his late thirties he was a well-to-do businessman. Then he discovered painting, and threw away everything for the primitive pleasures and colors of Tahiti.

These are the facts which Charles Gormham had to work upon. But Gormham's writing lacks fire. Gauguin himself described his life in Tahiti much better.

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ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DURING my training as a nurse we were called at 5.45 a.m. for duty at 6.30. The winter mornings were cold and dark and most of us stayed in bed until the last minute, during which time we asked, very frequently (of someone known to have a watch), "What time is it now?" One lass in particular was most anxious in inquiring until asked, "Haven't you a watch of your own, Betty?" The reply came from Betty: "Oh, yes, but it is too cold for me to take MY arms out of the blankets."

£2/2/- to R. Rutledge, Moppett St., Hay, N.S.W.

• Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

HE had just put out the light and was settling down into the bed when a pensive voice spoke to him. She said: "Do you realise that we have been married for five years?" "Five years, have we? Well, fancy!" "Yes, it doesn't seem any time, does it? What do these five years mean to you, darling? To me they mean so much. Progress, understanding each other, weathering storms, the three babies—it's been a wonderful five years, hasn't it?" She turned to him for concurrence, and his reply came in a strangled, piteous sound, torn from his lips, the eternally heart-wrenching sound of a strong man lying on his back with his mouth wide open, sound asleep.

£2/2/- to Mrs. Meda C. Clifton, 14 McLeod Rd., Applecross, W.A.



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**Delicious
TASTE**

Fly to
Paris
ON THE NEW
PAA
"PAY-LATER"
PLAN

Top model prefers art world

By ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG

Ivy Nicholson, a beautiful 22-year-old New Yorker who a year ago was the world's highest-paid model, has deserted the salons of Dior for the artists' cafes and bohemian world of the Italian art quarter.



OVER the past four years Ivy's willowy figure and dramatic face have launched a thousand fashions in Paris and New York.

Her wide-eyed, semi-tragic expression became the famous "Nicholson look." It could sell anything from a cocktail set to a new lipstick. It was the joy of dress designers and fashion photographers.

For Fath and Dior she was top model. Vogue picked her for cover pictures. Ivy doesn't tell you this, but the French Press called her "the most beautiful girl in the world." "Greta Garbo reincarnated." Jean Cocteau said she had a face "taken from a Botticelli painting."

Then the girl who stared aloofly from the glossy pages of Vogue, Harpers, and other top fashion magazines was introduced to the Italian art world.

Ivy was swept into a bohemian centre in old, narrow streets where sculptors and painters work, live, starve, sing in the cafes. She left her elegant Paris apartment and rented a bare-boards studio.

For the first time in her life she picked up a paint brush and found that she could paint as she does everything else, with an individual style that can't be copied.

She gave the first exhibition of her paintings early this month at the Obelisco Gallery, which has a reputation for taking young, unknown artists and launching them into international art success.

Glamor debut

NO young painter ever had such a glittering debut. Film stars, socialites, and TV cameramen turned out in force to see Ivy. And many of them stayed to look at her pictures.

But the aloofness of the "Nicholson look" you see in the magazine poses and in her paintings doesn't come across when you talk to her. She's a vivacious, friendly companion.

She started modelling in New York at 18, but soon after gave it up to go to Europe. In Paris she fell in love with the city, and it fell for her, too.

When she went back to New York it was an American success story in reverse.

For two years Ivy stayed in New York earning up to 100 dollars a day (£A50). At 21, she was the world's highest-paid model.

On her savings she came



IVY poses among the ruins of the Roman Forum just to show she has not lost her flair for high-fashion modelling.

AUBURN-HAIRED Ivy Nicholson, who gave up the fashion world to go "bohemian" in Rome's art quarter.

back to Europe last summer with the idea of going on the stage. In Paris, she had had her first smell of grease-paint. At a Left Bank theatre where the student audiences regularly throw eggs Ivy got showers of flowers for her bit part in a comedy skit.

In Rome she had success with a role in "An American in Rome," and this was followed by a couple of smaller parts.

She also took up photography. Her pictures of landscapes and people sold like the dresses she modelled.

Engaged to prince

A FEW months ago it looked as though the girl, "who can do everything" had done it again. Prince Pepito Pignatelli, a wealthy Roman noble, gave her a magnificent diamond engagement ring. But the romance broke up.

These days you can see Ivy shopping in the old Rome markets, sketching among the ruins of the Roman Forum, or sitting for long hours in the cafes with her new friends.

She wears a floppy wool dress designed three years ago by Dior. This now trebles as painting-smock, work-dress, and a lounging-robe.

"I've never really liked modelling. I've run away from it twice, and now for good. I've always wanted to create something myself instead of posing before the cameras just looking nice," said Ivy.

If you visit her studio you will be greeted by gramophone records of wild jazz played by her friend, American trumpeter Chet Baker.

"I love to paint," she says, "but I have to be in the right mood before I can even pick up a brush."

By RUD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



for day-long daintiness



After your shower, there's nothing quite as refreshing as a dusting of fine, caressing Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder. Potter & Moore's Lavender Talcum Powder makes you delicately fragrant all day long. It leaves the skin cool, dry and smooth, is deodorising and absorbent. Gives that demure Mitcham Lavender perfume so much loved by discriminating people.

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BREAKFAST

LUNCH

DINNER

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No Preservatives
No Artificial Coloring

with **Rosella**
TOMATO SAUCE

Continuing . . . Uncle and the Octopus

[from page 3]

how the pigmies in Ushanti made fishtraps with a length of wire-netting that he took off one of the neighbor's fences. And he made a funny little dancing man for Yvonne out of cones from the big banksia tree by the back gate.

He was grand fun to talk to. Uncle treated us just like grown-ups, and told us about all the different countries he had been to and the strange customs they have, and how he almost married a millionaire's daughter in America, and was unofficially engaged to a Duke's daughter back in the Old Country, as he called it, meaning England, and how he was having a little spell and seeing the family, perhaps for the last time, before he went to South America on a secret mission for the Spanish Government.

"If I succeed," he said, "I'm a made man. If not"—Uncle raised his eyebrows and dropped his voice to a low whisper—"it's curtains for Uncle Claude."

It made our blood run cold to think of the risks he was going to run in South America. Yvonne cried, "Don't go, Uncle Claude!" and hung on to his arm.

Then he said his mission was a top secret, and asked us not to mention it again to anyone, not even to Dad, and he sighed. I expect Uncle felt sad at the thought that he might never see any of us again. At any rate, he was in no hurry to leave us. He was still there when Dad came home that night.

Dad had less than ever to say to Uncle Claude. He said a lot to Mother, though, while they were washing up after tea. The others had gone down to the beach with Uncle to inspect the fishtrap, and I was lying on the sofa, reading.

Dad sounded as cross as two sticks.

"So he wouldn't mind staying with us for a few days?" I heard him say. "Whatever did you suggest it for?"

"I didn't, really," Mother said. "Claude mentioned he had a few days to fill in before he joined some friends who have a house a couple of miles farther down the bay; they're going on a yacht trip, I believe. So I could hardly do anything else but ask him. After all, he's a relative."

"Relative, be blowed!" said Dad. "Your father's second wife's son by her first marriage. He's no relation at all to you. Why foist himself on us?"

"He's alone in the world," Mother said gently. "Poor Claude has no one else but us to turn to, and a few days here will make a new man of him. He's very run down."

"Perhaps it will make him the sort of man who pays his debts," said Dad. "There's still that fifty pounds I lent to keep him out of—"

"Now, now, be fair to Claude," Mother answered, "didn't he give you his insurance policy as security?"

"He did," said Dad, "and it wasn't worth surrendering. I've paid the premiums on it for the past five years. My only chance of getting my money back is if he dies, and he doesn't look like doing that."

They went on talking for quite a long time. I couldn't catch all they said and didn't understand much of it, but I remember Dad remarking that Claude was his own worst enemy, and he supposed he'd have to put up with his company for a few more days, but don't expect him to look pleased about it.

I slipped out then so they wouldn't find me listening. I was awfully glad he was going to be with us a bit longer, because with Uncle coaching me I'd soon be able to do the butterfly stroke.

He stayed with us for nearly three weeks, right up till a

couple of days before we left Seaview ourselves. Mother asked him once weren't his yachting friends expecting him, but he said he'd rung them up from the post office and there was some sort of hitch in their arrangements and they would let him know when the yacht trip was on. He was only too glad to spend a little time longer with us, he said, after having lost touch with the family for so many years.

Dad gave a funny little snort when Uncle said that—I really don't think he quite believed all that Uncle Claude said. But Mother didn't mind having him around. It reminded her of old times. She used to say, when they were children, Yvonne asked him once when was he going to buy Mother the new cup and jug he'd promised her, and Uncle laughed and said he would when his ship came in; so we knew he hadn't really forgotten. He was always very helpful in the house with Mother, but he and Dad didn't seem to have much to say to each other. Apart from that he seemed to be very happy living there with us right up to the time the tragedy (as the papers called it) occurred.

It happened on one of those very calm, sunshiny mornings when the tide was out so far that the farthest sandbank was showing out of the water.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Usually you had to swim out to it, but this morning you could wade to it easily, and the three of us did as soon as we went down to the beach. And there we found the octopus sitting on the edge waving his long tentacles slowly.

We'd seen a small one a few days before, but this one was huge, with a body like a big brown cushion. George was going to go right up to it and poke it with a stick, but I grabbed his arm and held him back. I'd been reading Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," and I remembered the terrible fight the hero had with the giant octopus.

"Run back and tell Uncle Claude!" I told him, and George went back to the house while Yvonne and I stood a safe distance away from the monster and watched him cautiously. Presently George and Uncle Claude came splashing through the shallow water. Uncle was carrying a rake and when he came up to us he swung it up in the air and said, "Stand back now, I'll soon fix this fellow!"

He made a tremendous swipe, but must have just missed, for when I opened my eyes again there was the octopus waving his arms like mad a few feet from the edge of the sandbank. Uncle lunged at him two or three times with the

rake and he retreated. But Uncle Claude wasn't going to be beaten. He stepped off the sandbank into the water, pushing the rake hard against the octopus' body. There was a sort of flurry in the water and the next thing we knew was the octopus had wrapped his tentacles around the end of the rake and tugged it out of Uncle's hands so that the handle stuck up in the air.

I didn't quite catch what Uncle said, it was a word I hadn't heard before. Then he turned to us children and said: "Run and get a hoe, quick! I'll settle this fellow's hash!"

The three of us turned and ran as hard as we could. I looked back as I reached the sandhills and saw Uncle Claude standing in the shallow water, his arms folded on his chest. There wasn't a soul on the beach—it was still early in the morning—only a solitary motor-boat chugged slowly along a little way out to sea. It was the last glimpse I had of Uncle Claude.

We took quite a while to find the hoe. Dad had been clearing the drain that ran behind the house with it, and couldn't remember where he'd left it. We got it at last, and hurried back to the beach.

Uncle's old straw hat was

view police . . . chap taken by an octopus. Yes, it got him all right. Front-page story, eh? See you later, then."

Presently he came out and went along to the house with us. He commandeered a rowing boat, and he and Dad and some other men rowed up and down slowly, dragging the rake along the bottom. There was quite a crowd on the beach soon, and later on a couple of newspaper reporters arrived with photographers, and they took our photos, just like said at the beginning, and the policeman wrote down our statements, and that afternoon and next morning it was in the papers, right on the front page, with our pictures.

Mother was rather cut up about it at first, of course, but Dad talked for a long time to her, and after a while she said she supposed it was just one of those things that happen, and, as Dad said, it was a far quicker and less painful death than being smashed up in a car accident and lingering for days.

And Dad said to Mother next day, when they didn't know I was there, that, of course, he didn't like the idea of profiting from anyone's passing—even Uncle Claude's—but still there would be the insurance money which he was morally entitled to, anyhow, and no funeral expenses to pay. By the time we left for home Dad was looking more cheerful than he'd been since the night Uncle Claude had arrived.

I said at the beginning that there was just one detail of the affair that we didn't mention to our schoolmates, and that was this: A week after we'd gone home, Uncle Claude walked in, as bright and cheerful and well as if he'd never been taken by an outside octopus. When the excitement had died down he apologised for not letting us know before that he was still in the land of the living, as he put it.

It appeared that while he was waiting on the sandbank for us to bring the hoe he was hailed by a party of friends in a motor-boat—the very one I had seen that morning. They were the people he was to go yachting with, and they were going along then to pick up the yacht. If he hadn't gone along with them he'd have missed the trip; so he climbed on board and off they went.

They had been right around the bay in the yacht, and hadn't seen a newspaper for days, so naturally Uncle hadn't heard of his decease (he said) until it was stale news and too late to contradict. Of course, as soon as he came ashore and heard what had happened he came straight to us to set our fears at rest.

Dad said after he had gone that it was typical of Uncle Claude to let him think he was getting his fifty pounds back and then spoil everything by turning up alive and well and as unlikely as ever to repay his debts; but Mother said that he shouldn't take such a mercenary view, and she was sure poor Claude would pay every penny some day. Dad laughed scornfully and said he'd believe it when her new milk-jug and cup turned up.

We haven't seen Uncle Claude since. George and I talked the whole thing over and decided that, as Uncle was probably on his way to South America and would not be heard of again for years, if ever, we might as well omit to mention his reappearance when we told our mates at school how, almost under our very eyes, our uncle was taken by an octopus.

After all, as Dad says, it's a pity to spoil a story by an irrelevant and unimportant detail.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 11, 1956



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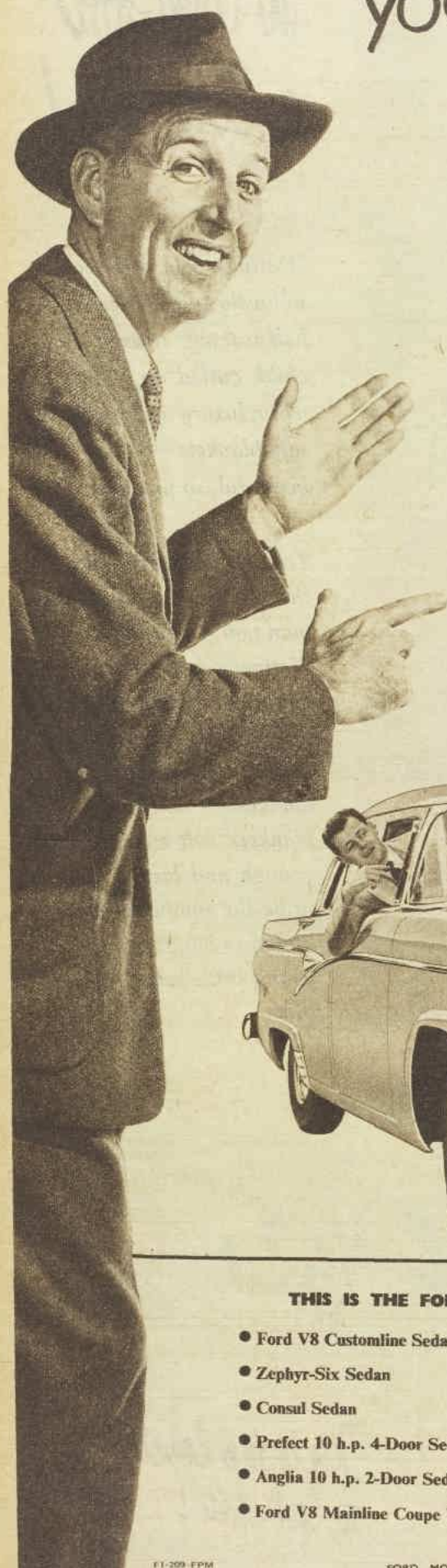
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HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

No one in the world can say at what age boys and girls should start going out together. Every individual matures at a different age, growing up when nature decides upon it. Some people are very young, others much older.

FIRST letter out of the mailbox this week comes from a boy who is worried because he is shy a girls.

Here is his letter:

"I AM 15 years old and a boy. Nothing would make me happier than to take a girl out and perhaps bring her home to meet my parents, but I am extremely shy with them

by LOUISE HUNTER

and cannot pluck up enough courage to even speak to a girl, although there are several in the neighborhood. My parents would give me every encouragement I know, but this does not help me. I am envious of other boys of my age and younger who spend most of their spare time with girls. They make me feel in-

ferior to them by calling me both a prude and a snob about girls. Can anything be done about my case, please, or will time tell?"

"Bashful," Melbourne.

Yes, time will tell. In a year's time you will find you feel much more confident about asking girls out. I think 15 is too young to "spend most of your time with girls." Of course, it depends at what

age you grow up; some boys do so much younger than others, but it is unusual to be keen about taking girls out at 15; at 16 it is different. You are much more adult in your attitude about girls than the boys who make you feel inferior by using words such as "snob" and "prude." To be shy is to be normal at 15. Next time you feel too shy to speak to a girl, smile at her. A smile is a wonderful and warming thing. If you still want to take a girl out and not wait till you are older, ask one of your boy-friends to arrange a foursome, or there is always the telephone — the shy person's boon. You can even write out what you are going to say and practise it. Girls like boys to ring them up — they are always extra nice on the phone.

"I AM 14 years of age, and my mother and father think I am too young to wear a faint trace of lipstick. My face is rather pale, and the lipstick gives my face color. Do you think I am old enough to wear it? Also, I am very tall for my age, and my calves are thin; what can I do to make them thicker?"

"M.B.," Peanant Hills, N.S.W.
Yes, I think you are old enough for a faint trace of lipstick. About your legs: unhappily there is no recipe that enables you to fatten or, for that matter, to thin any given part of the body. I think 14 is a bad age for shape. I often notice that girls of this



A word from Debbie . . .

DO your hair the "Gonflee" way. "Gonflee" (pronounced Gonnellay) is French for "puffed out." This is how you do it. Make four party-size sausage rolls out of cotton-wool. Part your hair from ear to ear about two inches back from the hairline. Divide this part of the hair into four strands and curl them round the cotton rolls, placing the rolls towards the forehead, pointing down parallel with your nose. You should now have a battlement of four cannons across the forehead.

Comb the back and side hair smoothly back, put a ribbon round the crown of the head and tie it in a knot on the forehead under the curls.

Next, make a big roll of cotton-wool, put it round the nape of your neck under your back hair and pin it to end at the ears. Over this roll, smooth the hair, tucking it under and pinning it as for a page-boy. Tie the head in a net and dry.

When it is thoroughly dry remove the cotton-wool and brush the front rolls into a puffed roll along the forehead (it should be rather like a pompadour, except that it is brushed in exactly the opposite way, with the ends smoothed under on the forehead).

Brush the back and sides smooth, then tuck the ends under until the back hair has a fattish, page-boy look and voila la gonflee!

See it on me.

DISC DIGEST

DEAN MARTIN has a jolly disc in CP.1022, which brackets "In Napoli" with "I Like Them All." The romantic aspect of Naples is heavily plugged in the first side and Dean (I understand he's of Italian origin) sounds thoroughly at home among all the mandolins. On the reverse he confesses that he doesn't mind whether his girls are blondes, brunettes, or red-heads—he simply likes them all. His personality is well captured on this waxing and it's easy to see why all the girls like Dean.

AS you might guess, the song "Twenty Tiny Fingers" has to do with twins, and even though it's a best-seller it didn't appeal to me over much. I preferred the flip-

side to Y.6769, which features a racketty piano and a scream of a fellow singing "An Old Beer Bottle." It is all very tongue-in-cheek and parodies the current crop of bar-room ditties. A vocal group called The Stargazers are heard on both sides.

WHEN a French import, "Les Feuilles Mortes," was recorded some four years ago, it made very little impression in the disc world. Recently, when the title was changed to "Autumn Leaves," it won its well-deserved popularity. Pianist Roger Williams does a nice job of it on HL.1052 (backing: "Take Care"), but if you want a vocal version you'll probably settle for Nat "King" Cole on CP. 445, which has the advantage

of being coupled with "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing." Incidentally, Nat will be heard, but not seen, singing this melody in a Joan Crawford starrer named after the song.

"CROCE DI ORO" is one of those songs I don't like, no matter who the artist may be. It's one of those dreary things sung about ladies who put a cross of gold around the boy-friend's neck and then sit around in little chapels waiting for the loved one to return. Dottie Evans chants it on EA.51020, which also carries another hit, "I Hear You Knockin'." — at least it is much brighter material.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

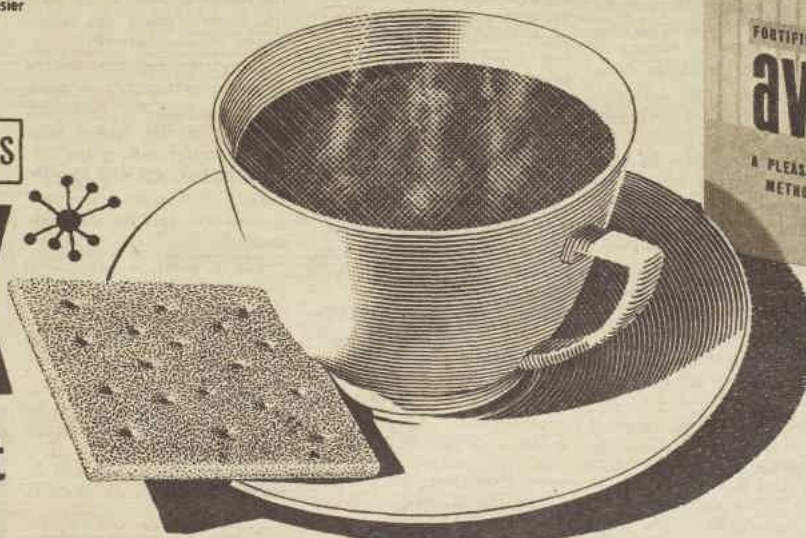
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MOTHER GOOSE PARTY TABLE for little girls features the old woman who lived in a shoe cake as the main decoration. It is set on a round wooden board, placed on a support so that it will be raised high above the table. The rainbow surprise balls and the butterfly favors are described below. The cake recipe is given on page 46.

Give a Mother Goose Party

THIS party is such fun for tiny misses aged four years and up. Send them special invitations written on balloons, and decorate the party room to look like fairyland.

The invitation balloons are described and illustrated on page 46.

Mother Goose land

RAINBOW CHAINS: They're so pretty draped in the windows and doorways of the party room, with clusters of balloons added to complete the fairyland setting. And they're so easy to make that the young hostess may want to do them all herself.

Cut pastel-colored cover paper (it can be bought at the stationer's shop) into 6 in. x 1/2 in. wide strips. Staple the ends of the first strip together, to form a circle. You can use paper-clips instead of staples. Put the second strip through the first circle; staple or clip the second strip; continue un-

til you have a chain three yards or longer, if you wish.

Miss Muffet's table

IT'S pink. Use a round table if possible, and cover it with a pink cloth. At each place arrange pastel-colored paper plate, plastic mug, and matching paper table-napkins—all green, all pink, all blue, all yellow, or other color—with white plastic fork and spoon.

BALLOON PLACE CARDS: Attach an inflated balloon with ribbon to each child's chair back. Then, with black waterproof drawing-ink, write on the balloon the name of the little girl to sit there.

RAINBOW SURPRISE BALLS: On each plate at the table place a rainbow surprise ball to be opened after the party tea.

You'll need: About 15 small cheap trinkets and other objects dear to a little girl's heart, such as an odd-shaped balloon, piece of doll's furniture, imitation jewellery, pieces of wrapped toffee, tiny

animal figure, small bottle of scent. You'll also need folds of crepe paper in several colors that match your party color scheme. Cut them, without unfolding, into 1 in.-wide strips.

To make each ball: Starting with a small wad of crepe paper strips, wrap up the first trinket, stretching the strips and turning the ball round and round as you wrap. When the first trinket is completely covered, add another and continue wrapping round in a ball shape, using different colors as you work. When completed, the surprise ball will be the size of a large orange. Tie it securely with ribbons.

BUTTERFLY FAVORS: One of these goes on each little guest's table napkin; it has a bobby-pin at the back so that it can be worn in the hair.

Lay a cardboard pattern of a butterfly on a double thickness of millinery lino. Trace round the pattern, then cut it out. With bright-colored poster paint, paint the butter-

fly; let it dry. Fold a colored pipe cleaner in half to resemble feelers; insert it between the two thicknesses of lino. To form the body of the butterfly, stitch with darning wool through the two thicknesses of lino and over the feelers, going the whole length of the butterfly.

Glue front and back pieces of lino together. Then paste on a few sequins, polka-dot fashion, or dot wings with glue and top with glitter.

PUTTING CANDLES ON CAKE: A new version of pinning the tail on the donkey.

You'll Need: A large piece of white paper on which is drawn a birthday cake (it is tacked up before the game); a different colored crayon for each child; a blindfold.

Action: Each child is blindfolded and asked to draw with her crayon three candles on the cake. The child who puts the candles in the most appropriate place is the winner.

Continued on page 46



CIRCUS PARTY TABLE achieves its gay effect by placing the centrepiece is a toy merry-go-round set on a revolving merry-go-round cake. The recipe and all other

Special Feature It's Somebody's Birthday

● Four gala parties, planned down to the last festive detail and guaranteed to give the children the time of their young lives, are described in this special birthday section.



PIRATE PARTY TABLE has as decoration a toy yacht disguised as a pirates' galleon. The ordinary sails have been removed and replaced by white paper sets of sails, showing the Jolly Roger, and posted on wooden sticks inserted in the deck as masts. The galleon is set on a pile of clean stones. Recipes for party food are given on page 47.

Give a Pirate Party

THERE'S hardly a lad whose heart doesn't beat faster at the very thought of pirates and buried treasure. So arrange a Pirate Party if you are inviting boys aged seven years and over.

Send them invitations in the shape of a treasure-island map. Illustrations of the invitations and skull and crossbones with directions for making them are on page 47.

The Pirates' Den

SHIPSHAPE FITTINGS: Cut out lots of pennants from brightly colored, cheap cotton fabric. Secure them to a heavy cord, then string them in the party-room, here and there, from high to low points.

PIRATE-GARB FAVORS: Each young guest receives a pirate hat with Jolly Roger emblem (skull and crossbones) on it, an eyepatch and moustache, all made of black cover paper. A toy dagger and red sash made from crepe paper complete the attire.

Captain's Table

SWASHBUCKLING SET-UP: Use a plain wooden

kitchen table and wooden benches. Cover table with a cloth made of cheap black cotton. Set the table with red cotton table-napkins, and if you own picnic knives and forks use them for cutlery. Place-mats are made of white cardboard, with the Jolly Roger emblem stencilled or painted on them to match the place-cards.

JOLLY ROGER PLACE-CARDS: Cut 7in. by 3½in. place-cards from thin white cardboard. Fold in half; on each paint Jolly Roger emblem with top of emblem at fold. Write on each a pirate's name, such as Captain Kidd, Captain Morgan, Long John Silver, Ben Gunn.

Buccaneer Games

PIRATE GOLD: As guests arrive, each gives the secret password on the invitation (see page 47), then draws from a basket a name-tag bearing one of the pirate names on the Jolly Roger place-

cards. Each guest pins on his name-tag and receive a bag of chocolate "gold" coins or marbles. Anyone failing to call a guest by his pirate name during the party forfeits a "gold" coin.

WALK THE PLANK: Lay a plank flat on the floor; at the end of it place a small tub of water. As soon as each guest has assumed his pirate name give him a trial run and let him walk the plank, then jump over the tub of water with ease.

Now blindfold the player; while he is being blindfolded the tub of water is quietly removed. It is very comical for the guests who have already gone through the test to watch others cautiously edge their way out on to the plank, then jump wildly into the air, expecting to land with a splash.

PIRATE HIDEOUT: The child who is Captain Kidd for the afternoon hides while the others slowly count to 25. Then

all scatter and hunt for Captain Kidd in his pirate's den. As soon as one player finds the captain he keeps very quiet and hides with him. And so it goes on until all have found Captain Kidd. The first child to discover the captain's hiding-place becomes the next Captain Kidd to hide in the second round of the game.

TREASURE HUNT: Before the party, the young host fills a treasure-chest with chocolate "gold" coins and hides a real two-shilling-piece at the bottom.

For each pirate the host prints, on torn pieces of brown paper, a different set of three clues, each giving directions on how to find the next clue; then he prints a fourth clue, which is the same for all. He puts all the first clues into a bag, hides the rest as directed, and finally hides the treasure-chest in the "West." Here's a sample set of clues:

1. Yo-ho-ho and a pirate

This special feature is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly by arrangement with "Good Housekeeping."

ship. In the piano-stool you'll find a slip.

2. Look alive, man, or you'll walk the plank. It's hidden under the piggy bank.

3. Look under the mat, step lively, will ya; you've been double-crossed by Long John Silver.

4. And now, young man, go West, go West. The treasure's in the treasure-chest.

At the party, each pirate draws the first clue from the bag. It leads him to the next clue, and so on, until he finally reaches the treasure-chest. The winner must turn in all four clues. His prize is the two shilling-piece. All players share in the "gold" pieces.

Continued on page 47

"I thought my beach coat was white... until I saw Julie's PERSIL-WHITE COAT!"



Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this. Change to Persil now. Whether you use a copper or washing machine, you'll find Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of busy suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanliness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.

PERSIL WASHES WHITER—
that means cleaner!



Mother Goose Party

FOR each invitation you need three pastel-colored balloons. Blow them up, and with black waterproof drawing ink print "Mother Goose party" on one, the birthday child's name on the other, and the date, time, and place of the party on the third.

Let the balloons dry thoroughly, then deflate them. Tuck them in an envelope and post to the guest.

More games

Here are some more games for the children to play:

DOGGIES AND KITTENS: This is noisy fun for early in the party. Mother collects the wrapped candies and keeps score.

You'll Need: One paper bag marked "Kittens," one paper bag marked "Doggies," 25 or 30 wrapped candies (hidden before the party).

Action: Children are divided into two teams—Doggies and Kittens—with a bag for each team. At the signal, all start hunting for candies. When one tiny miss finds a candy she mews or barks until Mother gets to her, picks up the candy (children mustn't pick up candies themselves), and drops it into her team's paper bag. At the end of 10 minutes the candies are counted. Each member of the team with the most candies selects a prize from a table. Then the remaining children each collect a prize. They can't lose!

MOTHER GOOSE QUIZ:

Action: The children are again divided into two teams—Kittens and Doggies. Teams sit facing each other. Mother asks a question first of one side and then of the other. Sample questions might be:

Where did Jack Horner sit?
Who put the kettle on?
What ran up the clock?

MOTHER GOOSE PLAY-

HOUSE: Ask all the children to recite or sing nursery rhymes, acting them at the same time.

For example:
Jack and Jill went up the hill (pointing finger upwards)
To fetch a pail of water (pick up imaginary pail)
Jack fell down (all fall down)
And broke his crown (pat top of head)
And Jill came tumbling after (with hands, make tumbling motion).

Storybook tea

Humpty Dumpty Sandwiches
Jack-Be-Nimble Ice-cream
Simple Simon Tart
Chocolate Milkshake
Old-Woman-in-a-Shoe Cake

HUMPTY DUMPTY SANDWICHES

For each sandwich allow 1 hard-boiled egg. Cut the eggs in halves by cutting around the middle. Remove yolks and mash with a fork; add a little



NOVEL INVITATION to the Mother Goose party consists of three balloons on which the party details are written in drawing-ink. Directions are on this page.

butter and mayonnaise and mix well. Fill back into egg. Cut a thin slice from the end of one egg-half so that it stands upright; place second half on top.

Prepare sandwiches. Using sliced square bread, crusts removed, make 4-decker sandwiches with finely chopped ham, cheese spread, and shredded lettuce, and cooked mashed green peas as the 3 fillings.

Cut sandwiches in halves, place side by side on plate. Arrange Humpty Dumpty egg on top.

Using food coloring and a fine, new paint brush, draw features on Humpty Dumpty. Make legs from thin carrot strips.

When quite cold, fill into chilled chocolate-cases. Top with meringue by beating remaining egg-white, extra sugar, and water in a basin over gently boiling water for 7 minutes. Remove from heat, continue beating until cool and thick; spoon on to tart.

CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKE

Three tablespoons cocoa, 1½ pints milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessert-spoon coffee essence.

Blend the cocoa with 1 cup of the milk heated to simmering point. Add the sugar and the coffee essence. Gradually add balance of milk and vanilla. Mix well. Chill until required. Beat with rotary beater, electric mixer, or electric blender, then serve.

OLD-WOMAN-IN-A-SHOE CAKE

Two cakes (made from your favorite recipe and baked in small loaf-tins), pink frosting, mock cream for piping, candy-coated chocolate buttons, red coloring, licorice strips for bootlaces, tiny plastic dolls, birthday candles.

Cut 2 inches from the end of one of the loaf cakes. Straighten one end of the other so that it will stand on the flat end. Trim tops of both cakes so that they are flat. Stand the longer one up against the flat end of the shorter one. Fasten with a skewer from the back of the "boot" to the front. This can be carefully drawn out after cake is iced. Trim upright cake to represent roof. Cover all over with pink frosting, spreading with a flexible knife; carefully remove skewer.

Make "roofing tiles" from candy-coated chocolate buttons, pressing them lightly into the unset frosting. Color 1 tablespoon of the mock cream with red food coloring and pipe tiny circles on the cake to represent eyelets for the bootlaces. Cut licorice into thin strips and press on to cake to represent the bootlaces. Add some cocoa to half the remaining mock cream and pipe a door and window-frames on the side. Pipe windows and door-frame with uncolored mock cream. Press candies into the "roof." Place dolls around cake to decorate.

It's
Somebody's
Birthday

CONTINUED.....

JACK BE-NIMBLE ICE-CREAM

Three-quarters pint milk, ½ cup dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, ¼ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, strawberry syrup.

Warm the milk slightly, sprinkle powdered milk over the top, beat until well mixed. Add condensed milk, sugar, and dissolved gelatine. Beat 3 or 4 minutes. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, add vanilla, beat until smooth. Fold in lightly whipped cream. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm. Serve with strawberry syrup.

SIMPLE SIMON TART

Six tablespoons cocoa, 4 cups rice bubbles, 1 cup coconut, ½ lb. icing sugar, ½ lb. solid-type white shortening, 2oz. butter, 1½oz. flour, ½ pint milk, 2oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, extra ½ cup sugar for meringue, 1 tablespoon water.

Mix first 4 ingredients, pour melted shortening over, mix well. Divide between two 7in. tart-plates, press over base and sides. Chill until set. Melt butter, add flour, cook 1 minute, add milk, stir until boiling; add sugar. When cooled slightly, add 1 egg and 1 egg-yolk, vanilla, and lemon rind.



The Pirate Party

continued
from page 45

JOLLY ROGER EMBLEM used to decorate the place-cards, mats, and galleon's sails on the Pirate Party table shown in color on page 45.

FOR the invitations you need yellow cover paper or light brown wrapping paper. To make each invitation cut a piece of paper 12in. by 4in. Fold it in half.

On the outside of the invitation write the young host's name (preceded by the word "Captain," in keeping with the pirate theme), and the date, time, and place of the party.

On the inside, at the left, draw the compass points and the map of Treasure Island; the dotted line leads to X, where the rhyme begins (see sketch at top of this page).

On the inside, at the right, write the rhyme; at the bottom print the secret password, "Pieces of Eight," and prick it through at intervals with a pin. Add instructions on how to read it by holding it up to the light.

Galleon Centre-piece: This is the main decoration on the party table (see color picture on page 45). Your child may own a toy yacht or you may be able to borrow one from a neighbor's child. Remove the cloth sails from the yacht.

A Treasure Island map with a secret password makes an intriguing invitation to the Pirate Party. Directions for making it are given below.

Insert three slim wooden rods of different lengths into holes in the deck. Make sails from stiff white paper: paint or stencil Jolly Roger (shown above) on one. Paste sails on to rods; with cord, attach four jib sails to bow of boat.

Pile some clean stones at the far end of table; to these, secure the galleon, letting it heel over. Tiny pirate figures, cut from an old story-book and pasted on to cardboard, can be used to decorate the galleon.

Two red candles in holders are placed at either end of the galleon. Here is the party tea:

Seafaring food

Twin Treasure Sandwich Chests
Pieces-of-eight Pies
Pirate Treasure (carrot, radishes, celery)
Ship Ahoy Ice-cream
Jolly Roger Cake
Lemonade

TWIN TREASURE SANDWICH CHESTS

Two loaves unsliced bread, sandwich fillings of salmon, cheese, and celery, baked beans, ham, mashed hard-boiled eggs, liverwurst mixed with finely chopped gherkins,

mashed sardines, etc., radishes, short lengths of celery, carrot curls chocolate buttons wrapped in gold paper.

With a sharp knife cut a slice from the top of each loaf, cutting almost, but not all the way, through, so that the top portion will lift up like a lid. Starting $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in from edge of crust cut all

around inside of loaf, so that, once loosened, all centre crumb can be lifted out, leaving a hollow loaf with a movable "lid." Make sandwiches in the usual way, using white and whole-meal bread and a variety of fillings

as suggested above. Line the "Treasure Chests" with lettuce leaves, fill with the prepared sandwiches. Arrange on party table with the "treasure" spilling out of each chest.

"Treasure" consists of small, round radishes, short lengths of crisp celery, carrot curls (made as below), and chocolate buttons (wrapped in gold paper).

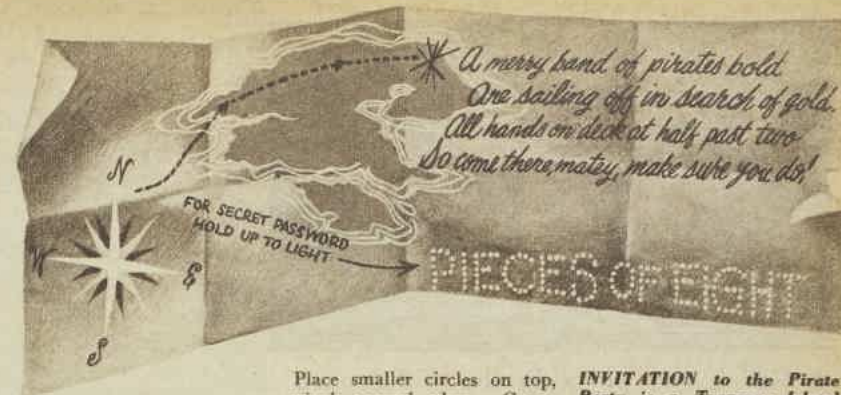
Carrot Curls: Scrape long carrots in the usual way. With a very sharp knife or vegetable

peeler cut paper-thin, lengthwise slices of carrot. Roll up loosely, secure with a cocktail stick. Drop into iced water until thoroughly chilled and crisp. Remove cocktail sticks.

PIECES-OF-EIGHT PIES

Twelve ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced round or topside steak, 2 or 3 sheep's kidneys or 1lb. ox kidney, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper, 1 cup water, flour for thickening, Parisian essence, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Soak kidneys, remove cores and skin, chop finely. Melt fat, add onion, steak, and kidney, brown lightly. Add water, salt, pepper, and sauce. Bring to boil, cover, simmer 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours or pressure-cook 20 minutes. Thicken with flour blended with a little extra water, color with Parisian essence (or use blended gravy browning to thicken). Simmer 5 minutes, add parsley, cool. Roll pastry thinly on floured board. Cut an equal number of circles, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Use larger circles to line patty-tins, fill with cold meat mixture, glaze edges of pastry.



Place smaller circles on top, pinch around edges. Cut a slit in top of each, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Makes approximately 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen.

SHIP-AHOY ICE-CREAM

Use white ice-cream of very firm consistency. For each serving, make two small square sails cut from white paper. Insert a narrow candy or chocolate stick in each sail. Just before serving, cut ice-cream into oblong shapes to resemble boats and insert candy-sticks with sails in each.

JOLLY ROGER CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 4 large eggs, 12oz. plain flour, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cocoa blended with a little boiling water.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add beaten egg a little at a time. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk mixed with blended cocoa. Divide evenly between three 8in. sandwich-tins; bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, join the 3 layers with chocolate filling and ice and decorate as follows:

Chocolate Filling: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, gradually work in 8 tablespoons icing-sugar sifted with 1 tablespoon cocoa. Flavor with vanilla,

INVITATION to the Pirate Party is a Treasure Island map. Directions for making it are on this page.

add 1 or 2 teaspoons milk, and beat until light and fluffy. Use to fill cake, but reserve some to pipe "Happy Birthday, Captain" (add the host's name) around the sides of the cake when icing is set.

Icing: Into a basin place 1 egg-white, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, and 2 tablespoons water. Beat over boiling water 7 to 8 minutes or until thick. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon cream of tartar. Continue beating until very thick. Fold in 1 cup chopped marshmallows, stir until melted and mixed. Pour over top and sides of cake, spread with a flexible knife or spatula to make a smooth surface, especially on top. Allow to set.

Cut an 8-inch circle of clean paper; inside the circle sketch the Jolly Roger emblem shown above. Cut it out, place on top of cake, secure lightly with 7 pins, one at the end of each bone, two at the top of the head, one at the chin. Sift cocoa lightly over the entire top of the cake, using a fine coffee-strainer. Remove pins, carefully remove paper.

Use reserved chocolate filling to pipe around sides of cake.



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SATURDAY, APRIL 14.
2-30 p.m. to 5-30 p.m.
AT NANCY ROBERTS:
40 BAKER STREET.

*Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark,
The circus is coming to town.
Your admissions paid; there'll be pink lemonade,
And a merry-go-round and a clown*

R.S.V.P.

GIVE A THREE-RING Circus party

Fourth and last of our birthday galas for children is the Circus Party. It will be a memorable occasion for youngsters if you provide the special circus favors and party tea.

MAKE the big-top circus tent invitations the first promise of lots of fun to come for the tiny tots who will attend your three-ring circus party.

For the big-top, cut grey writing paper in the shape of a circus tent, as shown above. The striped top is made by gluing on strips of red cover paper cut with scalloped ends.

Then cut the side flaps of the tent from red cover paper and fasten them to each side of the tent with cellophane tape or paper clips. Write the invitation in rhyme on the tent with black waterproof drawing ink, and the party details on each flap with white poster paint.

The Big Show

THE TENT: In the doorway of the party room hang two-inch-wide streamers made from red crepe paper; drape and pin back the centre streamers to give a tent-like appearance. If desired, secure red and white crepe paper streamers to a ceiling fixture, then to the tops of windows, and let them fall gracefully to the floor.

CLOWNISH FAVORS: Give each child a clown mask. From a piece of colored cover paper cut a narrow oval mask, cutting out holes for the eyes. To each end attach a thread of wool or hat elastic with which to tie on the mask. Across the top of each mask paste a row of sequins.

Also give each child a ruff. From a fold of crepe paper, cut crosswise strips 3/4 in. wide.

Stitch each strip about 1 in. below top edge on sewing machine, using the loosest tension. Then pull one of the threads to ruffle the strip.

Don't forget clown hats in different colors. For each hat you need a piece of colored cover paper, 12 in. square. Place 12 in. ruler along one edge of the square of paper, holding end of ruler in place at one corner slowly move other end between two opposite corners, marking curve in two or three places as you go, as shown in sketch below. Cut along curved line. Then carefully bring straight edges of hat together; secure with paper clips.

Now use contrasting colored cellophane tape to cover hat from top to bottom. Make and sew pompons of vari-colored wool down the centre of the tape. Attach hat elastic.

THE TABLE: This is shown in color on pages 44 and 45. Use a round 45 in. table; or use a card table with a folding tabletop over it to increase its size. Cover the table with an 81 in. white cloth made from an old sheet. Buy four yards of cheap scarlet cotton and cut from it a round 72 in. cloth; scallop edges to resemble circus tent as shown in the color picture; place it on top of the white cloth.

ANIMAL PLACE-CARDS: Buy tiny circus animals, such as lions, monkeys, and bears, with open mouths. To each

animal's mouth, attach one end of a piece of colored wool; with pompon, attach the other end to a place-card. On each place-card write a different rhyme, such as:

1. I'm a fat little elephant
With floppy ears.
If you don't sit here,
Tommy,
I'll break into tears.
2. I'm a precious little panda
From far across the sea.
Barbara, I'm
lonesome;
Please sit in
front of me.
3. I'm a trained
dog;
I do tricks,
quite a few!
Sally, you sit
here
And I'll wave
my tongue at
you!

It's
Somebody's
Birthday
CONTINUED.....

Circus tea

Crown-topped pies
Circus ring sandwiches
Ice-cream clowns
Merry-go-round cake
Pink lemonade

CLOWN-TOPPED PIES

One and a half pounds thin sausages, 4 tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 lb. spaghetti, salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, thin toast slices, celery curls, chutney.

Cook sausages in usual way, remove skins, and cut into slices. Melt butter, add chopped onion, cook until soft and yellow. Add skinned chopped tomatoes, cook until very soft. Add cooked, drained spaghetti, salt, and parsley. Fold in sliced sausages, reheat. Cut half the lightly buttered toast slices into 3-inch triangles, remaining slices into 3-inch circles. Spoon sausage mixture into serving-plates, top each serving with a toast circle and arrange a toast triangle to form a hat. On the circle of toast make a "face" with dabs of chutney for eyes and nose. Arrange celery curls to represent the neck ruffle.

CIRCUS RING SANDWICHES

Sliced bread, white and brown, butter, cheese, tomato slices, fish paste.

Cut white and brown bread into 3-inch circles with a plain cutter. With a smaller cutter remove the centres from the brown slices, making rings.

GAY INVITATION in the shape of a circus tent is made from grey writing paper and red cover paper. The rhyme on the tent is written in black waterproof drawing-ink.

Butter the white circles and the brown rings. Cover white circles with filling (cheese and tomato slices, or fish paste) and press a brown ring on top, buttered side down.

ICE-CREAM CLOWNS

(These must be prepared at the last moment)

Invert ice-cream in cones on to serving-dishes. Mark features in ice-cream with cherries cut to make lips and nose, and currants for eyes. Pipe or spoon whipped cream or substitute around base of ice-cream to represent clown's ruffle, and around edge of cone to represent hair or wig.

MERRY-GO-ROUND CAKE

Make two orange cakes in two 8-inch cake-tins (not sandwich-tins). When cooked and cold (next day if possible), trim top of one cake to a dome shape for top of merry-go-round, level top of second cake to make a flat surface. Cover both cakes with fondant icing.

Fondant Icing: Sift 2 lb. icing-sugar into a basin, make a well in the centre. Drop in 2 unbeaten egg-whites, 2 tablespoons melted glucose, and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Work icing-sugar in from the sides until a smooth paste is formed. Turn on to a board dusted with icing-sugar. Knead until sufficient icing-sugar is absorbed for mixture to hold its shape on the hand. Add dabs of coloring (blue or green) and knead until evenly colored. Divide into two. Roll each portion 1/4 in. thick. Brush both cakes with egg-white, place icing on cakes and mould over with hands dusted with icing-sugar. Trim edges, stand cakes overnight.

To decorate: Cut out a colored circus picture and paste it around an empty condensed-milk tin. Place the tin in the centre of the flat-topped cake. Carefully stand dome-topped cake on top. Cut 3 candy sticks to required length and arrange around edge of cake, resting on the lower cake, and with the top cake resting lightly on top of the sticks. Arrange tiny toy horses around bottom layer of cake. Using a rose pipe and bag and pink butter-icing, decorate top and sides of upper cake, sides only of lower cake. Birthday candles may be pressed into icing on top of the "merry-go-round."

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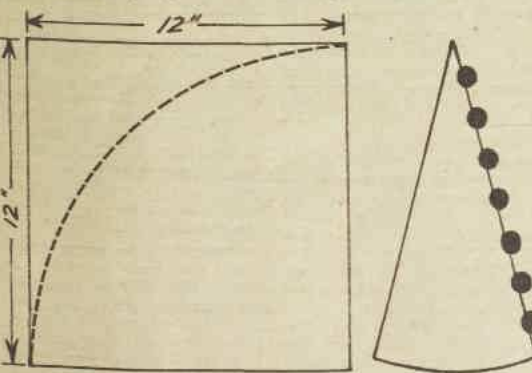
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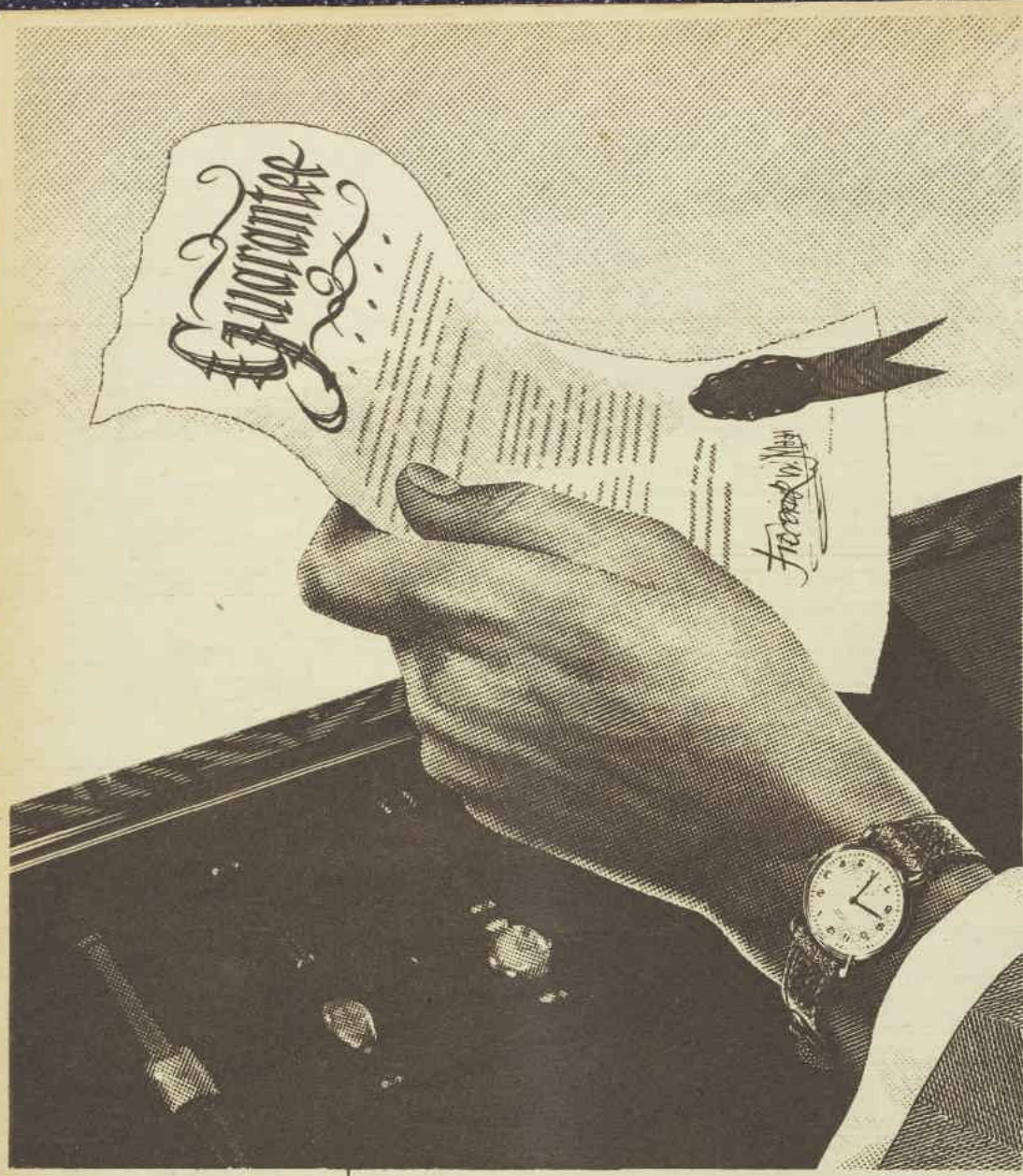
PAN AMERICAN



WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE



THE CLOWN'S HAT is made from a 12 in. square of colored paper. Cut along curve as shown in sketch, and join the straight edges. Directions are given above.



Continuing

The Quiet One

[from page 5]

her now acknowledged inspiration dwelt in her eyes. It was the longest speech, probably, that Martha had ever made. It was less difficult, now, to understand how she had come to write her book. She had spoken from a secret and unsuspected certitude of spirit. Elizabeth felt the discomfort of an alien emotion which she did not care to define. But what she felt was awe.

While Martha's book was in preparation, life on Blythe Hill began to change. It changed gradually, subtly, and to the outsider it may not have seemed very different.

Elizabeth, when she had recovered from the initial shock, decided against change. Literary talent, now recognised, had not made Martha any more practical in day-to-day affairs. The need for commonsense and stability was no less than it had ever been.

She did not accompany her sister to London; she merely insisted that no agreement should be signed without the approval of the family solicitor, and Martha readily agreed to the wisdom of this.

But there were other matters, individually trivial, which in the past had scarcely been noticed. In a thousand minor issues Martha had always acquiesced in her sister's decision. Elizabeth could not fail to notice that Martha had become more self-confident, and the fact disturbed her.

The book came out in October, at a time when the warmth of the year was smouldering away in cool blue mists. A large, oblong package arrived one morning, addressed to Miss Martha Wintrey. Martha opened the package and handed a copy of "Battle Song" to her sister.

The cover was striking. Bright banners flew against a cold grey sky. The title, printed in brave red letters, seemed like a shout of triumph.

Elizabeth opened the volume at the title page. "Battle Song," by Martha Wintrey.

She turned to the fly-leaf, and what she saw there made her gasp:

To
my sister Elizabeth,
who never knew

She blinked, glanced at Martha, and began to read the first page. But she could not concentrate. Later, she thought. Later, and alone, she would discover . . .

They read it in the town that lay below Blythe Hill. Hundreds were sold—no use trying to get it from the library. They read and wondered.

The "Examiner" wrote of "an unsuspected genius in our midst," but waited discreetly for guidance from the literary critics. Later the editor was able to combine local pride with suitable expressions of doubt and dismay.

The people spoke their minds. In shops and in queues outside them, through the heavy curtains of the hairdressers' cubicles, women discussed Martha Wintrey's book. They were astonished. They were enchanted.

Men talked in pubs; in the rich din and fragrance of the sale ring on market day; by the machines in the new clock factory. How did she know? they asked one another. How had she learned it all? The men responded to the book, feeling again and again a sudden dizzying nostalgia.

Oh, she knew, all right. She knew exactly what they had felt but somehow had never quite managed to say. She had said it for them.

The publishers had done their best to set the standard

of comment. "Lusty," their advertisements said. From the burning heart of the war, they declared, Miss Wintrey had brought the novel of the decade. "Battle Song!" It stirred the heart. It caught the imagination. And those who did not know her saw her in their minds as a vibrant, colorful personality set against a background of vivid reality.

The critics differed, as critics will, but the balance was heavily on the side of admiration. The mass-circulation dailies combined, regardless of their politics, to build up a nationwide publicity. The weeklies—feminine, literary, pictorial—brought the name of Martha Wintrey to the notice of an immense public.

Martha was surprised. She had not expected fame. She read the reviews with mild astonishment. Sometimes she would look up from a paper or magazine and murmur: "Well, I had no idea . . ."

She was not elated by praise, nor did harsh words dismay her. For she was not a writer, dedicated to the art, but simply an ordinary person who had unaccountably written a best-seller. Mostly she found it difficult to identify herself with the criticisms at all.

Elizabeth observed this reaction with some impatience. She, too, had read all the reviews. She had seen her sister's name repeated endlessly in heavy type, and much of what she read troubled her deeply. The book itself she had not read. Although she did not admit the fact, even to herself, she was afraid of it.

Martha was simply bewildered. Each day brought a blizzard of correspondence—letters of admiration and of condemnation, letters from cranks, begging letters. Editors offered preposterous sums for articles on what seemed almost equally preposterous subjects. She was asked to broadcast. She was asked to address meetings.

She appealed to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had been very careful not to interfere. She was proud of Martha's unexpected success, but at the same time she had not enjoyed the experience of total eclipse. She did not care to be referred to as Miss Wintrey's sister.

"This is quite beyond me," Martha finally confessed.

"Are you asking me to help you?" Elizabeth asked with some asperity.

"Why, yes. If you will. You have always helped me in the past, Elizabeth. You have a business mind . . ."

"I have always had your happiness at heart," Elizabeth said. "This is still true. Lacking co-operation, however . . ."

"You know very well that I have never refused to co-operate," Martha objected. "I have sometimes resented being bullied . . ."

Elizabeth pursed her lips.

"That was most unkind," she said severely. "However, it is certainly high time you began to appreciate your position. Art is all very well, I daresay, but proper management is indispensable. To begin with, you must have a secretary. You must learn to be practical and business-like."

Presently a somewhat brash young woman appeared at Blythe Hill, and by Christmas the situation was under control. Elizabeth realised that her influence would never again be as great as it had been before the publication of the book, but it was comforting to know

To page 52

**What
does
a
guarantee
guarantee?**

The purpose of the guarantee is to give you a year in which to prove that your good Swiss watch is free from the slightest defect in material or manufacture.

If a jeweller offers you a watch with a longer guarantee, remember the length of a guarantee does not prove the quality of the watch. Do not accept any guarantee before you've read it *entirely*—read it before you pay for the watch.

When choosing a watch, go to a good jeweller or watchmaker. He knows the quality of the fine Swiss jewelled-lever watches he's offering you, and he knows that a one-year guarantee is sufficient. Only through a good jeweller can you be sure that the watch you're buying is in perfect condition . . . sure that he will be able to service it expertly for you afterwards.

GOOD SWISS WATCHES ARE

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Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Brushing after meals is best - but if you can't...

Just one brushing with **KOLYNOS** toothpaste destroys decay and odour-causing germs



There are many times when you find it impossible to brush your teeth after meals. That's why you need this proven Kolynos "Round the Clock" protection from dental decay and bad breath.



TRIPLETS AGREE KOLYNOS TASTES BETTER...

James, Michael and David all agree that Kolynos has the "nicest" taste of all. "And am I glad!" says Mrs. Cahill, Haberfield, Sydney. "Imagine having to buy a different toothpaste for each of them! We all use the same big tube of Kolynos at home—and I'm proud of the boys' teeth—so strong and white. They're off to a wonderful start with Kolynos."



Only **Kolynos** has **S-15** miraculous new cleaner and decay fighter—for "round the clock" protection

Kolynos is the only toothpaste that contains science's newest cleaner and best decay fighter—the miraculous "S-15".

Just ONE brushing with Kolynos Toothpaste in the morning destroys germs that cause tooth decay and bad breath. That single brushing promptly removes the enzymes that produce acid-causing cavities and at the same time sets up a most healthy,

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The exclusive Kolynos foaming action gets into crevices and grooves no other toothpaste can. Cleans even dull, dingy teeth to a sparkling new whiteness.



*A pearl glow finish that gives your skin a flawlessly sheer look...

*A fragrance that lingers on — subtly alluring...

...that's Gemey's

*Double Enchantment

Silk-sifted for super-fineness, Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest, fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume—the loveliest of all. Seven fashion-perfect shades. At chemists and stores everywhere.

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FACE POWDER

by Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Continuing

The Quiet One

from page 50

that Martha still needed her. She organised everything. She was the keeper of her sister's fame.

"It seemed such a small thing, in the beginning," Martha remarked one day. "I simply wrote a book."

"You will have to write another," Elizabeth told her. "The public will expect it."

Martha sighed. This was not freedom. This was a new captivity.

The year of achievement ended, and a new year came. Once more Elizabeth was the guiding force in the house on Blythe Hill. Martha was content to sign the letters Elizabeth had dictated, to confirm Elizabeth's decisions.

Early in the year Elizabeth announced that an American film producer had expressed an interest in "Battle Song." "He will be in London next week," she said. "I have invited him to stay with us for a day or two."

Mr. Hirsch was fabulous. His reputation was world-wide. Martha awaited his arrival with some trepidation.

She was agreeably surprised. She found the great man entirely charming — courteous, considerate, understanding. Mr. Hirsch was a widower, but he was not alone. He had brought his sons with him, two smiling young giants who at first regarded Martha with something like awe. They had both been in the Army, and they had read "Battle Song." It was wonderful, they told her.

So were they, thought Martha. They were just like some of the soldiers she had known so well.

Elizabeth, behaving in her most impressive manner, impressed them not at all. She reminded them of Edna May Oliver. They confided this to Martha, and she was much amused.

"Remember her in 'Pride and Prejudice'?" asked one of the boys.

"Drums Along the Mohawk," said the other, grinning.

And before long they were like old friends.

Elizabeth, mildly irritated by her failure to make an impression, had some misgivings about her sister's success. Mr. Hirsch gave his whole attention to Martha's every remark, however idiotic, and the boys evidently loved her.

The fact was that the Americans liked Martha for her sincerity. They sympathised with her bewilderment. She was real and human, and she was not putting on an act. On the other hand, they were irked by Elizabeth's manner, which they felt was patronising. "Who does she think she is?" they asked one another. She acted as though she had written "Battle Song" herself, instead of being merely Miss Wintrey's ugly sister.

An agreement was reached—on Elizabeth's terms—and the Americans went away. They were headed for Rome, to see about a film, but they promised Martha that they would call again on their way home. This they duly did, breaking their journey for ten days. They left Elizabeth with the feeling that there was something she did not know about.

It was on a fine spring morning, almost exactly a year after the arrival of the publishers' letter, that a cable was delivered at Blythe Hill. Martha received it at breakfast. She smiled as she read it.

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"It's from Mr. Hirsch," Martha told her. "He wants me to go to Hollywood. The boys asked me before they went home, but I told them I would have to think about it."

It was an important moment, and Elizabeth knew it. She slit an envelope, unfolded the letter, and began to read. She did not raise her eyes.

"Well?" she said.

"I have decided to go. It will be an adventure, and I'm not too old to enjoy new things. Perhaps I'll finish my new book there."

Elizabeth kept her eyes on the letter. "You have been very good to me, Elizabeth, and I am truly grateful to you. But I cannot live—I hope you will not misunderstand me—I cannot express myself at all, in your shadow. I must go. I'm sorry, Elizabeth."

"You must decide for yourself," Elizabeth said, raising her calm eyes. She looked more weary than ever. "I hope you will be happy."

Elizabeth accompanied her to London. She arranged everything. Standing alone in the wind-swept brightness of an April afternoon she watched the airliner until it vanished among the swift, white clouds.

She stayed in London overnight, and in the morning she did some shopping. She lunched at her hotel and arrived at the railway station with just ten minutes to spare.

At the bookstall the latest editions of the evening papers were stacked on the counter. Elizabeth glanced at them.

A British airliner, bound for New York, was reported overdue. Miss Martha Wintrey...

For the first time in her life Elizabeth Wintrey fainted.

The summer bloomed and faded, and autumn came again. Elizabeth continued her old routine, the committee meetings and the lectures. But she was lonely.

The tragic death of Martha Wintrey had held the headlines for a day or two; but soon there had been new sensations.

Elizabeth read "Battle Song" for the first time. She was astonished. Her doubts gave way to admiration.

"To my sister Elizabeth," she thought wistfully. "My sister Elizabeth, who never knew."

It was true, she admitted. Or, rather, it had been true.

One day, when the year was sinking towards midwinter, she came upon some old notebooks which Martha had left behind. There were poems and essays, and little stories of such delicacy that the reader was wholly enchanted.

She read all that she could find. Presently she sat down and began to write.

It was more difficult than she had expected. There were days when she made no progress at all. But one memory evoked another, and presently the sights and sounds of former years began to crowd about her. Old friends stepped forward from the past and spoke again. The story flowed on from year to year.

It was not until she had finished, and was ready to revise her work, that she began to think about a title.

"My Sister Martha"? It was obvious, but she did not care for it. Too possessive. This, after all, was Martha's book.

She had considered and rejected a score of possibilities before she remembered a phrase that had once been familiar. It was just the name she wanted—the title of the book which has brought her to her present fame.

"The Quiet One." She wrote it down. Yes, she thought—and Martha would not have recognised the smile—she would call it that.

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Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 9

young lady who travels with her belongings contained in a couple of handboxes heaven only knows! I trust at least that we may not find the house full of guests. No, I fancy it won't be."

He was quite right, but his host, who did not scruple to exaggerate in moments of acute vexation, had been so describing it ever since the unwelcome arrival, earlier in the day, of the Honorable Fabian Theale.

Mr. Theale was his lordship's brother, and if he had been born with any other object than to embarrass his family, his lordship had yet to discover it. He was a bachelor, with erratic habits, expensive tastes, and pockets permanently to let. His character was volatile, his disposition amiable; and since he had a firm belief in benevolent Providence neither duns nor impending scandals had the power to ruffle his placidity.

That it was first his father, and, later, his elder brother, who enacted the role of Providence, troubled him not at all; and whenever the Earl swore that he had rescued him for the last time he made not the slightest effort either to placate his brother or to mend his extremely reprehensible ways.

It was unnecessary, he knew—because while the Earl shared many of his tastes, he had also a strong prejudice against open scandals, and could always be relied upon, whatever the exigencies of his own situation, to rescue one of his name from the bailiff's clutches.

At no time was his lordship pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Theale. When that florid and slightly portly gentleman descended upon him on the very day appointed for Sir Gareth's arrival he so far forgot himself as to say, in front of the butler, a footman, and Mr. Theale's own valet, that no one need trouble to carry the numerous valises upstairs, since he was not going to house his brother for as much as a night.

Mr. Theale, beyond inquiring solicitously if his lordship's gout was plaguing him, paid no attention to this. He adjured the footman to handle his dressing-case carefully, and informed the Earl that he was on his way to Leicestershire.

The Earl eyed him with wrath and misgiving. Mr. Theale owned a snug little hunting-box near Melton Mowbray, but if he was proposing to visit it in the middle of July this could only mean that circumstances had rendered it prudent, if not urgently necessary, for him to leave town for a space.

"What is it this time?" he demanded, leading the way into the library. "You haven't come home for the pleasure of seeing me, so out with it! And I give you fair warning, Fabian—"

"No, no, it's no pleasure to see you, old fellow!" Mr. Theale assured him. "In fact, if I weren't in the basket I wouldn't have come here, because to see you fretting and fuming is enough to give one a fit of the dials."

"When last I saw you," said the Earl suspiciously, "you told me you had made a recovery! Said you had had a run of luck at faro, and were as fresh as ever."

"Dash it, that was a month ago!" expostulated Mr. Theale. "You can't expect it to be high water with me for ever! Not but what if you could trust to the form-book I ought to be able to buy an abbey by now. But there it is! First there was the Salisbury meeting—by the by, old fellow, did you lay your blunt on Corkscrew? Got a notion I told you to."

"No, I didn't," replied the Earl shortly.

"Good thing," approved Mr. Theale. "Confounded animal

wasn't placed. Then there was Andover! Mind you, if I'd followed my own judgment Whizgig would have carried my money, and very likely I wouldn't be here today. However, I let Jerry earwig me into backing Ticklepitcher, so here I am. I hear you was at the July meeting at Newmarket and came off all right," he added dispassionately.

"As to that—"

"Three winners, and a devilish long price you must have got on True-blue, my boy! If I were half as touchy as you are, I should take it mighty ill that you didn't pass me the word."

"I'll grease you in the fist on one condition!" said the Earl brutally.

"Anything you please, dear boy!" said Mr. Theale, imperious to insult. "Just tip over the dibs!"

"I have Ludlow coming here today, on a visit, and I shall be glad if you will take yourself off!"

"Ludlow?" said Mr. Theale, mildly surprised. "What the devil's he coming here for?"



"Oh, no, the time went fast waiting for you. I was picked up for loitering, rode to the police station, talked my way out of it, and walked back."

"He's coming to offer for Hester, and I don't want him to hedge off, which I don't doubt he will, if you try to break his shins!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Theale. "Dammie if ever I thought Hester would attract an engagement at all, let alone catch a man like Ludlow on her hook! Well, this is famous! I wouldn't put his fortune at a penny less than eighty thousand pounds a year! Very right to warn me, dear boy. Fatal to borrow any money from him until you have the knot safely tied! Shouldn't dream of making the attempt. I hope he means to come down hand-some?"

"Will you," said the Earl, controlling his spleen with a visible effort, "take yourself off to Leicestershire?"

"Make it a monkey, old fellow, and I'll be off first thing in the morning," said Mr. Theale obligingly.

With this promise the Earl had to be content, though he made a spirited effort to improve the terms of the bargain before at last agreeing to them. Nothing, it was clear, would avail to dislodge his brother until the following day, Mr. Theale pointing out very reasonably that it was rather too much to expect that he would set forth on his travels again before he had recovered from the exhaustion entailed by a journey of more than sixty miles.

It had taken him two days

to achieve this prodigious distance, travelling at a sedate pace in his own carriage, with his valet following behind in a hired coach with all his baggage.

"And even with my own fellow to drive me I felt queasy," he said. "Mind, if I had the sort of stomach that didn't turn over on me when I'm being jolted and rocked over these devilish bad roads I'd pack up and be off this instant, because I can see we're bound to spend an infernally flat evening here. Wouldn't do to hook Ludlow in for a rubber or two, though I don't doubt you and I, Giles, if we played together, which could be arranged, would physic him roundly. Bad policy!"

He added sensibly, "Besides, we should have to hook in Widmore to make a fourth, and there's no sense in winning his money, even if he could be got to sport a little blunt, which I've never known him do yet. Of course, you're his father, but you must own he's a paltry fellow!"

So the Earl was forced to resign himself, which he would have done more easily had not Mr. Theale's family loyalty prompted him to lend his aid to the preparations in train for the entertainment of the expected guest. Since this took the form of an invasion of the kitchens, where he maddened the cook by freely editing the dinner to be set before Sir Gareth; and a voyage of exploration to the cellars, whence he brought to light several crusted bottles which the Earl had been jealously preserving, it was not long before his brother's little stock of patience was exhausted.

Forcefully adjured to cease meddling, he was obliged to seek diversion in other fields, with the result that a young housemaid, unused to the ways of the Quality, was thrown into strong hysterics, and had to have her ears boxed before she could be induced to stop screeching that she was an honest maid, and desired instantly to return to her mother's protection.

"And very stupid it was of Mrs. Farnham to send that girl of all others to make up Fabian's bed!" said Lady Widmore, in her customary forthright style. "She must know what your uncle is!"

By the time Sir Gareth and his protegee were ushered into the Grand Saloon the only members of the family gathered there whose sensibilities had not been in some way or other ruffled were Mr. Theale and Lady Widmore.

The Earl was on the one hand uncertain what his daughter's answer was going to be, and on the other he had been reduced to a stage of impotent fury by his brother's activities; Lord Widmore shared his parent's misgivings, and was very much put out by the discovery that five hundred pounds, urgently needed on the estate, had been bestowed upon his uncle; and Lady Hester, exhorting and commanded to the point of distraction, was looking positively haggard. Her gown, with a demi-train and a quantity of ivory lace, was in shades of blue and green that enhanced her pallor; and her abigail, in her anxiety to present her mistress at her best, had dressed her soft light brown hair quite unbecomingly. Lately she had adopted a cap, but although this circumstance had apparently escaped the notice of her relations for nearly twelve months it had today come in for such unmeasured censure that she had wearily removed the wisp of lace.

"And let me tell you, Hetty,

To page 56

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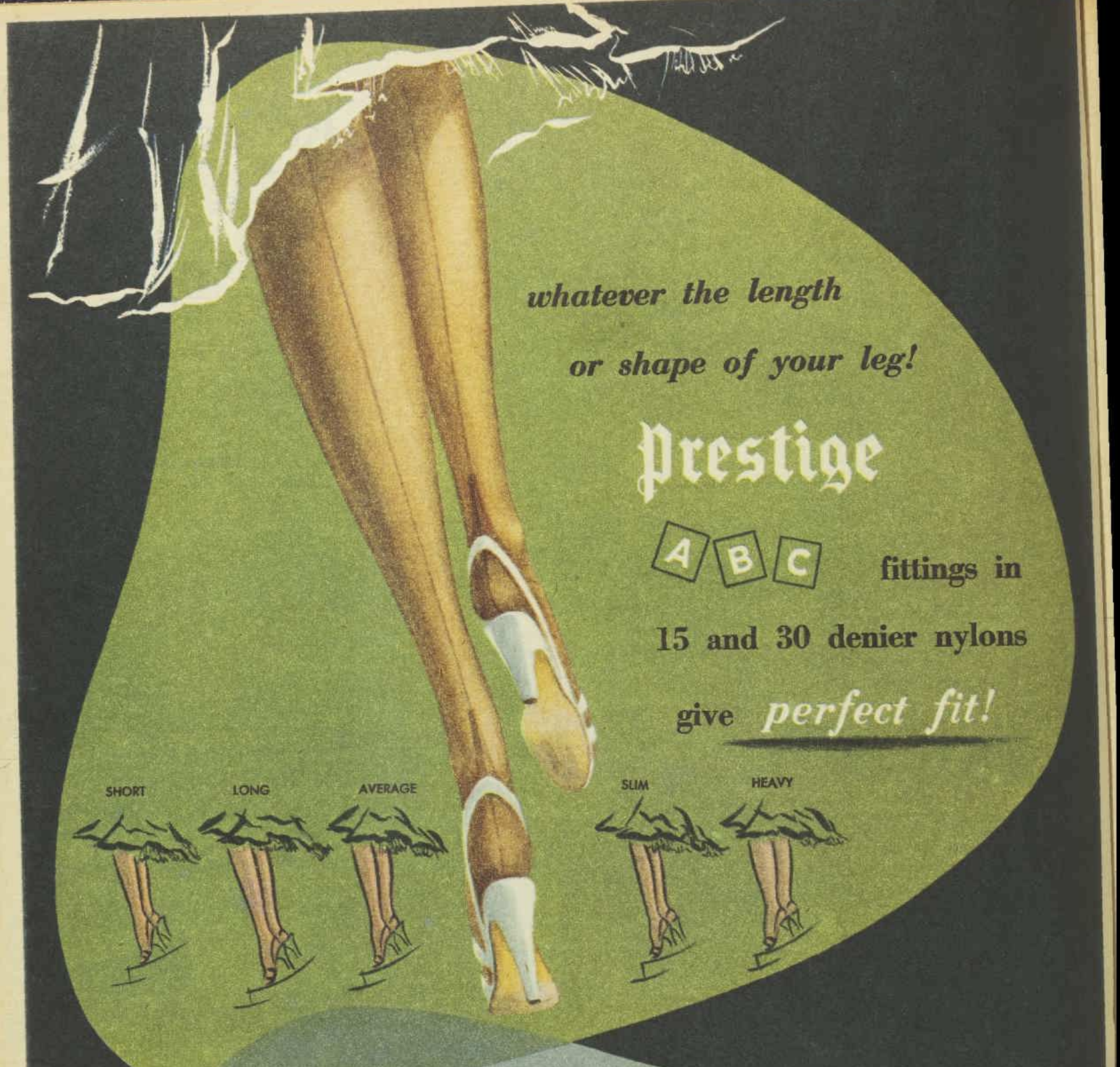
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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning April 9

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck lies in using your head.	★ Try to see what is beneath, apparently glamorous offers of money-making propositions before you risk your cash on them. There are hidden drawbacks.	★ Dictators may get their own way, but are rarely beloved. Give and take reduces friction. Don't magnify minor issues if you are agreed on the main points.	★ No girl is ever too glamorous. You must live up to your beloved's mental image of you. Accent your good points and conceal those that are not flattering.	★ That new activity cycle starts off with a few fireworks and perhaps some confusion, but you are the one who has his hand on the steering wheel.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a column of figures.	★ During this week conflict, problems, unexpected turns of fortune, financial disputes can become your lot unless you are wide awake. Count your change.	★ The management of home finances could be a bone of contention. You want to give your family the best you can, you set a good table, and like comfort.	★ This represents a period of waiting for the one you love to show interest in you. No boy likes a girl to take the initiative, but create a friendly atmosphere.	★ You accomplish more with diplomacy than with a steam-roller. The danger of a small windfall arousing envy should be taken into consideration.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies in a friend's suggestion.	★ Your advice may be sought on a point on which you are well qualified to speak and it will carry weight. You may sponsor or recommend a person for a post.	★ Entertaining is fine, but it involves plenty of labor which must be subtracted from other activities. If party-conscious, plan the details pencil in hand.	★ Being a pal is pleasant enough, but few boy-girl relationships remain stationary. Either you develop a romantic regard for each other or the friendship fades out.	★ Your ego is normally pretty healthy, but a social opportunity to shine must not give you a swelled head. Take your new responsibilities seriously.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. There's luck in the boss' favor.	★ Several matters which have been developing beneath the surface now come to a head and you should not be found unprepared in any situation likely to arise.	★ Should your place of residence be a factor in advancing your social or business hope, be prepared for chance callers whose eyes may roam appraisingly around.	★ Helping the beloved on a social occasion may require effort on your part, but you can rise to it if you are determined enough and the training will be good for you.	★ Your social and romantic life may keep you whirling still, but foresee the moment when invitations will slacken off and you face a lull before the next flutter.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, dark blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in branching out on new lines.	★ Opportunities arise, but they may not be unmixing blessings. Features you dislike may outweigh gain, especially if someone is antagonistic to you.	★ A member of the household may be absent on a journey, or an old friend comes to spend a few days with you. There is the possibility of shifting to new quarters.	★ You are likely to reach an informal understanding with the one you love during an outing alone. You will not neglect opportunities for romance.	★ The less you force things the faster a plum may drop in your lap. Its form may be quite different from your expectations. Pull out of dead-end groups.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck lies in finding a lost article.	★ Are you surrounded by people who expect you to perform the impossible? When this happens, avoid outbursts, but show the unreasonable demands.	★ Savings on the household budget for a big purpose need not be grim. They can, if you provide the right touch, be made into a game. Keep down the grumbles.	★ A secret romantic adventure may have its charm and its exciting features, but it is a potential troublemaker. Take stock of possible gossip.	★ Organize your time, dovetail your engagements, make no promises which will be awkward to carry out. Rushing causes inefficiency. Stay calm and serene.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, off-white. Gambling colors, cream, purple. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in the happiness of others.	★ Harmonious relationships with everybody are your best means to bring satisfactory work. Smooth out conflicts by tact and a willingness to listen to grievances.	★ Newlyweds are happy making their first home. Undreamed-of skills may be discovered. Young and old shine at results achieved by simple means.	★ Young subjects discover they were meant for each other while older folk renew their youth together. More than one widow finds a new interest in life.	★ You can head a committee, get people to work harmoniously in any cause, and be generous enough to include supporters in the final success of joint efforts.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in activity with a purpose.	★ Although the time to launch new ventures may be still a trifle distant, this does not prevent you from making long-range plans to improve your work.	★ A domestic question may be brought to a head this week and if you make wise use of your power to sum up the situation you can chalk up a resounding success.	★ A stubborn attitude on your part, or a mistaken idea, could precipitate a rift between you and your loved one. Nagging or bossing on your part will end in bitterness.	★ Enthusiasm for many ideas is a powerful spur to activity, but don't permit it to carry you off your course. You know perfectly well what is important to you.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. There's luck in romance for you.	★ Apply boldly for any opening which attracts you. If a voluntary worker, you come in contact with a crowd that appeals to you. If a homemaker, a stroke of luck.	★ A new game or form of amusement may be in the boom and do much to keep the folks from their old haunts. A joint project keeps everybody busy.	★ Let some of your happiness this week spill over on those less fortunate. A kindly action will bring praise from your best beloved and earn a friend worth having.	★ If obliged to deputize for someone else at short notice, this may be the entering wedge to an entirely new set of interests. You discover what you are fitted for.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky colors for love, black, white. Gambling colors, black, white, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck is right under your hand.	★ Some of you resign and begin on a different type of work. Pay is apt to remain the same, but you may be nearer home or hours may be better. You'll adjust.	★ Some scheme may be in progress which will make an extra room available. This will help the working of the household and give more privacy.	★ You and the beloved may be chiefly concerned with ways and means to make your dreams come true. Home planning may seem more important than love-making.	★ You may resign from an organization or be concerned with the winding up of its affairs. A feeling compounded of regret and relief will encourage you.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 18	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck for you in an interview.	★ Your greatest trouble just now may be to ensure continuity of work. Interruptions are time-consuming and your schedule may not be set to best advantage.	★ Word-of-mouth advertising may call your attention to a domestic gadget, but check on it before buying. Obtain information from authorized sources.	★ Quite a few of you are dating for the first time someone you have met in a classroom or on a sports ground, or in your own neighborhood. This has a rosy future.	★ The grapevine telegraph could bring you the first hint of a situation which could profit you indirectly, or people approach you to take over a certain activity.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck lies in a brown-paper parcel.	★ Be businesslike, keep agreements, be on time in connection with any arrangement, and don't star-gaze on the job or accidents may occur. This applies to all.	★ If you are buying, building, or selling a house or property, this week is front-page stuff. You can show a profit in money, or in other advantages.	★ The curious experience will be yours of having someone you have known slightly for a long time, probably in a business way, entering your emotional life.	★ A club of which you are a member may be going through financial difficulties. To save expenses you may be asked to work on a roster in an honorary capacity.

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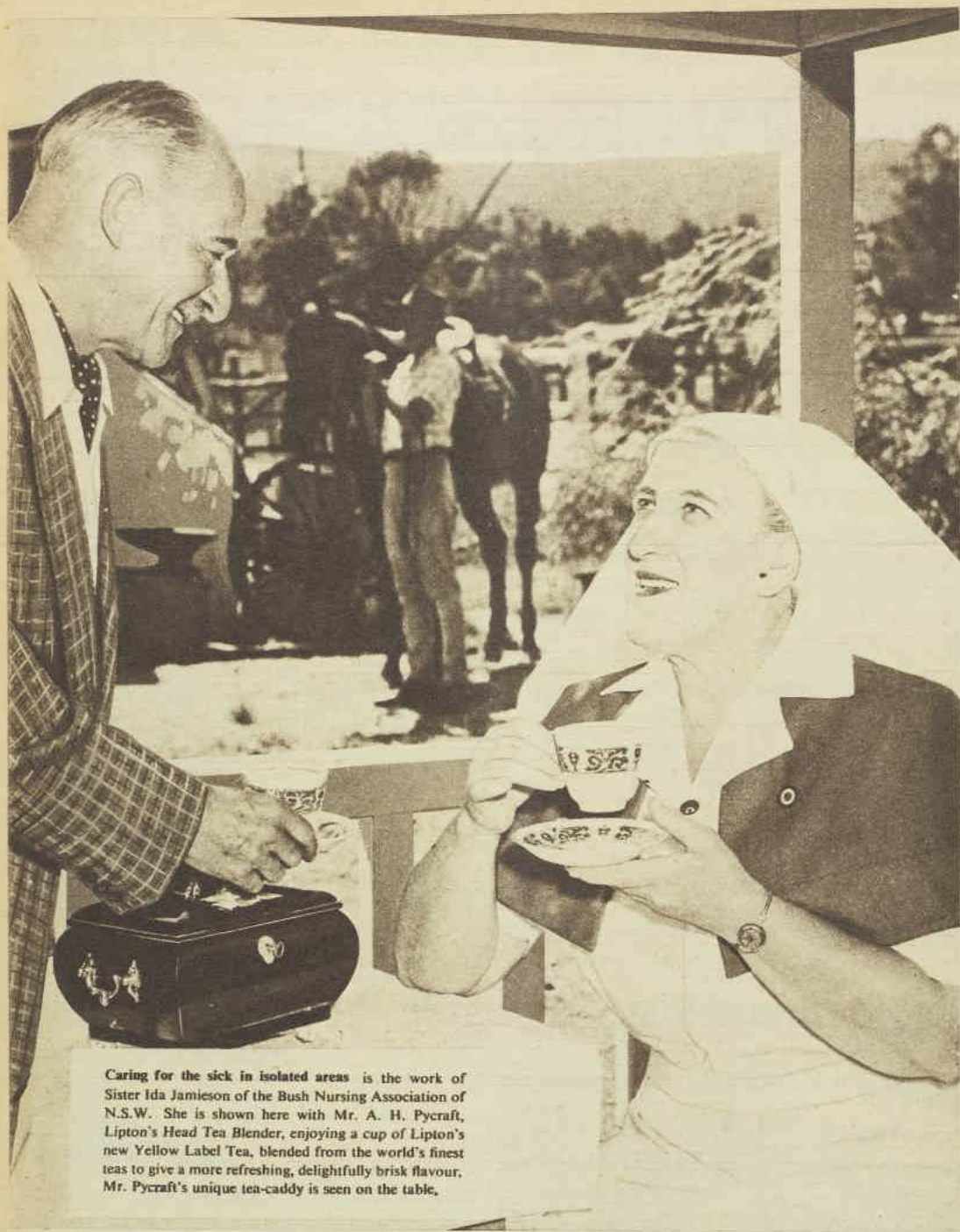


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L-150, WW14g

Continuing

Sprig Muslin

from page 53

that a stupid sort of indifference is by no means becoming to you!" said her father severely. "These dawdling and languid airs are enough to give Ludlow a disgust of you."

"Now, don't fidget the girl!" recommended Mr. Theale. "Ten to one, Ludlow won't notice she ain't in spirits, because what with you in one of your distempered freaks, and Widmore looking as sulky as a bear, he'll have enough to frighten him off without looking at Hester. In fact, it's just as well I took it into my head to visit you. You can't deny I'm a dashed sight better company than the rest of you."

The Earl's retort was cut short on his lips by the opening of the double doors into the saloon.

"Miss Smith!" announced the butler, in the voice of one heralding disaster. "Sir Gareth Ludlow!"

"Eh?" ejaculated the Earl, in a sort of bark, wheeling round, and staring with slightly protuberant eyes at the vision on the threshold.

Amanda, coloring deliciously under the concentrated scrutiny of so many pairs of eyes, lifted her chin a little.

Sir Gareth went forward, saying easily: "How do you do? Your servant, Lady Widmore! Lady Hester!" He took the cold hand she had mechanically stretched out to him, lightly kissed it, and retained it in his.

"May I present Miss Smith to you, and solicit your kindness on her behalf? I have assured her that she may depend on that. The case is that she is the daughter of some old friends with whom I have been staying, and I engaged myself to conduct her to Huntingdon, where she was to be met by some relations. But either through a misunderstanding, or some mishap, no carriage had been sent to meet her there, and since I could not leave her in a public inn there was nothing for it but to bring her here."

Every vestige of color had drained away from the Lady Hester's cheeks when she had looked up to perceive the lovely girl at Sir Gareth's side, but she replied with tolerable composure: "Of course! We shall be most happy." She drew her hand away, and went to Amanda.

"What a horrid predicament," she declared. "I am so glad Sir Gareth brought you to us. I must make you known to my sister-in-law, Lady Widmore."

Amanda raised her brilliant eyes to Lady Hester's gentle grey ones, and suddenly smiled. The effect of this upon the assembled gentlemen caused Lady Widmore's already high color to deepen alarmingly. Mr. Theale, who had been regarding the youthful beauty with the eye of a dispassionate connoisseur, sighed soulfully; the Earl's indignant stare changed to one of reluctant admiration; and Lord Widmore was moved to adjust his neckcloth, throwing out his narrow chest a little.

However, as he caught his wife's fulminating eye at that moment, he was speedily recalled to a sense of his position, and altered a somewhat fatuous smile to a frown.

"An awkward situation indeed!" agreed Lady Widmore, subjecting Amanda to a critical scrutiny. "But you have your abigail with you, I must suppose!"

"No, because she fell ill, and, besides, there was no room for her in the currie!" replied Amanda, with aplomb.

"In the currie?" exclaimed Lord Widmore, looking very

much shocked. "Driving with Ludlow in a currie, without some respectable female to chaperon you? Upon my soul! I do not know what the world is coming to!"

"Now, don't talk like a ninniny, Cuthbert!" begged his uncle. "Dammé if I see what anyone wants with a chaperon in a currie! If it had been a chaise, it would have been another matter, of course."

"If Miss Smith was travelling in Sir Gareth's charge, sir, she had no need of her abigail to take care of her," interposed Hester, her tone mildly reproving.

"No," said Amanda gratefully. "And I had no desire to go with him, either, and am very well able to take care of myself!"

"You have had your hands full, I collect!" Lady Widmore said, putting up her sandy brows at Sir Gareth.

"Not at all!" he retorted. "I have had a charming companion, ma'am!"

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" she said, with a laugh. "Well, child, I suppose I had best take you upstairs! You will wish to change your dress before dinner. I daresay they will have unpacked your trunk by now."

"Yes," said Amanda doubtfully. "I mean—that is—" She stopped, blushing, and looking imploringly towards Sir Gareth.

He responded at once to this mute appeal, saying, with the flicker of a reassuring smile: "That is the most awkward feature of the whole business, isn't it, Amanda? Her trunk, ma'am, I must suppose to be at Oundle, for it was despatched by carrier yesterday. We could find room only for a couple of bandboxes in my currie."

"Despatched yesterday?" said the Earl. "Seems an odd circumstance, then, that these relations of hers shouldn't have kept their engagement to meet her! What the devil should she send her trunk for, if she didn't mean to follow it?"

"That, sir," said Sir Gareth, quite unshaken, "is what makes us fear some mischance."

"I expect it has been delayed," said Lady Hester. "How vexing! But not of the least consequence."

"Hetty, what an addle-brained creature you are!" remarked Lady Widmore, with good-natured contempt. "If it ain't of any consequence, it ain't vexing either!"

"How silly of me!" murmured Hester, accepting this rebuke in an absent-minded way. "Will you let me take you upstairs, Miss Smith? Don't put yourself out, Almeria! I will attend to Miss Smith."

Amanda looked rather relieved; and Sir Gareth, who had moved to the door, said, under his breath, as Hester paused beside him to let her guest pass before her out of the room: "Thank you! I knew I might rely on you."

She smiled a little wistfully but said nothing. He closed the door behind her, and she paused for a moment, looking at Amanda, and blinking as though in an attempt to bring that enchanting face into focus.

Amanda gave her back stare for stare, her chin well up, and she said, in her shy, soft voice: "How very pretty you are! I wonder which room Mrs. Farnham has prepared for you? It must be wretchedly uncomfortable for you, but pray don't heed it! We will think just what should be done presently."

"Well," said Amanda, following her to the staircase, "for

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Continuing Sprig Muslin

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my part, I can see that it is most uncomfortable for you to be obliged to receive me when I haven't an evening gown to wear, and as for Sir Gareth, it is all his fault, and he told you nothing but the most shocking untruths, besides having abducted me!"

Hester paused, with her hand on the bannister-rail, and looked back, startled.

"Abducted you? Dear me, how excessively odd of him! Are you quite sure you are not making a mistake?"

"No, it is precisely as I say," replied Amanda firmly. "For I never set eyes on him before today, and although at first I was quite deceived in him, because he looks just like all one's favorite heroes, which all goes to show that one shouldn't set any store by appearances. I now know that he is a most odious person—though still very like Sir Lancelot and Lord Orville," she added conscientiously.

Lady Hester looked wholly bewildered.

"How can this be? You know, I am dreadfully stupid, and I don't seem able to understand at all, Miss Smith!"

"I wish you will call me Amanda!" suddenly decided that damsel. "I find I cannot bear the name of Smith! The thing is that it was the only name I could think of when nothing would do for Sir Gareth but to know who I was. I daresay you know how it is when you are obliged, on the instant, to find a name for yourself?"

"No—that is, I have never had occasion—but of course I see that one would think of something very simple," Hester replied apologetically.

"Exactly so! Only you can have no idea how disagreeable it is to be called Miss Smith, which, as it happens, was the name of the horridest governess I ever had!"

Utterly befogged, Hester said: "Yes, indeed, although—You know, I think we should not stay talking here, for one never knows who may be

listening! Do, pray, come upstairs!"

She then led Amanda up the upper hall, where they were met by her abigail, a middle-aged woman of hostile aspect, whose devotion to her mistress' interests caused her to view Amanda with suspicion and dislike.

The news that Sir Gareth Ludlow had arrived at Brancaster with a regular out-and-out on his arm had rapidly spread through the house; and Miss Povey knew just what to think of beauties who possessed

In taking revenge a man is but equal to his enemy, but in passing it over he is his superior.

—Bacon

no other luggage than a couple of handboxes, and travelled unattended by their abigails or governesses. She informed Lady Hester that the Blue bed-chamber had been prepared for the Young Person, an announcement that brought Lady Hester's eyes to her face, a tiny frown in them.

"What did you say, Povey?" she asked.

The tone was as gentle as ever, but Miss Povey, permitting herself only the indulgence of a sniff, lost no time in altering her phraseology.

"For the Young Lady, I should say, my Lady."

"Oh, yes! The Blue bed-chamber will be just the thing. Thank you: I shan't need you any longer."

This dismissal by no means pleased the handmaiden. On the one hand, she was extremely reluctant to wait upon Amanda, and would, indeed, have bitterly resented a command to do

so; but, on the other, she was agog with curiosity.

After a brief struggle with her feelings, she said: "I thought, my lady, being as how Miss hasn't brought her own abigail, she would like me to dress her hair, and that."

"Yes, presently," said Hester. "And perhaps, since Miss Smith's trunk has gone to Oundle, you could bring that pink gown of mine to her room." She smiled diffidently at Amanda adding: "Should you object to wearing one of my dresses? I think it would become you, for it is too young for me, and I have not worn it more than once."

"No, not at all. In fact, I shall be excessively obliged to you," replied Amanda warmly. "For the only other gown I have with me is another morning one, and I daresay it will be odiously crumpled. And this one is very dirty, through my having walked a great distance in it, besides being in the carrier's cart, though I took the greatest care to wrap my cloak round me."

"Muslin seems to pick up the dirt so easily!" agreed Hester, accepting the carrier's cart as the merest commonplace. "But Povey will wash and iron it for you to wear again in the morning."

With these calmly uttered words, she led Amanda into her allotted bedchamber, firmly closing the door on her scandalised abigail.

The handboxes had been unpacked, and Amanda's few possessions disposed in the appropriate places. That damsel, after a comprehensive survey of the apartment, awarded it her approval, adding candidly: "And Sir Gareth was quite right: I do like you very much, ma'am, though I quite thought I should not!"

"I am so glad," murmured Hester. "Do let me untie the strings of your hat!"

"Yes," said Amanda, submitting to this, "but I must warn you, because I never tell lies to people I like, that I do

not at all wish to visit an Earl!"

"I expect you have been brought up on revolutionary principles," said Hester wisely. "I do not, myself, know very much about it, but I believe that many people nowadays—"

"Oh, no! But the thing is that I particularly wish to establish myself in the sort of situation from which one's relations are bound to rescue one. And if it had not been for Sir Gareth I daresay I might have done it. I was never so taken in! He said he would take me to Huntingdon, where I had every expectation of being hired as a chambermaid at the George. At least, that is what I thought he said he would do, only I soon discovered that it was all a hoax—and then, when he had lured me into his curicle, he brought me here instead!"

Lady Hester, quite bewildered by this recital, sat down a little weakly.

"I don't think I perfectly understand, Amanda," she said. "I expect it is because I am being stupid, but if you could tell it all to me from the start I am persuaded I shall. But not, of course, if you don't wish! I don't care to ask you questions, for there is nothing more disagreeable than to be obliged to listen to questions, and scoldings, and good advice."

Her sudden smile, which betrayed a gleam of shy mischief in her eyes, swept across her face. "You see, I have suffered from that all my life."

"Have you?" said Amanda, surprised. "But you are quite old! I mean," she corrected herself hastily, "you—you are not under age! I wonder you should not tell people who scold you to go about their business."

"I am afraid I have not enough courage," said Hester ruefully.

"Like my aunt," nodded Amanda. "She has no courage, either, and she lets Grandpapa bully her, which puts me out of all patience, because one

To page 60

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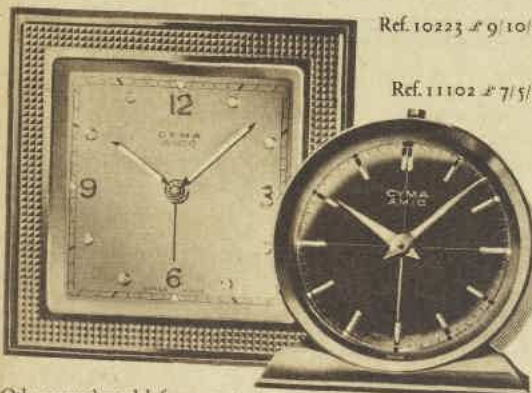
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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing

FOX'S "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" is a rose-colored account of a real-life murder case that shocked New York society circles of the 1900s.

Filmed in CinemaScope elegance, the picture stars Ray Milland as Stanford White, the noted architect and distinguished man-about-town, and Farley Granger as Harry K. Thaw, the millionaire playboy of shaky mentality who shot White to death in a fashionable New York restaurant.

English actress Joan Collins has the role of Evelyn Nesbit, the woman in the case and the girl in the red velvet swing.

As entertainment "Red Velvet Swing" is engrossing, though it obviously strays a long way from the truth of the affair.

Throughout the screenplay no suggestion of sordidness is

permitted to touch any of the characters or the bizarre situations in which they are involved.

As the result of this "pretty" policy, the production is most interesting in showing the details that led to the killing, and least effective when it tries to explain the causes.

Ray Milland, grey at the temples now, brings commendable smoothness to the role of Stanford White.

Farley Granger overacts consistently, and Joan Collins, though pretty enough for the part of the model and Florida beauty, is too naive to be true.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

VAN JOHNSON is having some unforeseen difficulties in his new picture, "Kelly And Me," which are uncomfortable, to say the least. Kelly is played by a full-grown German shepherd dog, who shares star billing with the actor. On the first day of shooting, Kelly bit Johnson.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Man From Laramie," color CinemaScope Western, starring James Stewart, Cathy O'Donnell. Plus ★ "New Orleans Uncensored," crime melodrama, starring Arthur Franz, Beverly Garland.

CENTURY.—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Richard III," color VistaVision Shakespearean melodrama, starring Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "The Private War of Major Benson," color comedy, starring Charles Heston, Julie Adams. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Brute Force," crime melodrama, starring Burt Lancaster, Yvonne de Carlo, Charles Bickford. Plus "Woman in Hiding," melodrama, starring Ida Lupino, Howard Duff. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," color CinemaScope period drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Collins, Farley Granger. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "The Long Wait," thriller, starring Anthony Quinn, Peggy Castle. Plus ★ "Return to Treasure Island," color adventure, starring Tab Hunter, Dawn Addams.

PARIS.—★★ "The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney technicolor True-Life adventure. Plus ★★★ "Siam," technicolor featurette.

PLAZA.—★ "Battle Cry," color CinemaScope wartime drama, starring Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Nancy Olsen. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic comedy, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Soldier of Fortune," color CinemaScope adventure, starring Clark Gable, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "The Blue Continent," underwater documentary in color. Plus ★ "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach"), Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Kismet," color CinemaScope musical extravaganza, starring Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Footsteps in the Fog," technicolor period suspense drama, starring Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger. Plus "Hell's Horizon," wartime drama, starring John Ireland, Mala English.

VICTORY.—★ "The Kettles in the Ozarks," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Arthur Hunnicutt. Plus ★ "One Desire," color period drama, starring Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.



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can always get one's own way, if only one has resolution."

"Can one?" said Hester doubtfully.

"Yes, though sometimes, I own, one is forced to take desperate measures. And it is of no use to tease oneself about propriety," she added, with a touch of defiance, "because it seems to me that if you never do anything that is not quite proper and decorous you will have the wretchedest life, without any adventures, or romance, or anything!"

"It is very true, alas!" Hester smiled at her again. "But not for you, I think."

"No, because I have a great deal of resolution. Also I have made a very good plan of campaign, and if you will faithfully promise not to try to overstep it, I will tell you what it is."

"I shouldn't think I could overstep anyone's schemes," said Hester reflectively. "Indeed, I promise I won't try!"

"Or tell those other people?" Amanda said anxiously.

"My family? Oh, no!"

Reassured, Amanda sat down beside her, and for the second time that day recounted the tale of her adventures. Lady Hester sat with her hands lightly clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed wonderingly on the animated little face beside her. Several times she blinked, and once a little trill of laughter was surprised out of her; but she did not make any comment until Amanda reached the end of her recital.

"How very brave you are," she said then. "I hope you will be able to marry your Brigade-Major, for I am sure you must have been made to be a soldier's wife. I should think, you know, that your grandfather would give his consent if only you could be content to wait for a little while longer."

"I have waited a very long

time already, and now I am determined to be married, so that I can accompany Neil to Spain," stated Amanda, looking mulish. "I daresay you think it is very wrong of me, and that I ought to obey Grandpapa, and so it may be—only I don't care for anything except Neil, and I won't go meekly home, whatever anyone says!"

This was uttered very challengingly, but all Hester said was: "It is very difficult to know what would be the best thing to do. Do you think, perhaps, you should send for Neil?"

Amanda shook her head.

"No, because he would take me back to Grandpapa, and there's no depending on Grandpapa's being grateful enough to give his consent to our marriage. In fact, he would very likely think I had plotted it all with Neil, which would be fatal! That is what he is bound to think, at the outset, but when he discovers that Neil knows no more than he does where I am, he will see that it is not so. And besides that he will be in a much worse pucker about me, which would be a good thing."

This ruthless speech moved Hester to make a faint protest, but it was cut short by a tap on the door. Povey came in, with a dress of pink silk over her arm, and an expression of long-suffering on her face.

Hester got up, saying: "We are very much of a height, I believe, and I am quite sure that that gown will become you very much better than it becomes me. Will you put it on, and then, if it needs some little adjustment, Povey will arrange it for you?"

Amanda, whose eyes had sparkled at sight of the dress,

Continuing . . .

Sprig Muslin

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said impulsively: "Thank you! It is most obliging of you, and exactly the sort of gown I wish for! I have never worn a silk one, because my aunt has the stuffiest notions, and she will not buy anything but muslin for me, even when she took me to the Bath Assemblies!"

"Oh, dear!" said Hester, looking conscience-stricken. "She is perfectly right! How shatterbrained of me! Never mind! The dress is not cut

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

— Ambrose Bierce

very low, and I will lend you a lace shawl to put round your shoulders."

She then drifted away to find the shawl, but before she had reached her own room she heard her name spoken, and turned to see that Sir Gareth had come out of his bed-chamber.

He had changed his driving-dress for knee-breeches and silk stockings, an elegant waistcoat of watered silk, and a swallow-tailed coat of black cloth; and no one, observing the exquisite set of that coat across his shoulders, and the nicety with which his starched neckcloth was arranged, could have supposed that he had affected this transformation with extreme rapidity, and without the assistance of his valet.

He came across the hall, say-

ing with his delightful smile: "I have been lying in wait for you, hoping to exchange a word with you before we go downstairs again. Has that absurd child told you the truth about herself? I warned her that I should! How good it was of you to accept her without a murmur! But I knew you would. Thank you!"

She returned his smile, but nervously.

"Oh, no! Pray do not! There is not the least need—I am only too happy—! She has told me how she came to meet you. You did very right to bring her here."

"Were you able to discover her name?" he demanded.

"No—but, then, I did not ask her to tell me. I expect she would rather not discuss it."

"I am well aware of that, but this grandfather of hers must be found. She cannot be permitted to carry out her outrageous scheme!"

"It does seem very hazardous," she agreed.

"Hazardous! Quite foolhardy! With that face, and no more worldly wisdom than a baby, how can she escape running into danger? She is as confiding as a kitten, too. Did she tell you I had abducted her? Well, I might have done so, you know! She hopped up into my currie in the most trusting way imaginable."

"I expect she knew she could trust you," she replied placidly. "She is quite innocent, of course, but not, I think, stupid. And so courageous!"

He said, after a tiny pause: "Yes—a headstrong courage, an enchanting waywardness which could so easily be her undoing. When I first saw her,

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TRIX IS A PRODUCT OF SAMUEL TAYLOR PTY. LTD., MAKERS OF FAMOUS MORTEIN



1 COLLECTION of personal articles and documents for the body is completed by Commander Ewen Montagu (Clifton Webb), right, and Lieut. George Acres (Robert Flemyng). They name him William Martin, make him an acting Major in the Marines.



2 READY to go to war, "Major Martin", complete with a strapped-on briefcase, is transferred in a heavy steel canister marked "optical instruments" from a Navy barge to a waiting submarine. It heads towards Spain.

Wartime naval intrigue



3 A TOAST to "the Major" is proposed by Montagu at the theatre that night, for Martin got him the tickets and the stubs are now in the dead man's pocket. In the party are Montagu's secretary, Pam (Josephine Griffin), right, and her roommate Lucy (Gloria Grahame).



4 AT SEA, the canister is opened on deck, the body unwrapped, and its Mae West inflated. After a short prayer it is slipped gently into the water. A rubber dinghy is released.



5 SPANISH authorities take charge of the body found on the beach. The British vice-consul, who knows nothing of the affair, claims it from them. After some delay, both the body and briefcase, seemingly untouched, are returned. Then "Major William Martin" is buried with full military honors.



6 DOCUMENTS prove to have been opened and revealed when scientifically tested in London. German Intelligence decides to check, sends a secret agent to London. He calls on the two girls.



7 SCARED, Pam deals calmly with the agent, but she dreads Lucy's return. However, Lucy, her fiancé just lost in a raid, is drunk, gives nothing away. The agent concludes "the Major" is genuine.

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Continuing Sprig Muslin

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I was reminded—I hardly know by what!—the tilt of her chin, perhaps, and a certain look in her eyes." He broke off, as though he regretted his words.

"I, too," she said, in her quiet voice. "I expect it was that resemblance which drew you to her."

"Perhaps. No, I don't think it was. She was plainly a gently bred child in difficulties. I could do no less than go to the rescue."

"I am afraid she is not very grateful to you," she said, with the glimmer of a smile.

"Not a bit!" he said, laughing. "She has promised to make me very sorry, and I daresay she'll do it, for she is the naughtiest little wretch I ever encountered. My dependance is on you! If you can prevail upon her to disclose her grandfather's name—"

"Oh, but I can't!" she interrupted apologetically. "You see, I promised I wouldn't try to overstep her plan of campaign. So even if she were to tell me who she is I couldn't betray her confidence, could I?"

He said, between amusement and exasperation: "In such a case as this? I hope you could, for most certainly you should!"

"I think she ought to be allowed to marry her soldier," she said thoughtfully.

"What, at her age to be allowed to throw herself away on a needy young officer, and to undergo all the hardships of a life spent following the drum? My dear Lady Hester, you can have no notion of what it would be like! I am entirely at one with the unknown grandfather on that head."

"Are you?" she looked at him in her shortsighted way, and sighed. "Yes, perhaps. I don't know. What shall you do?"

"If she can't be persuaded to let me escort her to her home, I must find out this Brigadier-Major of hers. That should not prove to be a difficult task, but it will mean my posting back to London tomorrow. I see nothing for it but to take her with me, and to place her in my sister's charge. It is really the most abominable coil!"

"Would you like to leave her in my charge?" she asked doubtfully.

"Of all things!" he replied. "But I am reasonably certain that she would run away as soon as my back was turned! Nor do I think that your brother and his wife would welcome her as a guest here."

"No," she admitted. She raised her eyes to his face and

said, with an unhappy little smile: "I beg your pardon; I am being so very unhelpful! But I could not compel Amanda to remain here, or, I am afraid, prevent Almeria's saying cutting things to her. Excuse me! I have to fetch a shawl for her to wear!"

"Must you do so immediately?" he asked, putting out his hand. "We have spoken of nothing but Amanda, and it was not, I assure you, to talk about a troublesome schoolgirl that I came to Brancaster."

She seemed to shrink into herself, and said quickly: "It is almost time for dinner! I would so much rather—indeed, I must not stay!"

She was gone on the words, leaving him to look after her in some little surprise. He knew her to be very shy, but it was not like her to betray agitation; and he had believed himself to be on such easy terms with her as must preclude her receiving his proposal with embarrassment. But embarrassed she undoubtedly was; and she had certainly shrunk from him.

A suspicion that she was being coerced into accepting his offer crossed his mind and brought a frown into his eyes; but that she meant to refuse it he could not believe, not deeming it possible that Lord Brancaster would have permitted him to come to Brancaster only to be rebuffed.

It was a reasonable belief, and one shared by Mr. Theale; but no sooner had Sir Gareth left the saloon to change his dress than his lordship had exclaimed: "That's knocked everything into horse-nails! What the devil made him bring that chit here? Just when I was in hope she meant to have him after all! Depend upon it, she'll shy off!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Theale. "Pooh! Nonsense! She wouldn't be such a fool!"

"You know nothing of the matter!" snapped the Earl. "She never had a grain of commonsense!"

"Giles, she'd jump at the chance of making such a match! She won't cry off just because Ludlow has a nonpareil in his charge; not the sort of girl to take a pet, though I own I wouldn't have thought Ludlow was the man to do such a daffish thing."

"Well, she didn't jump at the chance!" said the Earl angrily. "Said she didn't wish for the marriage! Almeria thought

she would come round to it, but I'll go bail she wasn't bargaining for this mischance!"

"Well!" ejaculated Mr. Theale. "Do you mean to tell me you let the poor fellow come all this way when you ain't sure Hester means to have him? Well, damme, what a backhanded turn to serve him!"

"Oh, stuff!" said Lady Widmore in her strident voice. "Let him go the right way to work with her, and she'll have him! But I'll see to it that little baggage is sent packing in the morning! Daughter of some old friends, indeed! Fine friends, to be sending their daughter about the country with no respectable female to look after her! Coming it very much too strong, I make bold to say!"

"I should not have thought it of Ludlow," said her husband. "Who that young female is, or what she is, I do not pretend to know, but I am very much shocked by the whole affair."

"Don't talk like a fool!" said his father irritably. "For anything I know, Ludlow may have half a dozen mistresses in keeping, but if you imagine he would bring some fancy-piece here you must be a bigger bottlehead than ever I guessed! That ain't what's worrying me!"

"Well, it ought to worry you," observed his brother. "I'm not a worrying man myself, but if I'd sired such a peagoose as Widmore it would keep me awake at night, I can tell you that."

This ill-timed facetiousness enraged the Earl so much that he looked to be in danger of bursting several blood-vessels. Before he could command his voice sufficiently to deal with Mr. Theale as he deserved, his daughter-in-law, who had accorded the pleasantry a hearty laugh, intervened.

"Now, you hold your tongue, Fabian, do!" she said. "I know what's worrying you, sir, and small blame to you! If Hetty don't snap Ludlow up while she has the chance to do it, he'll be head over ears in love with that girl, and you may kiss your fingers to him. I don't say she's his mistress, but I'd lay you odds she's up to no good. What's more, she's a beauty—if you like those bold eyes, which, for my part, I don't, though it's easy to see they're exactly to Sir Gareth's taste! Well! What I say is that to set poor Hetty beside that

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Embroidery transfer



FLORAL MOTIFS for embroidery on babies' dainty dresses, bibs, pillowcases, matinee jackets, bonnets, and sheets are featured on embroidery transfer No. 143, price 2/6. The embroidery can be used on any type of baby material, from flannelette to the softest lawn. Order transfers from our Needlework Department. See address, page 85.

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Sprig Muslin

bird of paradise is to ruin any chance she might have had!"

The truth underlying these blunt words was forcibly brought home to the company when, just before dinner was announced, Hester led Amanda into the room.

Had Lady Widmore given way to impulse at that moment she would have boxed her sister-in-law's ears. One glance at the radiant vision on the threshold was enough to inform her that Hester, like the hen-witted female Lady Widmore had for long considered her to be, had lent one of her own gowns to the interloper. Its rose-pink sheen had never become Hester, but it was fair to say that it might have been created especially to show Amanda off to the best advantage.

The chit looked dazzlingly lovely, her great eyes sparkling with pleasure in her first silk gown, her cheeks a little flushed, and her lips just parted in a smile at once shy and triumphant. Small wonder that all the gentlemen were staring at her, like dogs at a marrow-bone! thought her ladyship bitterly.

Amanda was in fine fettle, and had been peacocking in front of the mirror for several minutes, admiring herself, and playing at being a grand lady. She expected to stun all beholders by so much magnificence, and she was pleased to perceive that she had done it. A month at Bath had by no means injured her to admiration, but it had taught her a good deal about the ways of fashionable beauties.

To Sir Gareth's appreciative amusement, she began to play off all the tricks she had observed, flirting with the fan Hester had given her, and making shameless use of her brilliant eyes. Nothing, he thought, could more surely have betrayed her extreme youthfulness. She was like a child, allowed to dress up in her elder sister's clothes, and doing her best to ape the ways of her seniors. He could picture his niece, who always became alarmingly grown-up if ever he took her for a drive round the Park, play-acting in just such a style; and he knew exactly how to apply a damper to spirits mounting too high.

Well, if she became too outrageous he would apply that damper, but if she kept within bounds he would let her enjoy herself; it might keep her from hatching plans of escape from him.

At that moment she caught his eye and threw him a look so saucy and full of challenge that he nearly laughed out. It was at this precise instant that Mr. Whyteleafe entered the saloon.

Mr. Whyteleafe came prepared to meet Sir Gareth, but he was by no means prepared for Sir Gareth's travelling companion, and the sight of Amanda exchanging what he afterwards described as a very speaking look with Sir Gareth held him transfixed for several moments. His startled eyes rolled towards Lady Hester, and she, perceiving him, kindly presented him to Amanda.

Amanda, flattered by the attentions of Mr. Theale, was civil but unenthusiastic. Clergymen, in her view, were sober persons who almost always disapproved of her, and this one, she thought, wore an even more disapproving expression than the rector at home. She made no effort to engage him in conversation, but turned back to the practised gallantries of Mr. Theale.

Mr. Whyteleafe, who, to do him justice, had no desire to converse with a young female whom he had instantly per-

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ceived to be fast, made his way to Lady Widmore's side and begged her, in an undertone, to tell him who Amanda might be.

"Don't ask me!" she replied, shrugging up her shoulders. "All I can tell you is that Sir Gareth brought her here."

He looked very much shocked, and could not forbear to cast a glance towards Lady Hester. She did not appear to be in any way discomposed, nor did it seem as though she were offended with Sir Gareth. She was, in fact, smiling faintly at him, for he had crossed the room to her side and had just thanked her for her kindness in providing Amanda with a dress to wear.

"Oh, no! I am so glad I had one that becomes her so well. How very beautiful she is!"

"Little monkey! You will own, however, that it would be a sin to permit her to cast herself away on her Brigade Major before she has had a chance to get the town ablaze! Give her a year to find her balance, and I promise you she will."

"Yes, I suppose she would." "Unconvinced!" he said quizzically.

"I don't know. She is a very unusual girl."

"Yes, something quite out of the ordinary—but too inexperienced yet to settle upon a husband."

She was silent for a moment, her eyes lifted to his profile. He was watching Amanda, but as though he was conscious of Hester's regard, he turned his head, and smiled down at her. "Don't you agree?"

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "Oh, yes, I expect you must be! She will very likely change her mind."

By the time dinner came to an end, several persons at the table were fully persuaded that however innocent the relationship between Sir Gareth and Amanda might be, Sir Gareth was far more interested in that lively damsel that was at all seemly in one on the verge of proposing marriage to another lady. He was placed between Hester and Lady Widmore, on the opposite side of the table to Amanda, and while he conversed with easy good manners with both of these ladies, it was noticed that this attention was seldom wholly distracted from Amanda.

What no one could have guessed from his demeanour was that his interest was not at all pleasurable, or that this informal dinner-party would live in his memory and the most nerve-racking function he had ever attended.

That he must keep a watchful eye on Amanda had been decided at the outset, when he saw her, after doubtfully considering the wine the butler had poured into her glass, take a cautious sip. Probably one glass would do her no harm, but if that fool of a butler tried to refill it, intervene he must. She was behaving with perfect propriety, but she was undoubtedly flown with pink silk and compliments, and was receiving every encouragement from Fabian Theale to overstep the bounds of decorum.

Sir Gareth was not particularly acquainted with Mr. Theale, but he knew him by reputation. Ten minutes spent in listening with half an ear to Mr. Theale's conversational gambits confirmed his belief in all the most scandalous stories he had heard of that enterprising gentleman, and imbued

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POND'S gives your complexion the enchanting glow of a girl in love



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Standard jar 4/6.
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Our Food and Cookery
Expert

• There are so many kinds of cheese available for cooking, for cheese trays, salads, spreads, and sandwich fillings that it is possible to introduce this very valuable food into the menu in dozens of ways.

FOR best results cook cheese dishes at very moderate temperatures and guard against overcooking.

Spoon measurements are level in all the following recipes.

CHEESE-AND-SALMON BAKE

Four dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup undiluted tinned onion soup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk (or use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh milk and make up to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup with tinned evaporated milk), 1 medium tin salmon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 cups cooked and drained spaghetti or vermicelli, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered crumbs, sliced tomato, parsley.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes but do not brown. Stir in onion soup and milk and continue stirring until boiling. Fold in drained flaked salmon, nearly all the cheese, and the spaghetti. Turn into ovenware dish, sprinkle with remaining cheese, border with buttered crumbs, and serve piping hot garnished with tomato slices and parsley.

SAVORY CHEESE PIE

Eight ounces cheese pastry, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds thickly sliced tomatoes, salt, pepper, 2 medium sliced onions, 2 eggs, grated cheese.

Roll pastry on floured board, line an 8 in. flan-ring or tart-plate. Brush base lightly with a little egg-white and allow to dry and form a seal. Cover base with a layer of thickly sliced tomato, season with salt and pepper, and cover with thinly sliced onion. Repeat layers until all tomatoes and onions are used, finishing with a layer of onion. Beat eggs well, pour over the filling, allow to settle. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour until pastry is cooked and filling set. About 15 minutes before end of cooking time sprinkle top thickly with grated cheese and finish cooking. Serve cut in wedges.

WELSH RABBIT WITH SAUTERNE

One pound cheddar cheese, 1-3rd cup sauterne, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard.

Melt thinly sliced cheese in a double boiler. Blend in sauterne and milk, then season with Worcestershire sauce and mixed mustard. Mix well, serve piping hot on toast.

This also makes a delicious sauce for cauliflower, asparagus, broccoli, etc.

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CHEESE COCKTAIL BISCUITS

One cup grated cheese, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, mango chutney, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon claret or burgundy.

Mix cheese, butter or substitute, Worcestershire sauce, and wine thoroughly together. Sift flour and cayenne, work into cheese-butter mixture. Form into a roll 1 inch in diameter, wrap in waxed paper, and chill in refrigerator. When ready to use cut into thin slices; place on oven-tray, with dab of chutney in centre of each, and bake in moderate oven 6 to 8 minutes. Serve hot.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons plain flour, 2 cups milk, 6oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, salt to taste, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk all at once, stir quickly to mix and continue stirring until boiling. Remove from heat, add nearly all the cheese, mustard, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Stir until cheese is melted.

When cool add beaten egg-yolks and chives, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into prepared mould and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve immediately as souffles fall if allowed to stand.

To prepare souffle mould: Grease a deep plain dish or tin and tie a band of greased paper round the outside of the tin reaching 2 inches above the top.

CHEESE NOODLE RING WITH CHICKEN

Six ounces noodles, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, 3 eggs, salt to taste, 1 scant teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups diced cooked chicken (or rabbit or veal), 2 cups medium thickness white sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped cooked bacon or ham.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water, drain. Fill into greased ring-tin, large size. Combine milk, cheese, eggs (beaten only slightly), salt, and Worcestershire sauce. Pour over noodles. Stand ring-tin in lin. hot water in slab-tin or baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven until firm. Meanwhile mix chicken with white sauce and chopped bacon or ham. Heat carefully. Unmould noodle ring and fill centre with the hot chicken.

CHEESE-AND-SALMON BAKE and savory cheese pie are two appetising and satisfying main dishes made with cheese. Green salad, illustrated top left, goes well with both of them. If sweets are omitted from the menu, Dutch Edam cheese and fruit make a fine finish to a meal.

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI WITH CHEESE

One pound round steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chickens' livers or lamb's fry, 2 large onions, 3 carrots, 1 clove of garlic, 3 sticks celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup good shortening, 3 cups skinned chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, 1 lb. spaghetti, 2 cups grated cheese.

Mince the steak finely with the chickens' livers or lamb's fry. Chop the onions, carrots, garlic, and celery and saute in the melted shortening for 5 minutes. Add the meat and cook 5 minutes longer, then add tomatoes. Simmer until thickened, about 1 hour, add parsley. Meanwhile cook spaghetti in boiling salted water about 25 minutes, drain well. Place alternate layers of spaghetti and meat mixture in greased ovenware dish, sprinkling each layer with cheese, and finish with a layer of cheese. Reheat in oven, if necessary, and serve piping hot.



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COFFEE TRIFLE, with whipped sweetened cream, chopped walnuts, and glace cherries to give a finished touch, is a delicious dinner sweet. See prizewinning recipe below.

Prize recipe

● A simple, delicious sweet for special occasions wins this week's £5 prize.

COFFEE trifle goes well with a light main dish.

Spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

COFFEE TRIFLE

One layer sponge cake, 1½ cups strong milk coffee (cold), sweet sherry, 4oz. butter, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 2 dessertspoons warm black coffee, extra walnuts, cherries, and whipped cream to decorate.

Cut sponge into finger-lengths or small blocks. Trickle half the cold milk coffee over sponge-blocks, sprinkle with

sweet sherry. Prepare cream. Beat butter until light and fluffy, gradually add icing-sugar. Add egg-yolks one at a time, then fold in walnuts and black coffee. Spread half the prepared cream mixture over coffee-soaked sponge. Place another layer of sponge over cream, pour balance of milk coffee and a little sherry over cake; cover with balance of cream mixture. Place in refrigerator for 3 hours. Decorate with chopped walnuts, cherries, and whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Shirlow, 106 Enoggera Tce., Paddington, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL steak makes this week's family dish. The meat cakes are served on pineapple rings. The dish costs approximately 6/9 and serves four or five.

VEAL-AND-PINEAPPLE PATTIES

One and a half pounds veal steak, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4 cloves, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 8 pineapple slices, ½ cup pineapple juice.

Mince veal finely, add breadcrumbs, salt, onion, and

beaten egg. Mix thoroughly. Shape into eight patties slightly smaller than the pineapple slices. Mix butter or substitute with brown sugar and cloves; crumble over baking-dish. Arrange pineapple slices in baking-dish, with veal patty on each. Pour a little pineapple juice over each patty and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

Tony's luxury dish

La Quiche Lorraine

"THIS famous dish from Lorraine is particularly delicious," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club. "It may be served as an hors d'oeuvre, for a late evening supper dish, or as a savory."

Shortcrust or flaky pastry, ½lb lean bacon, 1 cup shredded cheese, 1 chopped onion, 1½lb. mushrooms, 3 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter.

Make the pastry without sugar or use a prepared pie-crust mixture. Chill the pastry and then roll it out quite thin. Line a pie-plate with it and prick in several places. Cut the bacon in strips and fry until cooked but not crisp. Then drain on absorbent paper. Fry the onions and the mushrooms in butter. Spread first the onions and the mushrooms, then bacon strips over the crust; add the shredded cheese. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Season with salt and pepper. Pour the egg mixture over the cheese and bake in the lower half of a hot oven. Placing the pie near the bottom of the oven is essential, otherwise the crust gets soggy. The Quiche may be prepared ahead, up to the point of adding the eggs. Once cooked it must be served immediately. For six persons.

Grow vegetables



HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES are a great economy for the housewife with a large family to feed. If thought and care are given to planting vegetables, the household will have a wide variety of crops from the home garden—and some over for friends.

THE vegetable garden in winter is rather a drab affair consisting mainly of greens and root crops, but the species that will grow in a mild climate provide much good food and should not be overlooked.

In the eastern States, where the wettest summer on record has been experienced, most vegetables failed, and the family gardener will want to build up the home supply as quickly as possible.

Quick results can be obtained by planting seedlings of vegetables that will transplant when the season is suitable.

Those that do not transplant, such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, swedes, broad beans, and radishes, should be sown where they are to grow to maturity.

Thorough preparation of the soil is necessary in places where virgin land is to be cropped. It should be dug over without delay and the ground given some lime or dolomite.

This should be done about a month to six weeks ahead of seed sowing or transplanting, for virgin land is not always fertile, and may need manuring in addition to the lime, which has to be applied first.

Assuming this necessary task has already been completed, loosen up the topsoil with the hoe or scarifier, and mark out and measure off the rows to be cropped.

Small vegetables, such as carrots, radishes, turnips, beets, onions, parsnips, endive, and leeks, can be sown fairly close together, allowing merely enough room for passage between so that the ground can be weeded, cultivated, and, when necessary, the crops sprayed or dusted.

The size of the garden, the quantity of seed to be sown, the size of the family, and the variety of vegetables to be sown or planted largely govern the measurements and spacing, but the fertility of the soil is also important.

GARDENING

In poor, light soil, spacing should be double the distance, or even more, of that in ground known to be rich and productive.

Allowance must be made for competition between plants for nourishment and moisture, but aeration and sunlight are also important factors in success with all types of vegetables.

Very few vegetables will succeed in shade. Lettuces like some shade during summer, and rhubarb also stands up well on the shady side of a tree, but all the others require an open, sunny position.

Root crops such as swedes, table turnips, and beetroots

object strongly to fresh manure in the soil, therefore the seed should be sown or beetroot seedlings set out in ground that was manured during summer.

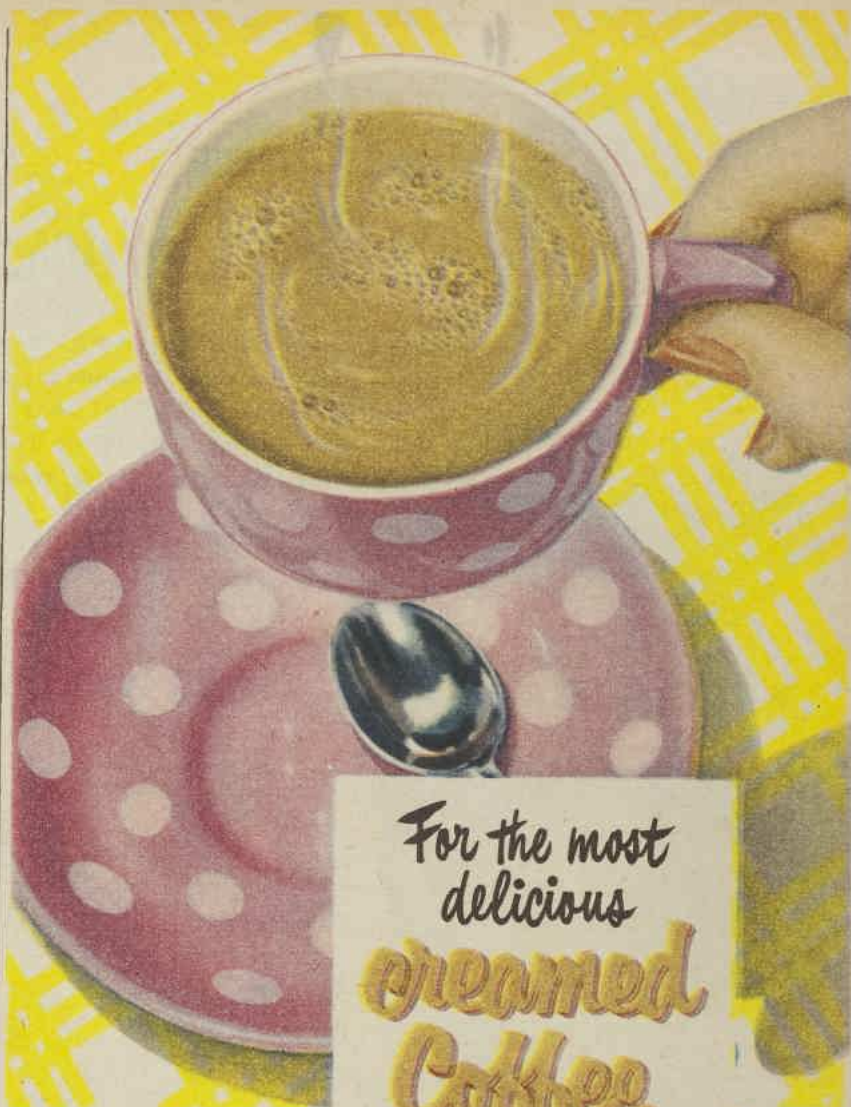
All greens are heavy feeders and require soil that is rich in nitrogen. When digging over the soil, the addition of poultry manure or any other organic manure that is rich in this leaf-producing element will be all to the good.

Cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, lettuces, or any of the spinaches can be fed a little at a time once they start to fatten out. Too much nitrogen, however, is apt to make them bolt and run to seed, therefore the dose should be weak.

SOWING GUIDE

VEGETABLE	SOWING TIME	DEPTH TO SOW SEED	SPACING IN ROW	SPACE BETWEEN ROWS
Asparagus	July-Aug.	1½ in.	18 in.	6 ft.
Broad beans	Autumn	2 to 3 in.	6 to 9 in.	2 to 3 ft.
Beetroot	Autumn	1 in.	4 to 5 in.	1 to 1½ ft.
*Broccoli	Summer to Autumn	½ in.	18 in.	2 to 2½ ft.
*Brussels sprouts	Summer	½ in.	18 in.	2 to 2½ ft.
Cabbage	Autumn to Winter	½ in.	15 to 30 in.	2½ to 3 ft.
Carrot	Autumn	½ in.	3 to 4 in.	1 to 1½ ft.
*Cauliflower	Autumn Summer	½ in.	21 to 36 in.	2½ to 3 ft.
*Celery	Autumn	½ in.	7 to 9 in.	2 ft.
Endive	Summer to Autumn	½ in.	12 in.	12 in.
Kohlrabi	Autumn to Winter	½ in.	6 to 8 in.	12 to 18 in.
Leek	Autumn	½ in.	6 in.	12 in.
Lettuce	Autumn to Spring	½ in.	9 to 12 in.	12 to 18 in.
Onion	Autumn	½ in.	4 to 6 in.	12 to 18 in.
Parsnip	Autumn	½ to 1 in.	4 to 6 in.	12 to 18 in.
Peas	Autumn to Winter	1 to 1½ in.	2 to 4 in.	2 to 3 ft.
Radish	All seasons	½ in.	1 to 2 in.	12 to 15 in.
Silver beet	Autumn	1 in.	9 in.	2 ft.
Spinach (English)	Autumn	1 in.	6 to 8 in.	12 to 18 in.
Turnips & Swedes	Autumn	1 in.	5 to 7 in.	12 to 18 in.

Vegetables marked * should be grown from seedlings at this time of the year. The fourth column shows the distances needed between seedlings that are being thinned out or transplanted.



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can be proud to serve to your guests ... the coffee of the quality that connoisseurs approve.

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NAS 56



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SKETCH OF HOUSE of 6½ squares designed to make the best use of every available foot of space. This would be ideal for a retired couple who want an easy-to-look-after home.

LIVING IN RETIREMENT

● Mr. and Mrs. Bannister (the name is mine), both in their early sixties, realise they must adapt their lives to suit a reduced income resulting from Mr. Bannister's decision to retire from business.

"WE had always considered our present home an investment to provide additional security for this time of life," Mr. Bannister explained.

"It is far too big for our present needs, so we have decided to sell it and build something much smaller. Building costs are high now and, in order to benefit by the arrangement, the new home must be economical but bright and attractive, with enough room to cope with

frequent invasions from our large family and friends."

The building budget had been set at approximately £2500, including a car port and fencing. This limited the floor space to six and a half squares in timber.

"I suppose the living-room will be small in a house of this size?" asked Mrs. Bannister. "When our grandchildren are visiting in force it will be very crowded."

"Not at all," I said. "Arrange the main bedroom to open up with a sliding wall next to the living-room. The bedroom could be furnished

ARCHITECT'S
DIARY,
by Sydney architect
W. J. McMurray.

with day beds to match the living-room furniture.

"The bathroom could open from the bedroom with a shower recess forming an air-lock between the two. Bearing in mind a possible future resale, provision for the addition of two extra bedrooms and a second toilet and shower increases the house's value."

Mrs. Bannister said: "The kitchen would need to be small and compact, because my serious cooking days are over. 'I like the idea of a buffet for snacks near the living-room. It is the only way of coping with the occasional large group of visitors.'"

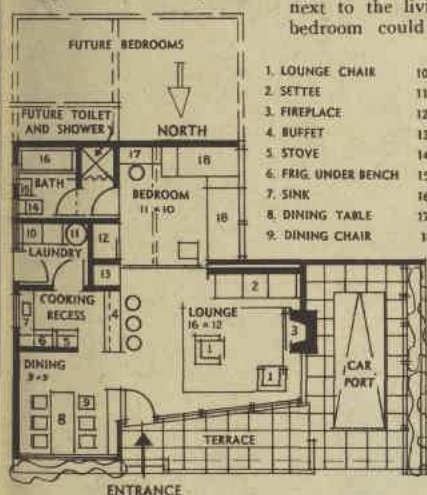
"Makes a handy little cocktail bar, too," Mr. Bannister put in hopefully.

"I picture the dining-room as part of the living-room," Mrs. Bannister continued, "so that, with the kitchenette included, some effect of space can be obtained in a small area."

"With the bedroom opened up as a further extension again," I pointed out, "the living-room will be big enough for a complete family reunion."

"The garage pergola over the terrace on the north provides a shady patio as well."

Bill McMurray



1956 Knitting Book



THIRTY-SIX wonderful knitting and crochet designs, many from overseas, are included in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1956, now on sale at bookstalls and newsagents for 2/-.

Baby wear, woollens for children of all ages, men's wear, and a large selection of fashions for women are included in the knitting book.

Get a head start with your knitting for this winter and buy a copy of our 1956 Knitting Book now.



TOILET TRAINING

THE present-day trend is to discourage or forbid any attempts at toilet training during the early months.

There is much truth in this concept, but I think there is a happy medium between too much emphasis on the early use of the pot and of banning

By Sister MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

it altogether until the second year.

It is most important for mothers to understand that babies and toddlers have no control of their bladders and bowels, so that you cannot train them early.

You should hold a baby out

for very short intervals and only when the bladder is ready to function. Never sit a toddler on his toilet chair for half an hour or more as is often done.

These and other points on toilet training are given in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," which is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 12/6 plus 9d. postage.

Bringing up triplets on a 16-acre orchard . . .

It's picking time at "Sunniholme," the beautiful orchard of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dunn, of Galston, N.S.W. Everybody lends a hand, including the impish three-year-old triplets. Time off from picking and packing finds Mrs. Dunn hanging out one of her big washes.

Mrs. Dunn says: "I like the way those big, rich Rinso suds whisk away dirt! The whites and coloureds always look so fresh and gay."



3 WASHES A WEEK - AND EVERYTHING DAZZLING WITH RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Three little girls in white—"and not half as angelic as they look"—a six-year-old son and an orchardist husband make plenty of washing for Mrs. Dunn. But, like seven out of every ten Australian housewives, Mrs. Dunn has proved that Rinso takes the hard work out of wash-day, gets the cleanest, brightest, sweetest wash of all. "And look how soft and smooth those Rinso suds keep my hands," Mrs. Dunn says. "It's such a money saver, too!"



"Rinso's an extra help during the picking rush. Wash-ups are so quick, and you should see the plates shine!" says Mrs. Dunn, of Galston, N.S.W.



Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines

Buy Mighty Size and save . . .
FAR MORE SUDS FOR YOUR MONEY

"Give Lantigen 'B'—the Oral Vaccine—a go—it's worked wonders for me!"

Champion cyclist SMASHES BRONCHITIS—throws flannels away for first time in 30 years!

Dear Sir:

I have wanted to tell you of the wonderful benefit I received through taking Lantigen 'B'. I had been a sufferer of colds and bronchitis for over 30 years.

As a child I suffered dreadfully. Colds always turned



into bronchitis. I used to cough and cough, nothing would relieve me. I was never without flannels summer and winter. We tried everything, but nothing helped—it cost pounds and pounds. I thought I would have to go through life a sufferer of these distressing complaints. I decided to take up bike-racing in an endeavour to build up my resistance. I had great success and was Western Districts Champion for 6 years, but the bronchial trouble finally beat me. I only wish I had known about Lantigen 'B' then!

I started on Lantigen 'B' in 1947, after reading about how it had helped other bronchitis sufferers.

I was out in all weathers. I used to get an attack any old time—always went down into my chest—never missed. I took my first bottle of Lantigen 'B' and started to get relief. I continued the treatment and have not had a cold or bronchitis attack for over nine years.

Before I took Lantigen my weight had fallen to 10 stone, but now I am over 12 stone, feel fit, never have the sign of an attack, can work outside all the time on my job, and have thrown my flannels away! G. W. Beck, 31/1/56.

Mr. George Beck at the height of his cycling career, 6 times champion of the Western Districts.



Continuing Sprig Muslin from page 63

him with a strong desire to plant him a flush hit with a right justly famed in Corinthian circles.

But Amanda was not unacquainted with middle-aged men who adopted a fatherly air in their dealings with her; and Amanda, however elated, had by no means lost her head. She was prepared to enjoy to the full a slightly intoxicating evening undimmed by the repressive influence of a careful aunt, but not for one moment did she forget the end she meant to achieve. She had passed the entire company under review, and had rapidly reached the conclusion that the only possible ally was Mr. Theale.

While her face wore an expression of flattering interest in what he said to her, and her pretty lips formed appropriate answers, her brain was busy with the problem of how to turn him to good account.

For his part, Mr. Theale was bent on discovering, before the evening was out, in what relation she stood to Sir Gareth. A worldly man, he agreed with his brother in thinking it in the highest degree unlikely that Ludlow would have brought a little barque of frailty to Brancaster; on the other hand, he could see that Ludlow was keeping a jealous eye on her, and it was entirely beyond his comprehension that he might be doing so from altruistic motives.

The story of the relations at Oundle he had disbelieved from the outset; and since, in his experience, no young lady of gentle birth was ever permitted to walk abroad unattended, he was much inclined to think that Amanda was not the school-room miss she appeared to be, but, on the contrary, a remarkably game pullet. If that were indeed the case, he would be strongly tempted to take her off Sir Gareth's hands.

She was as pretty as she could stare; just the type of ladybird he liked. Young, too, and inexperienced, which would make a pleasant change from the harpy lately living under his protection. Probably she would be grateful for little trumpery gifts, not, like the high fliers, always keeping their fingers crooked into his purse.

These ruminations were interrupted by the departure of the ladies from the dining-room. The cloth was removed, and the decanters set upon the table, but the Earl, contrary to his usual custom, did not encourage his guests to linger over the port. In his opinion, the sooner Sir Gareth was given the opportunity to pop the question to Hester the better it would be. He might not be a paragon amongst fathers, but he was not so imprudent as to run the risk of allowing his daughter's suitor to present himself to her in a slightly bosky condition.

So, at the end of half an hour, he said that they must not keep the ladies waiting, and rose from the table. He wondered whether it would be well to detach his prospective son-in-law from the rest of the party, and to thrust him and Hester into some room apart, but decided that it would probably be wiser to leave Sir Gareth to make his own opportunity for private speech with Hester. He led the way, therefore, to one of the suite of

All over the world, Lantigen 'B' is smashing CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections and Recurrent Colds

Read these amazing reports from all over the world!

(Originals on our files)

CANADA:

Catarrh Sufferer Wins Free

I have been a victim of catarrh. Nothing benefited me and was gradually growing worse, and doctors said that it had spread to my stomach. Lantigen benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had any severe attacks of head colds since I commenced taking marvellous Lantigen 'B'. M.L., Ontario.

AUSTRALIA:

I was a sufferer of Bronchitis. My arms were like pin cushions caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B'; when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. MRS. K. P., Perth, W.A.

ENGLAND:

First relief for Yorkshire Bronchitis sufferer

For a great many years I have been a sufferer from bronchitis. In 1942 I had a very bad time with pneumonia and this left me bronchial. I never got any relief from all the things I tried until your Lantigen 'B' was recommended. J.A., Yorkshire.

NEW ZEALAND:

Wonderful relief for Catarrh

Having noticed an advertisement in the paper some time ago recommending Lantigen 'B' for sufferers of catarrh, I am now taking my third bottle, and I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds, but since I have taken Lantigen 'B' I have only had one cold, which was very slight and of short duration. I have felt better generally in health and now I always keep a bottle handy as I find it a great preventative against colds and flu. Mrs. W.F., Mangonui, North Auckland.

MALAYA:

Colds kept away

LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away. G.H., Port Swettenham.

A true Vaccine!

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists, under medical supervision, who produce, in modern laboratories, the "antigens" of the family of germs that cause Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum, Bronchial Asthma, Recurrent Colds and other infections of the upper respiratory tract. These "antigens," contained in Lantigen 'B', stimulate the production by your own system of what are called "anti-bodies." The "anti-bodies" are the natural antidotes to germ infection—neutralising the germ poisons, destroying the germs and helping to promote immunity against further attack.

This is the same basis as all forms of vaccine treatment.

There are two ways in which the laboratory-produced "antigens" can be introduced into the bloodstream. The first is by direct injection by a medical practitioner. The second is by the "oral" route—taken by mouth like

ordinary medicine. This is the Lantigen method—one you can carry out yourself in comfort and convenience. When you take Lantigen 'B', it is absorbed by the tissues of the nose, throat and small intestines. The "antigens" in Lantigen 'B' thus enter the bloodstream and lymphatic system, and at once stimulate the production of the vitally necessary "anti-bodies." From the first dose this modern, scientific oral vaccine is at work to drive out catarrh, bronchitis and related germ infections, and to develop the body's resistance to further attack—thus helping to gain long-lasting immunity!

★ ★ ★

Lantigen succeeds!

Ordinary medicines fail because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble. They may give you temporary relief, but only Lantigen 'B' attacks the actual infection, neutralises the germ poisons, helps to promote immunity. No matter what treatment you have tried before, no matter how long you have suffered or how serious and stubborn your case, treatment with Lantigen 'B' may well be the beginning of a new life for

Drop after drop, like a dripping tap, catarrhal poisons sap your vitality and infect your tissues . . .



NO DRUGS

CANNOT HARM THE HEART

WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH OTHER TREATMENTS

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you—with health and vigour fully restored.

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'B' like an ordinary

medicine in a

little water

at bedtime

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To page 71

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 11, 1956

saloons ranged along the south side of the house.

These opened on to a broad terrace, commanding views of the pleasure-gardens, and a small lake; and, since the evening was sultry, the long windows had not yet been closed against the night air.

Strains of Haydn greeted the gentlemen, when the Earl threw open the door into the drawing-room, and Amanda was discovered, seated at the pianoforte, and playing a sonata with considerable verve, if not with strict accuracy.

For this, Lady Widmore had been responsible. Upon first entering the room, she had supposed, with the too evident intention of discomfiting the unbidden guest, that Miss Smith was proficient upon the instrument, and had begged her to indulge her with a little music.

As her ladyship was almost tone-deaf, she might have been said to have been rightly served for her malice, since Amanda, instead of being obliged to confess ignorance of an accomplishment indispensable to any female with the smallest claim to gentility, had, in the most complaisant way imaginable, instantly embarked on a very long and dull sonata.

Mr. Theale, sharing her ladyship's dislike of chamber music, and prohibited by his brother's violent disapproval from indulging in any gambling within the walls of Brancaster, slid unobtrusively away to enjoy a cigarillo in the moonlit garden; but the other gentlemen bravely entered the drawing-room, and disposed themselves about it, Mr. Whyteleafe, to the Earl's annoyance, nimbly appropriating a chair at Lady Hester's elbow.

Sir Gareth walked over to the window, and stood leaning his shoulders against the frame, his eyes on the fair performer. "I am at a loss for words,"

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 70

whispered Mr. Whyteleafe, "to convey to you my sentiments upon this occasion, Lady Hester. I can only say that if I am not surprised I am profoundly shocked. Your feelings I can readily imagine!"

"Oh, no, I don't think you can," she responded, with a gleam of amusement. "But pray hush! You must not talk just now, you know."

He relapsed into silence, and his resolve to address such words to Lady Hester as must fortify her against the ordeal of having her hand solicited by one whom he clearly perceived to be a libertine of the most unblushing order was frustrated by Lady Widmore, who, as soon as Amanda stopped playing, began at once to make loud plans for the further entertainment of the company, and commanded him to set out a card-table.

Breaking in with the rudeness for which she was famed on the compliments being paid to Amanda, she announced that a rubber of cassino would be just the thing, adding, with a jolly laugh, as she caught the Earl's starting eye, that she knew better than to expect him or Fabian to take part in this amusement.

"And Hester doesn't care for cards, so if you and Fabian choose to play piquet, as I don't doubt you will, Sir Gareth must entertain her, and that will leave four of us to make up a snug game," she said.

Even her husband, who was inured to her ways, felt that this attempt to provide Sir Gareth with an opportunity to propose to Hester was rather too blatant to be encouraged; and the Earl, mentally apostrophising her as a cow-handed thruster, con-

sidered it enough to put up the backs of both interested parties. While her ladyship bustled about the room, directing the reluctant chaplain where to place the table, and searching for a couple of packs of cards in various chests, both he and Lord Widmore endeavored to dissuade her from these exertions.

Lady Hester, murmuring that she rather thought that the cards had last been used by the nursery party, went away



to retrieve them; and Amanda, snatching the chance offered by the preoccupation of her hosts, slipped out on to the terrace, saying in a fierce whisper as she went past Sir Gareth: "I wish to speak to you alone!"

He followed her beyond the range of the window, but said, as soon as he came up with her: "Take care, Amanda! You will set the household by the ears by such improper conduct as this. Do remember that you are the daughter of a friend of mine, who is by far too well brought up to indulge

in anything so fast as a tete-a-tete in the moonlight!"

"I am not the daughter of any friend of yours, and I have a very good mind to tell Lord Brancaster so!" she said crossly.

"I don't think I should, if I were you. Is that what you wished to tell me?"

"No, it is not!" She paused and then said airily: "In fact, I don't wish him to know the truth, because it is chances that Lady Hester has very kindly invited me to remain here for a visit, and I have quite made up my mind to do so."

He laughed. "Have you, indeed?"

"Yes, so you may be quite at your ease, and not tease yourself about me any more," Amanda said kindly.

"Now, that," said Sir Gareth, much moved, "is a singularly beautiful thought! Tell me, by the way, what put the notion into your head that you had to deal with a flat?"

"I do not understand what you mean," replied Amanda, with dignity.

"A flat, my child, is one who is easily duped."

"Well, I don't think you that, at all events! In fact, quite the reverse, because first you duped me, and then you duped all these people! And if you try to carry me off by force tomorrow, I shall tell Lord Brancaster just how you have deceived him!"

"I hope you won't!" he said. "I fear his lordship, whose mind is not elastic, wouldn't believe a word of your story, and then what a pickle we should be in!"

"It was abominable of you to have brought me here!"

"Yes, I fancy that opinion is shared by several other members of the party," he ob-

served ruefully. "At least I won't aggravate the offence by leaving you here! No, don't begin scolding again! I know exactly what's in your foolish head: you are bent on giving me the slip, and you know you cannot do it while my eye is upon you, and so you hope to make me believe that you are willing to remain here, like the good little girl you most emphatically are not. But as soon as my back was turned you would be off—and you may make up your mind to this, Amanda, I may wish you at Jericho, but I am not going to let you escape from me!"

As she was about to break in angrily, he continued calmly, "Yes, I'm well aware that I am a deceiver, an abductor, and wholly contemptible, but really you will be much better off with me than seeking menial employment, for which, believe me, you are not in the least suited! I'll let you scold tomorrow as much as you choose, but in the meantime come back into the drawing-room and play cassino!"

"I won't!" she declared, on an angry sob. "You may tell that odious Lady Widmore that I have the headache! And though you may think you have me in your power, you will find that you have not, and at all events you can't force me to play cassino or any other horrid game!"

With these words, she retired to a stone seat at the far end of the terrace, and sat down with her face averted. Sir Gareth well aware of the folly of arguing with damsels in a passion of fury, left her to sulk herself back to good humor, and strolled into the house again to make her apologies.

He also offered to deputise for her at the card-table, but the Earl said hastily: "Pooh! nonsense! No one wants to play

a rubbishy game of cassino! Come along to the library: I daresay we shall find my brother there!"

He then drew Sir Gareth out of the room and was just wondering where the devil Hester had taken herself off to, and why the wretched girl could never be where she was wanted, when she came out of the morning-room on the opposite side of the hall, looking harassed, and saying in a distracted way that she could not imagine what the children had done with the cards.

At any other time the children's fond grandparent would have favored her with his unexpurgated opinion of persons besotted enough to allow a pack of brats to roam at will over the house, picking up anything that chanced to take their fancy, but on this occasion he refrained even saying benignly that it was of no consequence.

"I'll tell Almeria they can't be found!" he added with a flash of inspiration and went back into the drawing-room and firmly shut the door.

Lady Hester looked after him in helpless dismay, the color rushing to her cheeks. She glanced deprecatingly at Sir Gareth, and saw that his eyes were brimful of laughter.

"Shall we see how many shifts your father and sister-in-law have in store to detach us from the rest of the company?" he said.

"It is extremely diverting, but, for myself, I confess I have been hoping for the opportunity to talk to you ever since I arrived in Brancaster."

"Yes" she said unhappily. "I am aware—I know that it is only right that I should—Oh, dear, I am saying such foolish things, but if you knew how

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painful it is to me you would forgive me!"

He had taken her hand in his and he could feel how wildly her pulse was fluttering. He drew her towards the morning-room, and gently obliged her to enter it. It was lit only by an oil-lamp, a circumstance for which Hester disjunctly apologised.

"But, Hester, what is it?" he asked, his eyes searching her face. "Why do you tremble so? Surely you are not shy of me, such old friends as we are!"

"Oh, no! If we can but remain just that!"

"I think you must know that it is my very earnest wish to become more than your friend."

"I do know it, and indeed I am very much obliged to you, and truly sensible of the honor you do me—"

"Hester!" he expostulated. "Must you talk such nonsense?"

"Not nonsense! Oh, no! You have paid me a great compliment, and journeyed all this distance, which quite sinks me with shame, for I daresay it was most inconvenient—yet how could I write to you? I am aware that it should have been done—it makes it so excessively disagreeable for you! But indeed I told Papa at the

Continuing Sprig Muslin

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outset that I didn't wish for the match!"

He was perfectly silent for a moment, a tiny crease between his brows. Perceiving it, she said despairingly: "You are very angry, and I cannot wonder at it."

"No, I assure you! Only very much disappointed. I had hoped that you and I might have been happy together."

"We should not suit," she said faintly.

"If that were so, it must be my fault—and I would do my best to mend it," he replied.

She looked startled, and exclaimed: "Oh, no! Pray do not—I did not mean—Sir Gareth, indeed, you must not press me. I am not the wife for you."

"Of that you must let me be the judge. Are you trying to tell me civilly that I am not the husband for you? But I would do my best to make you happy."

She slid away from the question, saying only: "I don't think of marriage."

He came up to her, and again possessed himself of her hand. "Think of it now! If I don't remotely resemble the man you dreamed you would marry, how many of us marry our

dreams? Not many, I think—yet we contrive to be happy."

She said mournfully: "So very few! Alas, my dear friend, you did not!"

His clasp tightened on her hand, but he did not answer her immediately. When he spoke again it was with a little difficulty.

"Hester, if you are afraid that—if you are afraid of a ghost—you need not be! It is all so long ago. Not forgotten, but—oh, like a romantic tale, read when one was very young. Indeed, my dear, I haven't come to you, dreaming of Clarissa!"

"I know—oh, I know!" she said, in a shaking voice. "But you don't care for me."

"You are mistaken. I have a very great regard for you."

"Ah, yes! And I for you," she said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "I think—I hope—that you will meet someone one day who you will be able to love with all your heart. I beg of you, say no more!"

"I am not taking my rejection as I should, am I?" he said wryly.

"I am so very sorry! It is dreadfully mortifying for you!"

"What does that signify?"

But there is one thing I must say before we leave this. We are such old friends that you will let me speak frankly, I believe. Do you not think that even though we haven't tumbled into love, headlong, as we did when we were very young, we might yet be very comfortable together? If I can't give you romance there are other things I can give you. No, I don't mean riches: I know they would not weigh with you. But your situation is not happy."

He went on, very gently: "Forgive me if this gives you

pain. You are not valued as you should be; neither your comfort nor your sensibility is a matter of concern to any member of your family. Indeed, it has frequently seemed to me that your sisters regard you as a convenient drudge! As for your sister-in-law, the tone of her mind is such that I am tolerably convinced that to live under the same roof with her must be a severe penance! Well, I can offer you a position of the first consequence. You would be at no one's beck and call. You would be your own mistress—with a husband who, I promise you, would not make unreasonable demands of you. You may be sure that I should always attend to your wishes, and hold you in respect as well as affection. Would that not mean a happier life than the one you now lead?"

Her face was very white. She pulled her hand away, saying in a stifled voice: "No—anguish!"

This seemed so strange a thing for her to have said that he thought he could not have heard her aright.

"I beg your pardon?" she said blankly.

She had moved away from him in some agitation, and said now, with her back turned to him: "I didn't mean it—don't

heed it! I say such foolish things! Pray forgive me! I am so deeply grateful to you. Your wife will be the happiest of females, unless she is a monster, and I do hope you won't marry a monster! If only I could find my handkerchief!"

He could not help smiling at this, but he said soothingly: "Take mine!"

"Oh, thank you!" she said, clutching it gratefully, and drying her cheeks with it. "Pray, forgive me! I can't think what should possess me to behave like a watering-pot. So inconsiderate of me, when I daresay there is nothing you dislike more!"

"I dislike very much to see you in distress, and still more do I dislike the knowledge that it is my fault."

"Indeed it is not! It is nothing but my own folly, and, perhaps being a little tired to-night. I am better now. We must go back to the drawing-room."

"We will do so, but presently, when you are more composed," he replied, pulling forward a chair. "Come, sit down! It won't do for you to show that face to your family, you know." He saw that she was reluctant, and added: "I am not going to

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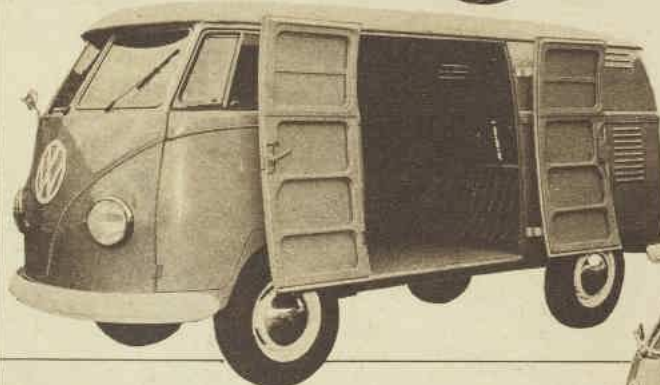
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say anything to distress you further, I promise you."

She took the chair, murmuring, "Thank you! Is my face quite blotched?"

"A very little; nothing to signify. Are you fixed at Brancaster for the whole summer?"

This calm, conversational gambit did much to restore her tranquillity; she replied with tolerable composure: "No, I shall be visiting my sister, and one of my aunts, when my brother and his wife remove to Ramsgate, with the children. My little nephew is inclined to be sickly, and it is thought that sea-bathing may be of benefit to him."

They discussed sea-bathing, and childish ailments, until suddenly Hester laughed.

"Oh, how absurd this is!" she exclaimed. "I am very much obliged to you; you have made me quite comfortable again. Is my face fit to be seen? I think we should go back. Almeria is disposed to be uncivil to Amanda, I am afraid, and although I daresay Amanda is very well able to take care of herself, I do think it would be better that they should not quarrel."

"Undoubtedly! But when I left Amanda she was indulging a fit of the sullen on the terrace, and had no intentions of

returning to the drawing-room."

"Oh dear! It will be very awkward if she won't be in the same room with Almeria," said Hester, looking harassed. "You see, I asked her if she would not like to remain with me, instead of seeking employment at an inn — which I cannot think at all suitable — and I fancy she will do so."

"So she informed me, but I disbelieved her. Thank you. It was kind of you to invite her, but I wouldn't for the world impose so much upon your good-nature. If she remained with you, which I doubt, she would very soon have the whole house in uproar. Indeed, I shudder to think of the battle royal which would rage between her and Lady Widmore! You would be utterly crushed between them!"

"I don't suppose I should," she said reflectively. "I find I don't notice things as much as perhaps I ought. I daresay it is through being pretty well accustomed to living with peevish persons. And I have my dogs, you know. Perhaps Amanda would like to have one of Juno's pups. I thought that you wished for one, but it turned out otherwise."

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

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"Not at all!" he responded promptly. "I should be delighted to have one of Juno's pups!"

The fugitive smile lit her eyes. "No, you wouldn't. You are not at all the sort of man who would wish to have a pug at his heels. Do you think that Amanda would run away from Brancaster?"

"I am perfectly sure that she would. Not, I fancy, while I am on the premises, for she's no fool, and she must know she could not hope to get more than a mile or two away before I should have overtaken her. She doesn't yet know how far it is to Chatteris, or what coaches go there, or even where to find a convenient carrier, but you may depend upon it that it would not take her long to discover these things. She would then hatch some scheme fantastic enough to baffle all conjecture, and by the time I had returned with her Brigade-Major she would have hired herself out as a washerwoman, or thrown in her lot with a band of gipsies."

"I expect she would like to

become a gipsy," agreed Hester, apparently deeming this a reasonable ambition. "But I believe there are none in the neighborhood just now. Of course, no one could wonder at it if she thought this a sadly dull house, but I do think that she would be more comfortable here than at an inn, particularly if she were employed at the inn in a menial capacity."

He laughed.

"Most certainly she would! But she won't care a button for that, you know. I'm afraid the blame is mine: I was foolish enough to tell her that I should discover the Brigade-Major's name and direction at the Horse Guards, which must scotch any hope we might otherwise have nursed of inducing her to remain under your protection. Really, I can't think how I came to be so cork-brained, but the mischief is done now, and the only thing I can do is to carry her to my sister's house."

She got up, making an in-

effectual attempt to straighten the lace shawl she wore over her shoulders. Sir Gareth took it out of her hands, and disposed it becomingly for her, which made her say, with a gleam of fun: "Thank you! You see how unhandy I am. I should be such a trial to you!"

He smiled, but only said: "You know, Hester, I am afraid that your father will be displeased with the outcome of this interview. 'Is there any way in which I can shield you?'"

"Well, you could say that it was all a fudge, and what you really wish for is one of Juno's pups," she offered.

"No, that I most assuredly could not say!"

"Never mind!" she said consolingly. "I shall be quite in disgrace, I daresay, but it is not of the least consequence. I must find poor Amanda."

"Very well. She is seated at the end of the terrace," he replied, holding open the door for her.

But Amanda had left the terrace. No sooner had Sir Gareth left her, than Mr. Theale, an interested and shameless eaves-dropper, had risen from the rustic bench immediately below the parapet, where he had been enjoying his cigarillo, and mounted the broad stone steps to the terrace. What he had heard had resolved his doubts:

he was now assured that Sir Gareth had had the effrontery to introduce his particular into the chaste precincts of Brancaster Park.

Mr. Theale had not previously held him in much esteem, but he was obliged to own now that he had underrated the fellow. Such audacity commanded his instant respect.

He wondered what peculiar concatenation of circumstances had rendered it necessary for Ludlow to adopt such a desperate course, and reflected that it all went to show how unwise it was to judge a man by the face he showed to the world. One would have supposed Ludlow to be the last man alive to desire a reluctant mistress, yet here he was, plainly determined not to let this little bird escape him.

Mr. Theale sympathised with him, but could not forbear chuckling to himself. He rather fancied that he had the poor fellow at a disadvantage, for however infuriated he might be at having his mistress filched from him he would be obliged to accept the situation.

And, thought Mr. Theale, he can't so much as mention the matter to me, let alone call me out! I'm poor Hetty's uncle! He may be brazen, but

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Continuing

Sprig Muslin

from page 73

he won't kick up such a dust as that!

Fortified by this conviction, he made his way towards the end of the terrace.

Amanda watched his advance with the light of speculation in her eye. He might be a fat old man, doddering on the brink of the grave, but he was clearly disposed to admire her, and might, with a little ingenuity, be turned to useful account. She smiled upon him, therefore, and made no objection to his seating himself beside her, and taking her hand between both of his.

"My dear little girl," said Mr. Theale, in a voice of fatherly benevolence, "I fear you are in some trouble! Now, I wonder if I might help you?"

Amanda drew a long breath of sheer ecstasy. Mr. Theale mistook it for a sigh, and patted her hand, saying fondly: "There, there! Only tell me all!"

"I am an orphan," said Amanda, adding tragically: "Cast upon the world without the means to support myself!"

"My poor child!" said Mr. Theale. "Have you no kindred to care what becomes of you?"

"No, alas!" said Amanda. "Let us take a turn in the garden!" said Mr. Theale, much heartened by this disclosure.

It could not have been said, when Amanda came to the end of her imaginative confidences, that Mr. Theale perfectly understood all the ramifications of her story. One thing was quite plain to him: Sir Gareth had hideously mangled a promising situation.

One wouldn't have suspected that a fellow with such address, and such easy, pleasant manners, would have so grossly mishandled a shy filly whom anyone but a cod's head must have guessed would respond only to a very light hand on the bridle. That Amanda had disliked him from the outset Mr. Theale did not for a moment believe, for the particular story Amanda had selected for his edification was the one she owed to the pen of Mr. Richardson.

Sir Gareth had recognised the provenance, and had very unkindly said so; Mr. Theale, whose reading did not embrace the works of novelists admired by his parents, did not recognise it. Broadly speaking, he accepted the story, but the construction he put upon it was scarcely what the fair plagiarist would have desired.

No doubt the little lovebird had encouraged the widowed parent of her young mistress to make up to her; probably, thought the cynical Mr. Theale, she had hoped to lure him into proposing marriage. That would account for the apparent inhumanity of the young mistress in turning her out.

Just how much time had elapsed, or what had happened, between this heartless eviction and Amanda's arrival at Brancaster under Sir Gareth's protection, Mr. Theale neither knew nor troubled to discover. She had said that she had met Sir Gareth for the first time on the previous day, but, that, naturally, was a lie.

On his own admission, Sir Gareth had lingered on the road from London. He had pitched them a Canterbury story about a visit to old friends in Hertfordshire; in Mr. Theale's view, it had been a young friend who had detained him, and had succeeded in fixing his interest so securely that rather than lose her he had adopted the perilous course of bringing her to Brancaster. Ten to one that had been when the chit had taken fright.

A handsome face and a fine

figure were very well, but what was needed in this case was delicacy.

Mr. Theale, in the most delicate fashion imaginable, offered Amanda an asylum. He did it so beautifully that even if she had been attending closely to him she must have found it difficult to decide whether he was inviting her to become an inmate of his hunting-box in the guise of a maidservant or in that of an adopted daughter.

In the event, she paid very little heed to his glibly persuasive periods, being fully occupied in considering how, and at what stage of the journey to Melton Mowbray to dispense with his further escort.

On one point Mr. Theale failed to reassure her. So great was her dread of Sir Gareth that nothing served to convince her that he would not, as soon as her flight was discovered, pursue her relentlessly, and quite certainly, unless she had several hours' start of him, overtaking her and snatching her back into his power.

"No, no, he won't do that!" Mr. Theale said comfortably.

"Well, I think he will," replied Amanda. "He is determined not to let me escape. He said so!"

"Ay, I heard him," said Mr. Theale, chuckling to himself. "He was bawling you, my dear. The one thing he can't do is to get you away from me. He's been hoaxing you more than you knew. I'll go bail he hasn't told you what brought him here, has he?"

"No," admitted Amanda. "Well, he's come to offer for my niece," disclosed Mr. Theale.

"For Lady Hester?" gasped Amanda, round-eyed.

"That's it. Sets him at a stand. A nice dust there would be if the truth of this business were to become known! Bad enough to have brought you here in the first place. The tale will be that I've taken you to those relations of yours at Oundle. Of course, he'll know I haven't done any such thing, because he knows there ain't any relations at Oundle, but he won't dare say so."

"I think," said Amanda firmly, "that we should fly from this place at dawn."

"Not at dawn," replied Mr. Theale, even more firmly.

"Well, very early in the morning, before anyone is out of bed," she conceded.

Mr. Theale, although not addicted to early rising, agreed upon reflection that it would be desirable to have left Brancaster before Sir Gareth had emerged from his bedchamber. He could not be induced to favor so ungodly an hour as that suggested by Amanda, but after some argument a compromise was reached, and they parted, Mr. Theale repairing to the library, where he was later discovered, apparently sleeping off a liberal potation of brandy; and Amanda seating herself under a fine yew-tree on the lawn. Here she was found by Lady Hester, who begged her to come back into the house before she contracted a chill.

Amanda, who had been pondering the astonishing intelligence conveyed to her by Mr. Theale, would dearly have liked to have asked her whether she really was about to become affianced to Sir Gareth. The question was on the tip of her tongue when she reflected that if the story were

untrue Lady Hester might be put out of countenance by such a question. In her youthful eyes, Hester was long past the marriageable age, but she approved of her, and was inclined to think that she would be just the wife for a gentleman also stricken in years.

The unexpected streak of maturity which underlay her childish volatility made it possible for her to understand, in the light of Mr. Theale's disclosure, the hitherto incomprehensible hostility of Hester's abigail; and although she was not much given to considering any other interests than her own she did feel that it would be a great shame if, through

her unwitting fault, the match came to nothing.

This led to the comfortable conviction that in leaving Brancaster without the formality of bidding farewell to her kind hostess she was acting almost entirely in Hester's interests. So she accompanied Hester back to the drawing-room with all the good humor engendered by the agreeable feeling of having decided to adopt a very unselfish course of action.

She was only sorry that it was impossible to guess, from either Hester's demeanor or Sir Gareth's, whether they were, in fact, betrothed, or whether the story was nothing but a hum.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 11, 1956



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DEAD MOUNTAIN LION

By EDITH PARGETER

TOILING up the ash-white traverses of the Langkofeljoch, with his eyes bent steadily on the zigzags of the path ahead, Edward Stapier came over the brow of the pass before he was aware, and looked up from the sudden grey heaving of rock round his elbows into a boiling cauldron of cloud.

The cliffs of the Langkofel soared clean out of sight on his right hand, foaming with leaden coils of cloud and screaming with ravens. On his left the broken rocks climbed to the base of the palm of Funfinger, spitz, but all the fingers were lost in purple vapor.

The last coppery reflected rays of the sunset, flung back from the rose-red wall of the Sella, fumbled past him and felt at the cliffs, streaking them with rose and black, but reached no farther than the gateway. Within there was only the first narrow arena of stone and snow between the rocks, and then the seething frenzy of cloud darkening beyond the hour, grey into purple, purple into black.

Edward stopped on the threshold, and, turning his back on the forbidding cavern of the Langkofelkar,

looked back down the dizzy slope into the rock town behind the Rifugio Passo Sella. The speck of the white walls and fleck of reddish roof were sharply visible still, fifteen hundred feet below him, close to the vivid white coils of the road, which thrust between this fantastic giant's-castle of Langkofel and the enormous table of the Sella, and slid away over the brow of the pass into the tree-filled recesses of the Val di Fassa, far down out of his sight.

Down there was the warmth of July and the drowsy sunset of Italy. Up here he stood on the edge of a slanting snowfield, with the vaporous hands of an imminent storm brushing damply at his shoulders.

Against his will he felt a small contraction of discomfort inside him. It was all downhill now to the Rifugio Vicenza, low down there in the invisible bowl of the group. Surely there wasn't a shadow of risk

Continued overleaf

Roy J. Foster

"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION," by Edith Pargeter

attached to the mere slither down the snowy slope to find it, and his bed for the night with it. Surely, even if the clouds broke in the threatened torrential rain and sleet, the worst that could happen to him was a wetting.

Still, he had to admit that he disliked the look of it almost as much as he disliked the idea of turning back. He could tackle anything, provided he could see it; but here, as he advanced tentatively into the snowfield and felt the rocks of the gateway folding closely in behind him, the limit of vision went backwards before him grudgingly a step at a time, and the steps were getting momentarily shorter and more mutinous.

Between the twin copper cliffs the palpable presence of storm cloud and writhed, and the ravens screamed and wheeled in it invisibly, giving it an appropriate voice. Edward did not want to be impressed, but against his will he knew that it was magnificent, and that perhaps he would never see anything like it again.

He did not like it any the better for that. He had come all the way up from Bolzano in the orderly manner he preferred, sticking to his timetable as tenaciously as he stuck to his syllabus all through a three-year tutorial; and if he did not reach Vicenza tonight his whole programme would be thrown out of gear.

The very thought made him give a determined hitch to his rucksack and plunge on, through the deep slide of snow, through the tumbled rocks inside the gateway, into the first narrow bowl of the Langkofelkar.

Within the darkening shelter of the Five Fingers a tall snowfield slanted upward, clean to the rocky wall. The lofty receding whiteness drew his eyes, and instantly he stopped in his tracks, for somehow at this hour he had not expected the Langkofelkar to be inhabited.

There was a girl on the snowfield. She was not paying any attention to him, she had not yet seen him nor heard his approach. She was wholly absorbed in what she was doing, and to Edward's staid mind her occupation was so astonishing that he became wholly absorbed in it, too, and stood staring like a halfwit.

She was dressed in slacks and a thick orange-colored sweater, with her trouser-ends tucked into multi-colored socks above ski boots, and she was engaged in running full tilt up the steep snowfield as high as she could before losing impetus, and then sliding down again, eccentrically poised with spread arms on the dimpled and soiled surface. Usually she ended the slide on her feet, came down, in a flurry of snow, on her feet, laughing silently, for he could see her laughter though he could not hear it.

She was playing devotedly, in the middle of a terrifying solitude of rock and storm-cloud, as unimpressed by the vastness and violence of the Dolomites and the crying flight of the ravens as a child or a cat. And, indeed, there was something of both child and cat in her perfect concentration and absolute unconsciousness. Edward held his breath and did not realise that he was holding it for fear she should become aware of him and be disconcerted. Children and cats do not like being watched.

She was young and beautifully built, strong and slender. She had hair of the light, honeyed gold which is not uncommon in North Italy, and her face was oval and smooth, and tanned to a deep bronze-gold, noticeably darker than the hair. He judged that she

had kept from an active winter the deep yellow sunburn of the mountains and darkened it now by the warmer brown of the July sun.

This gold and bronze coloring was all he could see of her, until she took a wilder plunging fall, rolled down the snowfield, and sat up in a flurry of white, beating snow from her sleeves. She was facing the rocks where he stood, and she saw him.

He need not have been afraid; she was not startled. She got up unconcernedly and came towards him at a light run; and when she was close enough to examine him she slowed to a walk, smiling with a flash of white teeth in the gold of her face, and said in clear, rather high voice: "Buona Sera!" as if they were meeting and passing on some frequented road; and then as blithely, in case he had not understood: "Bon soir, monsieur! Good evening!"

Edward, who had never been more taken aback in his life, nevertheless managed to reply with correct gravity: "Good evening!"

HE shifted his rucksack uneasily and looked down the wavering track which was trodden downhill through the snow. He ought to get on as quickly as possible, but he could hardly march past her and leave this suggestive fragment of conversation hanging in the air forever. People who meet on mountains, at least in the Ladine country, always speak to one another; there are even formulae for the exchange. The girl knew them; he need not have troubled to feel for them himself; she knew what to say.

"Where are you bound for?"

"The Rifugio Vicenza. And you?"

"Oh, back to Sella," she said, shaking back the heavy, soft waves of her swinging hair. "I came up here only for an hour to get an appetite for dinner. From where have you come today?"

"From Pordoi." It did not sound a very impressive day's work; he wondered how he had managed to take so long over it.

"To Vicenza is too far," she said, shaking her head gravely. Through the heavy dancing motion of her hair he could discern the delicate and subtle shape of the small Mediterranean head; and when she bent to beat the clinging snow from her slacks he was excited and touched by the slender and supple tensions of the lines of her nape, as slight as an adolescent boy's.

"The weather is not good," she said, straightening up, "and it will be dark before you can reach the rifugio. You should turn back to Sella."

"How long does it take from here to Vicenza?"

"Even in good conditions, more than one hour. It is here more difficult than on the side by which you have come, and there also you have the best light. Down to Sella it is only half an hour and very easy. I think you should not go on tonight; it will not be safe. At the Rifugio Sella they will find you a bed. I am staying there myself. It is full, but they will not send you away."

He knew that she was giving him sensible advice, but his mind could find only dismay in such an adjustment of his holiday.

Edward planned his life, and his plans worked, and when they ceased to work the whole tempo of living would be in danger. And yet his eyes dwelt hesitantly upon the girl's face, and he found himself irresolute.

Her build was Italian, her coloring not unusual for the north, and yet her cheekbones hinted at a stray Slav or two somewhere in her ancestry. Some admixture of Croat blood, probably. He was so used to seeing people as studies in anthropology that he could not get out of the habit all in a moment. He had hardly even realised yet how lovely she was, with her bright balletic movements and her green-gold eyes, fixed so directly, with such candid curiosity and such serene detachment, upon his face.

"I am going back now," she said. "If you are wise, you will come, too." But she did not wait to see if he would follow her. She had finished her game and completed her brief study of him. She wanted her dinner now.

She swung away from him, through the rocks, and when he retraced his steps to the gateway to watch her go, she was already plunging down the steep slope with spread arms like a swooping bird, dwindling into the twilight.

Edward turned resolutely and walked across the almost level basin towards the next broken barrier of rocks, beyond which there seemed to be nothing but the angry convolutions of cloud. The level of the ground fell away sharply there in a scramble, the length of which he could not see. He began the descent gingerly, but maintained it for no more than five minutes. Darkness was closing too quickly upon the Langkofelkar. The girl was right; he ought to go back. It was the only sane thing to do.

He turned once again, and made his way back with a noticeably accelerated step. It occurred to him, as he emerged into the comparative light of the slope, that the girl had felt quite secure in leaving him without more vehement protests. She had trusted to his good sense and known he would turn back.

He went down the slope more soberly than she had done, and as he descended the light dimmed abruptly and the twilight became night. He was glad he'd had the sense to give in. Moreover, the first drops of a heavy shower spattered round him as he drew near to the large white bulk of the "rifugio."

Passing its doors on his way upwards nearly two hours ago, he had been repelled by its air of teeming over-population, as if he had discovered a busy railway terminus on top of the pass; but now its lights and voices seemed to him infinitely welcoming and kind.

He clumped into the wide wooden hall, which had kept its air of being exclusively for the active and spartan from the old days when this major hotel had been a mere mountain hut. People and dogs were seething in and out of the doors as furiously as the cloud boiled in and out of the darkening blowhole of the mountain above.

Most of the people, Edward judged, were Italians, and of a certain fairly clearly indicated kind. Not the rich and fashionable, but the comfortably-off and self-confident. The few who were just coming in, in climbing kit of the cheap, un-aesthetic but efficient ex-army type, struck him as being the few foreigners, Austrian, German or English. The rest were better dressed, but for admiration rather than action.

As for the dogs, they were mostly a litter of half-grown Boxers which seemed to belong to the house, but there were several spaniels and little woolly terriers, too, and almost as many children shrilly pursuing and tormenting them. The din was almost confusing after the immense quietness on the mountain.

He used his best German on a girl behind the counter in the little shop, where all the musical-boxes and wooden toys from the Val Gardena waited for purchasers. She told him that the rooms were all taken, but hesitated and glanced at the darkening windows, and he knew she would not turn him away. There was a bed in one of the top landings. She lifted her shoulders at the impossibility of making him understand what a Passo Sella landing could signify, and sent him up with the porter to look at it.

It proved to be a large corner in a wilderness of dark brown wooden recesses like open rooms, warm still from the hot sunshine which had poured upon the roof most of the day. A bathroom was not far distant, and the place had more privacy by far than he would have found in the chalet used by the climbers. He accepted it gladly, and shut himself into the bathroom to wash and shave in some haste, for the gong had already sounded for dinner, and he was hungry.

The dining-room at the Rifugio Passo Sella was large, bright, and noisy. As soon as Edward entered, he was met by a very diminutive waitress, with a flashing Italian smile and dancing cardraps, who waved him after her to a table in a corner.

It was laid for six people, but only one person was yet seated, an elderly, lean-faced man with cheeks the color of teak, and far-sighted blue eyes. He was dressed in an ancient and disreputable tweed jacket, knickerbockers, and a khaki shirt without a tie, and his large hands, knotted before him on the plastic tablecloth, were like the roots of trees. He might have come straight up from the Ladine villages as guide to a climbing party.

Perhaps, thought Edward, that was exactly what he was, and he was merely having dinner here before going home after his day's work. But in that case, why was he not sitting with his party? Having little Italian, and no Ladine, however, he addressed him hesitantly in German. Most of the locals were bilingual.

"Good evening!" said the elderly man, with the kind of smile a tree or a rock might have produced if it could smile. "Thought you were English! Sit down—where you like! They should come in on time." He pushed the carafe of red wine across the table. "Staying long?"

"Only overnight. I was a bit too late to get over to Vicenza, or I shouldn't be here now. The weather was against me."

"Oh! Just walking?" A little of the bright, speculative interest faded out of the blue eyes. "You don't climb?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Pity! But you couldn't have better country for learning," he said, brightening. "I've got a couple of keen beginners up on the Grohmann today—goodness knows what they're about at this hour, but they're with two old hands who know the pitches backwards. And Johann, of course! I'd have been with 'em if I hadn't pulled a muscle on the Sella yesterday. Why not stay a few days and join up with us?"

He had a hypnotic eye, and his confidence that Edward must nurse somewhere within him the burning ambition to climb was more than daunting. Edward devoted himself to his soup and muttered apologetically that he had to get over to Sissi as soon as possible, and deflected his companion's attention to more amenable material.

"All your party are English?"

"Yes. Palgrave and his wife

have been coming out here with me—various places, you know—for several years. This year we brought out two of my undergraduates. Promising lads, too! Climbed with 'em in England often, but they're new to the Dolomites."

Edward warmed to find himself in the company of a fellow-don. They exchanged names, and plunged into involved comparisons of provincial universities, and a corner of the Sella dining-room became academic England for a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time Professor Lacey was looking at his watch again, rather with the critical dissatisfaction of an exact mind than with any anxiety.

"Betty and Rob would be sure to get them down before dark. Of course, they'd still have the drop from the col to tackle, and that would add on half an hour or so in the dark. But they ought to be here by now." The light blue eyes in their webs of brown wrinkles roved round the room speculatively. "They're not the only latecomers tonight, I see. Our star turn's missing!"

Edward suppressed a guilty start, convinced for a moment that this sharp old male gossip had probed the recesses of his mind, and surprised the image of the golden girl inconveniently large and insistent there. But when he followed the shrewd gaze he saw that his companion's thoughts were elsewhere. He was watching the antics of a large party of obvious Italians, round a table in the middle of the room. They were all of them notably overdressed, and were making a considerable amount of noise.

Middle-class, thought Edward, young marrieds and marriageables from one of the cities, probably well cushioned against the rigors of a mountain holiday with three or four of those exciting Italian cars he had noticed when first he passed the door. There was only one vacant place, a pretty, distraught little dark woman sitting anxiously beside it, her eyes for ever on her watch.

SPEAKING quietly, the Professor said, "Her husband." He had been ten days at Sella, and there was very little about any of its visitors that he did not know. He had that feverish impersonal curiosity, between the scientist and the old maid's, which sometimes makes professors the most worldly wise, as well as the most realistically innocent, of men. "It seems very quiet without him," he added, raising his voice to make himself heard above the mounting din.

"Why, who is he?" asked Edward, his discontented eyes straying from face to face between their tenacious watch on the door.

"Oh, just one of those people with over-active glands. Two hundred per cent. alive, and correspondingly over-confident, but still a magnificent creature. Name's Leoni, I believe. We always call him the Lion. The rest run round after him making adoring noises. They're all from the same place—somewhere in the Veneto; I think it's Padua."

He sniffed; his opinion of the Paduan party was plainly not a very high one. Probably none of them climbed.

"Pretty wife he's got, at any rate," said Edward, watching her look sadly from her watch to the empty chair beside her. "Fond of him, too!"

"Best-looking of the whole bunch, and the only one he never takes any notice of. There isn't a woman in the place he hasn't made a pass at—most of them successful!"

A handsome woman, that is! Until Olimpia arrived he didn't mind handling three or four at a time. Women go for that kind of fellow, too. But, of course, with Olimpia in sight the rest more or less vanish." He lifted his long nose, sniffing appreciatively in the direction of the door. "Speak of the angel! Now there's a woman!"

The golden girl from the Langkofelkar came in slowly, and moved between the tables to her place on the other side of the room. It was simple truth; the other women paled into invisibility beside her radiance. She had changed into a black silk skirt and sandals, and a matt white blouse cut very low on her shoulders, and out of its opaque whiteness her golden shoulders sailed with the aplomb of a lily growing. Her arms were long, rounded, and beautiful. Her skin was as sleekly smooth as polished bronze.

The only disquieting thing about her, the only thing which turned the enthusiastic acceleration of Edward's heart into a disordered gallop, was the presence at her shoulder of a large man in an expensive summer suit, a bulky blond of impressive physique and indeterminate age. Somewhere between thirty and forty, clean-shaven, heavy-featured, one of those inert faces behind which a formidable temper can sometimes conceal itself. Worst of all, his hand at the girl's elbow was casual and possessive, his manner of seating her too lordly for a suitor, too assiduous for a brother.

Edward's eyes followed her steadily until she was seated. He swallowed hard and asked as casually as he could:

"Who is she?"

"That's Olimpia! Signora Montesanto—I'm afraid!" Edward caught Professor Lacey's too penetrating eye, and quickly averted his own, but he was aware that the fall of his face must have been visible across the room.

"Yes," said the Professor with candid sympathy, "he's her husband. Sometimes I'm not sure that she's any better pleased about it than the rest of us. A lovely creature, isn't she? There isn't a man in the place who hasn't made a play for her."

"Including your Lion," said Edward, struggling manfully to look no more concerned about Signor Montesanto's unwelcome existence than the next man.

"Oh, he can't understand that any woman could resist him. Few ever have, as far as I can gather. As for husbands, they have no role in his plans, even when they happen to be as large as Tonino. The Lion is a genuine lion."

"Not the ideal person to tangle with," admitted Edward, watching the heavy movements of Montesanto across the room. "What is he?"

"Merchant of some kind. They're from Milan. Plenty of money there, obviously, but one can't help wondering how he managed to get Olimpia in the first place."

"She'd have made a magnificent lioness," said Edward, on an irresponsible impulse.

"So the Lion seems to think. I must say, she hasn't shown any sign of thinking so herself, for all the success he's had elsewhere. I've never seen her show any favoritism. One picks up the crumbs and is grateful. No doubt she's found out that it's the only way to keep the peace, with a possessive person like her husband around. So none of the young men ever get beyond dreaming, but at least they can all dream on equal terms."

Some of the tables were already emptying. Giulia Leoni was twisting a handkerchief

"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION," by Edith Pargeter

between her anxious fingers, and looking over her shoulder towards the door at every sound of a step entering the wooden hall. Most of her party had drifted away and left her isolated beside her husband's empty place. Giulia was certainly no lioness. A charming little black kitten, perhaps, nothing more feral than that.

A few belated walkers and climbers had come in from time to time; the hollow thudding of Vibram soles in the hall was enough to draw Professor Lacey's gaze back to the door. They were halfway through coffee and the first cigarette when a red head was thrust in at the door, and dark young eyes in a dirty face signalled across to them imperatively.

A lot of heavy boots in the hall this time, and several voices, all deliberately low and restrained. The boy did not come in, only flashed his urgent eyes at them, and on their first movement to respond disappeared, one hand already unlatching the front of his windjacket.

"Young Crowther," said Professor Lacey, stubbing out his cigarette without hesitation. "Something wrong?" he added in the same quiet tone, and got up and made for the door. Edward went after him, because the boy's eyes had seemed to include him in the summons. If he had been placed at their table, he was probably British, and therefore, among all these incalculable people, the first to be admitted as an ally.

He was hard on Lacey's heels as they came out into the hall. The red-headed boy was hovering at the door of the room where unwanted luggage and climbing equipment were kept, his anxious eyes looking back for them. His hand was ready to close the door as soon as they were within, and he began to talk, in a soft, laborious voice of shock, the moment they were within range.

"Prof, something ghastly's happened! He would climb alone! My God, of all the idiots! And who's going to tell his wife?"

The big, brown, quiet woman who was kneeling in the middle of the floor said kindly but firmly: "Shut, Bill! Go on get a drink, and bring one for Tony, too."

There were four of them grouped round something on the floor; the woman, who must be Mrs. Palgrave, and a shaggy middle-aged man in a dark green sweater, who was most probably her husband; the other undergraduate, a thickset boy in an ex-Army windproof jacket; and the guide Johann, who was slight and wiry.

They were bending over a long bundle, the unmistakable shape of a man, from which Johann was just carefully unwinding the nylon rope which helped keep together a protective cocoon of outer garments and afforded a means of carrying the burden.

"Took us all this time to get him down the scree," said Palgrave, looking up sombrely into Lacey's face. "We marked out the position we found him in, in case they can make anything of it, but Bill's right, it looks as if he was fooling about on the Grohmann by himself. Betty tried some photographs, too, in what was left of the light. They may say we shouldn't have moved him, but hell! we couldn't just come away and leave him there. Not that there's a thing anybody can do for him now he's here," he added simply.

"We'd better get the doctor, at any rate. He's in the dining-room now."

"I'll go," said Tony promptly, and made for the door.

"And the manager! Ask Sabina to find him." Lacey watched the layers of padding fall away with the rope, and asked: "Dead?"

"Stone dead! Dead when we found him."

The figure took shape, seemed to grow larger. Edward saw the body of a big and shapely man, a young, lusty, arrogant body, in well-made mountain clothes of a rough light cloth, good boots, a white silk shirt open about a brown, brawny throat. A sweater was peeled away gently from the face under Johann's brown and silent hand.

One of those bold, over-pronounced faces, full of bone, with large, deep eyelids half-open upon dark eyes, a strong jaw. He had a short russet beard, nicely trimmed about the full and passionate mouth.

They stood looking down at him for an instant in awed silence. "Better a live dog!" said Professor Lacey, and added upon a sharper tone: "He doesn't seem to have had much of a fall!"

He fell on his knees beside Johann, who was already unbuttoning the tweed jacket. "Not a mark on him! No obvious fractures! What the devil did happen to him?"

They had all drawn closer, Edward fascinated but silent on the fringes of the circle. Up there on the col they had felt their way over the body in the last of the fading twilight; now they saw him clearly—a whole, unbroken man.

"The snow under him," said Mrs. Palgrave suddenly, "it was hardly dented! Close to the rocks, too—if he'd fallen far, he'd have been embedded in it feet deep. There must be nearly two metres of snow there—"

JOHANN turned back the jacket. There was a thick brown pullover under it; he felt at it delicately above the dead man's heart, and drew back his fingers faintly stained. He turned up the pullover to disclose the soft white shirt. Close above the heart was a small, neat, unmistakable hole, so small that in the dark wool they had failed to see it at all. There was hardly any blood, only a few stained inches of silk. The wool had absorbed the rest as it oozed out from the wound, and the color had concealed it.

"No," said Professor Lacey, softly out of the stunned silence. "He didn't fall far—just off his own two feet. Somebody put a bullet in him at pretty short range. I think," he said, "I'd better go and break it to the manager that we're going to need the police."

Edward never knew how far the police had to come, whether from Santa Cristina, or Ortisei, or even more distant parts. But by nine o'clock they were there and in possession. The small points of light moving about high in air to westward, so high that from the windows of the house they were invisible, and from the rock town outside they looked like eccentric stars on the move, were the torches of the policemen plying up the traverses to the col. Within the house the little office was given over to the use of two more officers, the only refuge anywhere within doors from Giulia's tears and despair. Into that asylum they all went one by one, and accounted for their day. The interminable session began soon after nine, and would surely go on far into the night.

The English party told their story first, and it was brief

enough. They had been all day up on the Langkofelkar, deep in the recesses of the bowl, on the little Grohmann glacier and the slopes of the Grohmann above it. They had been entirely absorbed in the pitches of their climb and the coaching of the novices, and had seen no human beings below them, nor heard anything which could make them think of a revolver shot.

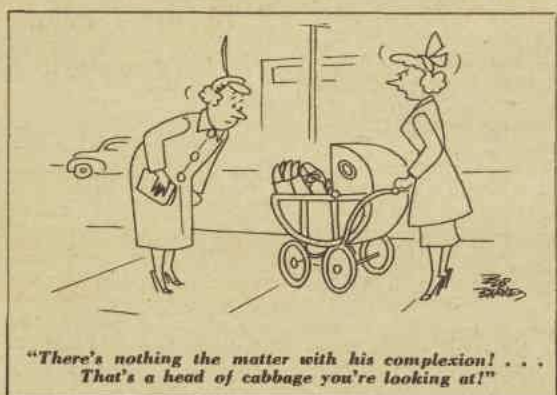
Descending, in light considerably worse than they had expected because of the abrupt accumulation of storm clouds, they had halted for a breather and a cigarette on reaching the foot of their climb, and then made their way leisurely towards the mouth of the col. Perhaps a quarter of an hour inward from the rocks and the little snowfield where Edward had changed his mind, they had found the body, under some of the more broken rocks ribbing inward from the Grohmann, and had naturally assumed an accident.

They had thought it best to bring Leoni's body down with them, but had marked out its

The dining-room was a chaos of protestations, the Boxer pups were under everybody's feet, the doctor, an inoffensive little man on holiday from a practice in Cremona, in weary attendance on Giulia. She had taken a sedative, and two of her Paduan friends were taking jealous care of her. As soon as she was fit to answer questions the police would see her, so that she could be put to bed and escape something, at least, of the horror of the evening.

Meantime, she sat clutching at the nearest friendly arm, her handkerchief at her lips, the tears raining effortlessly from her large, purple-black eyes, her little, plump, pretty feet drawn up primly under her chair. She had said hardly a word since they had broken the news to her, and had not once stopped crying.

Several of the other Paduan women were also in tears, but voluble between their bouts of weeping, and the noise they produced sounded to Edward as bitter and angry as it was shrill. The men of the party



position with stones, and left a colored handkerchief wedged flaglike into a cleft of the rock above to make discovery easy. Mrs. Palgrave had attempted some photographs of the body before they moved it, but even the fastest film could hardly be expected to produce much at that hour. The deceptive light had prevented them from seeing too clearly, and the very meagre flow of blood had all been absorbed within his clothes.

Moreover, as they realised now, his jacket had been buttoned after he was shot, for the cloth was not marked by any hole over the spot where his pullover and shirt were perforated. Not until they had eased him laboriously all the way down the scree and brought him into the light of the hotel, did they discover how he had died.

Edward, for his part, had come from Pordoi the long but easy way, using the road, but cutting off the bends wherever possible, and had begun the long slog up the Langkofel traverses shortly before six o'clock. At the top, about a quarter to seven, he had encountered Signora Montesanto, who had advised him to turn back to Sella because of the bad weather and the fading light, and after a very brief pause for consideration he had done so. That was all he knew. He had not gone farther into the Langkofelkar; he had not seen nor met any other person.

When they made their statements, which Professor Lacey translated into Italian, they were dismissed from the office, and heard no more directly; but it was amazing how much the old man gleaned by moving inquisitively about the house afterwards, his ears stretched to draw in all the streams of furious and distraught gossip which were flying at random in search of an audience.

body seems to have seen the Lion turn back from Rodella and go up into the Langkofelkar."

"That could be true enough," said Palgrave, looking up from his belated dinner. "In country on this fantastic scale it's amazing how you can lose a hundred people—all still within sight."

"Oh, it could be true! So he came back alone and unnoticed—or maybe he didn't come back, but worked up along the contour from Rodella, and on to the slope from there."

"Did he leave his wife with as little ceremony as the rest of the party?" asked Edward, with more than conventional disapproval, for even in helpless tears Giulia was a charming little creature.

"With much less. Why should he waste finesse on her? He's already had her. Besides, Giulia doesn't walk. Everybody knows it. No, he brought her here, and after that she had to fend for herself. It would have been rather a sensation if he had been seen out with her, as a matter of fact."

"Then where did she spend her afternoon? I suppose they'll have to ask her, too." She was gone from the dining-room, as he saw when he looked round again; she must be in the office with the police at this moment.

"She took one of the cars, and went off down the valley by herself after breakfast. It seems she's been down in Santa Cristina shopping. I saw her bringing the parcels in when she got back, about twenty past seven or somewhere around that time. I suppose there won't be much difficulty in checking up on her car—where it was parked, what time she fetched it—where she had lunch, and so on."

The red-headed Bill said, rather uncomfortably: "There's a path up from Santa Cristina—it works up around the back of the Langkofel, and into the group that way, by Vicenza."

"It's two good hours walking, and the scramble at the end," said Tony. "And Giulia doesn't walk. And even if she really could tackle ground like that, she couldn't have got back to pick up her car in the time."

INTERRUPTING him, Bill asked, "How do you know she couldn't? We don't know what time he was shot. He may have been there two or three hours. We shouldn't have been any the wiser, and he was clean out of sight from the path down to Vicenza."

Edward looked at the Professor, who certainly would not have forgotten to sound the doctor upon the subject. "What time was he shot?"

"He's too cautious to commit himself too deeply. Probably between half-past four and half-past six, he says."

"So, on the earlier limit, it would be a possibility for her to walk back to Santa Cristina, pick up the car, and still be back here by twenty past seven."

"It would for anyone but Giulia. Maybe she's not so helpless on her feet as she claims, but no one's ever seen her take more than a peaceful little promenade on the grass verge along the road. And after all, these people know her in Padua, as well as here at Stella, they should know what she's capable of."

"You didn't notice her shoes?" asked Mrs. Palgrave.

"No, I can't say I did. She wears good stout walking shoes,

though she doesn't walk. They're the thing here, and you can trust all that party to do whatever it is the thing. But as for what state they were in when she came home tonight, no, I didn't think to look."

"She wouldn't have hurt him!" said Tony, suddenly laying down his fork as if his appetite had suffered a serious check. "She's crazy about him. And look what she's put up with already, without a murmur of complaint!"

Giulia came out of the office, her handkerchief to her eyes, the sympathetic arm of one of her friends supporting her tenderly towards the stairs. It was curious that they all looked at her shoes now. They saw foolish little sandals, with three-inch heels that tapped across the wooden floors hollowly. Exactly the shoes one would bring to Sella to support a reputation for never walking anywhere. They watched her climb the stairs and tap away forlornly to her room, the ministering angels still in attendance.

HOVERING anxiously upon the threshold of the office, the manager lifted an imploring finger and an eloquent eyebrow, and whispered: "Signora Montesanto!"

Olimpia rose, smiled at him reassuringly across the room, and crushed out her cigarette in the ashtray. She walked towards the open door and the waiting policemen with the beautiful, alert vehemence with which she launched herself down the snowfield, her long legs thrusting forward against the whispering silk of her skirt. She went into the office, and the door was closed after her.

The memory of her golden smile, vivid, interested, almost eager, silenced them. It made those correct, regretful English faces so decently compressed into the gravity proper to attendance upon death, look suddenly artificial, almost indecent. For some reason they found themselves avoiding one another's eyes. Edward said: "I suppose there wouldn't be any objection to our getting a breath of air, would there, provided we stay within call?"

He went towards the door, and since no one attempted to stop him, opened it and went out into the night. The light from the many windows poured out upon the pale surface of the road, and the few waiting cars, and beyond was the night itself, enormous and wonderfully dark, but clear of clouds now.

It was almost terrifyingly quiet, another world, depopulated, inexpressibly tranquil. He took the path which slid between the hotel and the little chapel, and walked into the cold, pale, stony borders of the rock town. Far above him the vague shape of the Langkofel, fantastically high and close, blotted out whole galaxies of stars.

He lit a cigarette, and found himself a sheltered corner among the rocks. The air had almost the snap of frost, he was shivering by the time he turned back slowly towards the "rifugio."

Out of the dimness something white moved vaguely towards him upon the path. His senses leaped to recognition as if he had willed her rather than merely encountered her. After the whiteness of her blouse he was aware of the light, amber gleam of her eyes. They had not kept her long; but then, she had nothing to tell them. He heard her sudden, indrawn

To page 79



RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,
well-known Interior
Decorator, tells you how to
make the most of your
home.

LIVING ROOM

The beauty of the outdoors was brought into this "view" room by using nature's own colours as the basis for decoration.

We have chosen Forest Green (703) Marbled Feltex for the floor and driftwood brown woodwork for wall panels and window frames. With this a muted string grey ceiling, which balanced perfectly with the grey tones of the stone fireplace, completing a sense of harmony with the scene beyond.

The two fireside couches sprang to life with flame red hopsack coverings, whilst the dining chairs and occasional stool blended into the picture in strong contrast, which we achieved with saffron yellow textured material.

The curtains became the highly decorative part in this plan; they had an off-white background with a bold design repeating the flame and almond green colours used on the floor and furniture.

GIRL'S BEDROOM

A young girl's bedroom is her pride and joy and should have all the gaiety and lightness of youthful years. We planned this room in a slightly frivolous manner without losing character in the scheme.

Our foundation is a Bottle Brush Green (500/6) Patterned Feltex floor. On the wall behind the bed, we used wallpaper in primrose and white stripes; the remaining walls and ceiling were painted a lovely warm coral rose, the same colour being repeated on a chair and dressing table stool. White glazed chintz with yellow flowers covered the bed and dressing table flounce and white organdie cafe curtains finished off the whole plan—a small velvet chair, covered in french lilac, added the one note of sophistication so dear to a young girl's dream.

DINING ROOM

In the dining room we chose plain Cardinal Red Feltex (648) for the floor. As a foil for the stimulating colour, we painted the walls cloud grey with a chartreuse ceiling and a deeper chartreuse shutter door. Citron yellow chair covers and table top on black wrought iron furniture gave the final colour to this contemporary little room.

Ruth Sloane

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"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION," by Edith Pargeter

breath, the long, soft sigh after it.

"Oh, it's you!"

The high, clear voice could be almost as still as silence itself. He felt his heart leap to the note of acceptance and pleasure with which she had identified him. She came closer, her face took form out of the darkness, exquisitely serene still, but somehow its composure had become transparent and vulnerable. Her eyes had a wide and almost brightened fixity.

"You'll be very cold!" said Edward, disturbingly aware of her bare golden shoulders so close to him. And indeed she was shivering, her long hands gripping her upper arms convulsively. "I'll go and get you a coat—or, if you'll have mine—"

The short hair tossed violently as she shook her head. "No, not cold! May I have a cigarette, please?" As he sheltered the little flame of the lighter assiduously between their bodies, his heart thumping at her nearness, she shut her hand suddenly over his, and clung to it with cool, tremulous fingers. In the pure oval of her face her eyes clung to his as fiercely. "Not cold—just afraid!"

"You're very kind," said Olympia softly, "and I am glad you are here. But there is nothing you can do for me except to be here, and be kind."

He did not know how it had happened, but his arm was around her shoulders, and he was trembling at least as violently as she, and stammering ridiculous reassurances into her ear. They clung together in the hushed and magical night, the honey of her hair brushing his shoulder. He was filled with an aching passion of tenderness and reverence, from which all the instincts of the prosaic Edward he had believed himself to be stood back in horrified astonishment.

"You can tell me," he said vaingloriously. "You can trust me! If there's something frightening you—"

"I am not often afraid," she said, in a soft indignant cry of protest, stiffening in his arms. "Only a moment, and I shall be quite all right. It's just that I—if only I'd known—"

He held her to his swelling heart, and waited.

"If I'd known—if we could know what people will do—I wouldn't have let him out of my sight today! Ever since I married him it has been like this! He looks for wrongs, wrongs, wrongs, everywhere, always. It is of no use, for people like Tonino, to be in everything chaste and good. It makes him only the more sure that he is being cheated. How can you convince someone who will not look at evidence? But I have grown used to that," she said in a shuddering whisper, "and I thought it would just go on like that always. I never thought that something bad would happen—like this!"

"You think your husband may have—may know something about Leoni's death?" Edward balked at the word "murder," and came at it roundabout, but the result sounded just as appalling. She lifted her beautiful face, so softly and deeply moulded in the darkness, and he saw the fixed golden shining of her eyes.

"We were out together all morning on the Cir; we went at dawn. When we came back to lunch I was tired, and so was he, and I went to my room and slept, perhaps two and a half, three hours, I don't quite know how long. I thought he would only sit in the sun, as we sometimes did in the afternoon, but when I dressed and came down to look for him I could not find him."

"I thought I would just go up to the col before dinner, be-

cause everyone was out, and I did not want to sit in the 'refugio' by myself. It was after five o'clock, I know, when I went out, but I am not sure how much after—perhaps Sabina will know, she saw me go out. When I came back—you know when that was—Tonino still had not come in. He did not come until almost eight o'clock."

"But we must be able to prove where he was all the afternoon," said Edward reasonably.

"He says that he took the

and climbed back that way. And still met nobody, except one man in the dark, a countryman whom he does not know, and who could not know him again. That is where he says he was. But—"

"But you're afraid he was up there in the Langkofelkar with Leoni! Is that it? You think he was there when you climbed up the same path, and that he waited until we'd both gone before he ventured down?"

"It could have been like that," she said, almost inaudibly.



"Your mother's the only efficient example of a minority government I know of."

meadow path over the pass, by Valentini's Inn, and went down towards Canazei. You know that path? For a long way it is so open you could see and recognise a man on it as much as half a mile away from you. There are huts, too, and part of the meadow is only just being mown. Do you think a man could go that way, and meet nobody? Oh, it is possible, it could happen to one man in a thousand men, but—"

"So, Tonino went halfway down the valley in this way, and met nobody, and in the evening he turned back and crossed into the woods by the stream, nearer to the road.

ably. "I did not go any farther than that snow bank where you found me. Did you?"

"No—only to the beginning of the descent, and then I turned back." His eyes dwelt upon hers in consternation and dismay. "Has he a gun? Do you know?"

"Yes, I have seen it—but I do not know about guns. It is only small, but I don't know the calibre? Is that right? It may be the wrong kind of gun. Only, I am afraid—"

Edward was shaken with a tremor of alarm which seemed to originate within his own heart rather than in any look or word of hers. He took her suddenly by the shoulders,

aware of the silken unexpectedness of her cool skin under his palms, but past anything so trivial as embarrassment. "He won't hurt you? If there's any fear of that—if there's any possibility—"

Olimpia smiled, slowly and wryly, with the smoke of the cigarette curling from her lips. She looked at him steadily, and he thought he saw amusement in her eyes, but was sure he saw tenderness. "You are very sweet," she said, so softly that he hardly heard the words.

"But if he's crazy with jealousy like that—if he thinks that—that you—"

"He thinks I have betrayed him with Paolo Leoni," she said, in a voice which had strongly recovered its calm, "and with at least a dozen men before him. I think he has dealt with Paolo for it. But I do not know it. That is not the kind of thing one tells to the police unless one is sure. No—one tells that only to someone who happens to be there when he is needed most—and who does not presume on one's need."

She dropped the butt of her cigarette, and put her foot upon it. Her hand closed tightly over his for a moment, and she was turning abruptly away when he caught her back suddenly into his arm.

"Olimpia—"

He didn't know what he had wanted to say, he was groping without any words, her startled face upturned to him, glimmering in the dark, the rich, long lips parted, the shining eyes wide. He felt for her mouth partly out of sheer desperation, because he was at a loss for something to say which would not be utterly fatuous. The kiss was by no means fatuous. Her mouth quivered, made to maintain its startled quiescence, and then could not. She fastened upon him insatiably, clinging and trembling.

Somewhere not very far distant, upon the path, a stone

rolled and a foot stumbled. A voice, heavy and still like valley air, said loudly, with palpable consciousness that she was near, and a kind of arrogant reluctance to intrude upon her: "Olimpia!"

She pulled herself out of Edward's arms with a resolute movement, and put him off from her with one hand when he made both to follow and to protest. Her face was quite calm. She shook her head at him, forbidding him to accompany her, but she made no secret of his presence, for as she walked firmly towards her husband she called back: "Good-night!" over her shoulder in deliberate English.

Edward stood where she had left him, burning with crazy ideas of launching himself after her, shutting his arm round her with the flourish of a self-conscious adolescent, and defying Montasanto to touch her. He had just enough sense left to restrain himself. If he wanted to destroy her, that would certainly be the way. But he strained his ears and nerves to catch the tone of the encounter, ready to spring to her rescue at the first hint of a threat.

The deep voice, inexpressibly weary and bitter, said with the faintest note of surprise: "An Englishman this time?" copying her firm pronunciation. "Well, why not? I have been received in every other major language." It was, in its way, a blow, but it was not the voice of a man immediately dangerous.

Edward wished, not for the first time, that he knew more than his few dozen words of Italian, but Olympia's tone spoke for her, even now that she had reverted to her own tongue. Patiently, quietly, without argument, she was denying the charges. She did not say very much; the liquid

Continued overleaf

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"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION," by Edith Pargeter

words were few, firm and uncompromising.

She knew how best to carry herself with this poor devil who was diseased enough to doubt her. Edward refrained from following them, though it cost him an effort. They were moving back together towards the hotel; their receding voices maintained the curious, sad tension of incurable, deluded loathing and calm, erect, resigned innocence. She had fended him off thus many times before, and with as little expectation of being believed.

They were gone. For an instant, when they reached the light from the windows of the dining-room, he saw them as two black shapes silhouetted on the yellow, walking apart, scrupulously drawn back from touching each other. Their careful movements infected him with a totally unexpected frenzy of pain.

Then they vanished, and he was alone with the chilling night. And far up the invisible slopes the torches of the police were threading a zigzag way downward, like arrested lightning flowing painfully towards the earth.

Edward watched the police thread their way through the rocks towards the "rifugio," which was still blazing with lights. They had not the knowledge he had just acquired, nor his urgent reasons for wanting the case cleared up at all costs. For the only possible way to extricate Olimpia Montesanto from her unbearable situation was to prove her husband a murderer, and wrest her away from him once and for all, or prove him innocent, and set her mind at rest.

When he thought of it in those terms, he knew he was lying to himself. The prim phrases about setting her mind at rest had a derisive ring in his ears. He did not believe that Olimpia was making any

mistake about Tonino. Maybe he did not even want to believe it. He was no longer sure of anything.

And suppose the vital bit of evidence was waiting up there in the snow, and the police had not found it? Edward was no longer willing to believe that anyone but himself could be trusted to look after Olimpia's interests; no one but himself knew how she was threatened.

HE stood looking back towards the lighted windows for a few minutes after the policemen had passed by, and then he swung round suddenly, before he even knew what he was going to do, and began to stride rapidly up through the rocks towards the base of the zigzag path which led up by the slope.

The doors would not be locked for hours yet, because of the police moving about the place. He had a thin torch in his pocket, and time to go over the ground with it, if he put on the hardest pressure possible on the ascent. With luck he would never be missed until he was back in the hotel.

It was growing bitterly cold now, and he would have liked at least to fetch his windjacket, but he was afraid of being hampered by acquaintances if he went back to the house, and perhaps even of being prevented from leaving again. So he bent his back into the long, hard grind up the traverses for the second time that day, trying to warm himself by covering the hour's climb in forty minutes. Before he was halfway up, where the traverses moved clean across from the right-hand side of the slope to the left, he was sweating, but shivering still as the frosty wind caught him at every turn.

The sky had cleared, and stars, very small and pinched, pricked the dark blue expanse

of sky with pinpoints of light. His eyes were growing so accustomed to the native, mysterious light that he hardly needed the torch, and kept it switched off except on the tricky narrowings of the path, or at the turns, where all surfaces flattened out into one deceptive greyness. He did not want to be seen from below.

Occasionally a sense of the insecurity of height, muffled in the comparative dark, plucked at him without warning, and made him dizzy for an instant, but he was thrusting upward with so much impetus that he was able to banish the unpleasant sensation without too much discomfort. He had no time for vertigo.

The "rifugio" was only a tiny lamp below him now, shining upon a short, lambent, pallid coil of road. Suddenly he saw himself for the incredible fool he was, charging romantically up a mountain at eleven o'clock at night to find some evidence which would put a man, hitherto unknown to him even by name, in gaol, and set his wife free—free for what? Free to accept Edward Stainier's protection and admiration?

He was appalled by the unexpectedness of the vision, which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with any previous part of his life or character. In a sick fascination he wondered what his mother would say if she could know of his predicament, and whether her ladylike placidity would sustain the shock.

But he went on climbing, pressing the pace until the muscles of his thighs ached abominably. He could not wait to get through the rock gateway, and out of sight from the hotel; then he could ease up.

The rocks soared about him quite suddenly, a sort of clos-

ing in of the arms of the mountain round his strenuously bent shoulders. The cliffs were awesome in the night, and the silence was withering. He was not used to meddling with the elemental terrors of midnight and rock and the human heart; all he knew was the safe places of academic respectability.

He felt superstitious fear hammering harder still after the strained pumping of his blood, and knew that what chiefly terrified him was the fear of his own inadequacy. Suppose he should mishandle this opportunity? And suppose Olimpia should have to pay for his fumbling? He stiffened himself indignantly against the possibility as he straightened up, gasping, and plunged through the gateway of the col.

The first glimmering snow-field fell away on his left, within the arena of rocks. He was glad that his shoes were Italian, and almost certainly of the same pattern as many which had passed this way already, including some of those worn by the policemen. He must not cut up the marked area of snow too crudely, but if he took care his tracks would pass among the rest.

Down the first long, tumbled descent of broken boulders and rock he could see his way better now, in the dark, than earlier in the boiling cloud. A pale native light seemed to come out of the rocks and give them solid form. A long descent, complicated with jagged ribs of rock stemming out from the walls of the group like buttresses; then the first comparative smoothness, widening out into the main bowl of the Langkofelkar, shored up with snowbanks against either monumental topless wall.

On his left the snow receded into the deep inner corner of the Grohmann, tucking the little glacier away out of sight among the buttresses. Some-

where under the rocks, where the ribs of the Grohmann thrust inward into the bowl, he would find the trampled patch of snow, marked out with stones, and the plaid handkerchief wedged into a crevice above the place.

It had not occurred to him until then that someone might have been left on guard there, and he halted for a moment on his reckless slide down the snow, in consternation at the possibility. But no, on second thoughts it was unlikely enough. The night was already very cold, before morning there would be several degrees of frost up here; and who was likely to invade the mountain at night, in any case? No, they had covered the spot pretty thoroughly already, they would let it rest until morning now. He went on, and at the splayed rib of rock began to work his way along gingerly, his torch trained along the stony faces before him.

THE place was not hard to find; the stones, carried from the more open side of the bowl where the snow did not cling, showed up with amazing clarity against the whiteness. There it was, the shape of a man roughly marked out on the dimpled surface, and a flutter of colored cloth above.

Stepping lightly and steadily, to leave no deeper indentations than he need, he went inch by inch over the ground where the body had lain. There was nothing there but the prints of many boots, the pattern of stones, and a curious sense of disturbance about the snow; no blood, no pit such as a body falling from the cliffs would have dug.

One curve of stones, marking probably the line of shoulder and arm, reached out to a low

bank of rocks which only just broke the surface of the snow. Edward, circumnavigating the site, trod too closely into the fringes of snow over these, where the sun-warmed stone in the daytime had thawed narrow curved caverns under the unbroken crust. His foot went through, and he was in up to the knee before he could withdraw his weight.

He extricated himself carefully, trying not to cave in still more of the crust, but there was still a deep crumbling pit where his boots had rested. One of the stones placed by Johann's party heeled away silently into the hole. He righted it, playing the torch closely into the hollow; and in the thin beam of light he saw something black in the crumbling whiteness within.

Many insignificant things may easily post themselves through the slits rocks can work round their own bodies in snow. This slit, where undamaged by his clumsiness, must have been already half an inch or so in width. Nevertheless, he reached his hand into the hole, and pulled out a soft, narrow leather strap, a bit of black kid about eight inches long, with two small steel half-hoops sewn into a loop in one end of it.

He did not know what he had expected; it meant nothing to him now that he had it. Just a strip of kid, with a few frayed threads of cotton where it had been sewn to something else. And yet there was something about it that made his fingertips tingle as he held it.

The leather was fresh, supple and brightly black, and his cold hands could detect in it none of the internal stiffness of damp. It could not have kept this condition for so much as a single day in the hollow of snow, for the first warmth of sun on the rocks or the first shower would have seeped water down upon it, and



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marked it with bleached greyish patches.

No, this strap had been in its cleft for only a few hours at most. According to the curve marked out by the stones, the dead man's arm and side had lain over the spot from which he had lifted his trophy; he did not think it could have been dropped into the hollow while the body was undisturbed, nor could he believe that any of the police party would be so careless as to lose a boot-strap, or whatever it was, while examining the scene of the crime.

Either one of Johann's party had shed the thing when they lifted him, or else it had been dropped by someone shortly before Leoni was shot. So shortly, thought Edward, shivering in the thin frosty wind, that he could hardly be anyone else but the murderer.

The place was neither on nor near any path, he had had to swing inward a long way to reach it. He could hardly believe that some other, some innocent person had chosen exactly the same spot to linger in, on the same day. No, what he had in his hand belonged to one of the climbing party who had moved the body, or to the murderer. There was no other likely explanation for it.

He found nothing else, though he hunted doggedly for ten minutes more about the disturbed area of snow. He was shivering violently with the cold, and it was growing very late. He pushed the strap into his pocket, for more exact examination later, and began the laborious climb back to the col; and on the way down the slope he put on all the speed he dared, and even risked using the torch here and there to avoid delay.

IT was past midnight when he crept quietly through the rock town, but the lights were still on in the hall and the office, and the door still unfastened. Only a few people were still moving about within, and the dining-room and the bar were in darkness. He stole in when the hall was momentarily empty, and crept up the stairs; and in his recess on the top landing he did not venture to switch on a light, but got himself to bed in the dark, and lay for a long time sleepless, trembling and trying to get warm.

Tomorrow he must somehow contrive to get a word with Olimpia alone, and show her the strap. If she could connect it with her husband, there would be something, at least, on which the police could take action.

When Edward came down-stairs next morning the dining-room curtains were still closely drawn, so he went out and strolled back and forth on the green verge of the road, where he could keep an eye upon the stairs every time he passed the door. A few people were already down, most of them preparing their cars for early starts without breakfast, probably intending to stop for food somewhere along the road later, at Monti Pallidi, perhaps, or Selva. The Boxer puppies were tumbling about the grass in a running fight, and already a few climbers were issuing hopefully from the chalet and looking up at the pale blue sky, radiant beyond the clear, washed crests of the mountains.

The first sunlight, salmon-pink, flushed the upper cliffs of the Langkofel. It was going to be a beautiful day; the climbers tightened their belts,

pulled experimentally at the laces of their boots, and doubled back into their crowded nest for their climbing gear. Whatever plans they had made for the next fine day were definitely in train.

Professor Lacey came out with the rest, pushed his shapeless hat, decorated with a frayed end of nylon rope, forward over his mahogany brow, and sniffed appreciatively at the glittering air. Then he went back to muster his party, and presently they emerged in a tight little organised knot of British efficiency, and made purposefully for the dining-room, which was now open. Evidently the Professor's pulled muscle was back in trim, and it would take more than a dead lion to keep him on the ground today.

They called a greeting to Edward as they approached the doorway, and lingered as though they expected him to join them at once; but he did not go in until he had seen Olimpia come down the stairs and enter the dining-room, her husband close at her elbow, his hand touching her arm.

No luck there! She passed in through the little ante-room as though she had not seen Edward standing in the sunlight beside the road; but he felt in his heart that she had, that she was deeply aware of him, and would have come to him if she could have shaken off that forbidding hand. Cupped about her arm, it held her back very effectively from offering him even the clear glance for which he had hoped.

At least from his place at the corner table he could watch her across the room. All through the meal, while he fended off the Professor's efforts to inveigle him into their plans for the day's climb, he was covertly studying the slender, erect figure, the long brown hands and swinging honey-colored hair. She was in knickerbockers and a white shirt this morning, her hooded windjacket hanging on the arm of her chair. So they were going out, and on an active expedition, too.

The thought terrified him. How could he let her go off into the desolate lunar craters of disintegrating rock about these mountains, alone with a wretched unbalanced creature who had probably killed once out of his insane jealousy, and might do so again? If only he could have five minutes with her before that frightful situation arose, could get her to identify the strap as something of Tonino's, they would be saved. Then he could turn it over to the police with his story, and if Montesanta escaped immediate arrest, at least he would be kept about the hotel under surveillance, and his wife would be safe from him.

But in the Cir, for instance, where they had spent yesterday morning—! He could not bear to think of the miles and miles of faint, bewildering greys and greens and pinks of stone, unpopulated, deceptive, silent, where a body could lie for weeks and weeks undiscovered, since only color and movement together ever served to call attention even to the living.

The professor was nudging him, urging something, he didn't know what, he hadn't been listening. Distract, he parried at a venture:

"Perhaps we shan't be allowed to go off the premises. I mean . . . the police . . ."

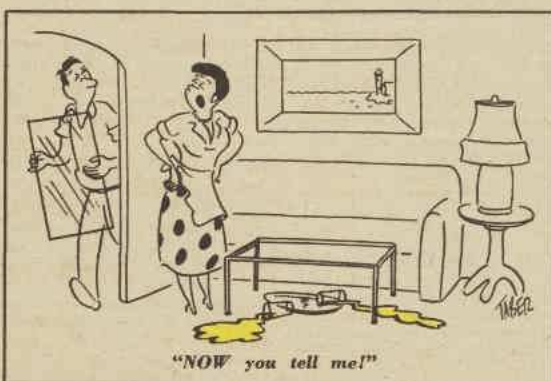
"My dear fellow! Approximately one hundred and eighty people, most of them with only the flimsiest acquaintance with the Lion! . . . how can they all

be kept here? No, they'll want to know if anyone's leaving today, and no doubt they'll double-check on any who are. But that's all. No, we can all go where we like, as long as they're reasonably sure we're coming back again. You'd much better come with us. We've got a very easy day planned, and you can't do very much alone."

Edward fought them off with much more decision than he could ever have shown for his own sake. His eyes were on the silent couple across the room, the girl with her warm bronze skin exquisite against the white silk of her shirt, and her eyes cast down desultorily upon the plate she had hardly touched, the man heavily silent, watching her constantly with the saddest, most tormented eyes Edward had ever seen.

There was no cure for a man like that. As she had said, facts meant little to him, and evidence nothing. He had created his own hell. It would be hell to have Olimpia and not have her; Edward could quite see that.

He wondered that the tension between himself and her was



not as perceptible to everyone in the room as it was to him. She kept her eyes resolutely lowered because if she raised them it would be to fix their wide, golden, fearful appeal upon him, and that look would be one Tonino would read instantly, and translate into something shameful. She, too, was waiting for the chance to speak to him; but she was already afraid that it would not come. The attendant hand was too ready at her elbow as she rose from the table at last, the insatiable eyes too intent upon every movement she made.

Edward had to let them pass through the doorway before he dared excuse himself hurriedly and follow. They were going towards the stairs again. He saw Olimpia check suddenly, heard her say something about stamps, drawing her arm from Tonino's grasp with an easy and natural recoil towards the little shop; but instead of going up the staircase without her, he came back at her heels, stood by her at the counter, still touching her remindingly with the ends of long, inexorable fingers. He was not going to let her out of his sight, that was plain. "Neither will I!" said Edward grimly to himself. "Not until I can get her safely away from you!"

He hung about in the hall among the drifting visitors, pretending to trace out a route upon the map, until they came down again and passed by him on their way to the door. He turned his head at the closest and most betraying moment; he could not help it, the sense of Olimpia's nearness and the still, wild awareness he had of her fear and her trust were too intense to resist.

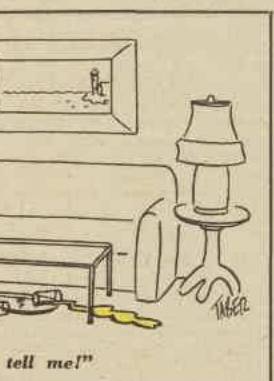
He met her eyes full for an instant, light yellow flames of

fear in the masklike calm of her lovely face, and flashed back at her, as convincingly as he could when the greater part of himself was a molten panic of infatuation and bewilderment, his service and reassurance.

Pretty lame comfort, he thought to himself, sick with disgust at his own inadequacy, and longing to exceed her hopes of him.

He watched them move off across the road, and take a thinly trodden path diagonally over the open meadow, heading straight for the cliffs of the Sella, which loomed immense against the washed blue sky, palest pink above, shadowy russet and bluish-grey below. As soon as he was sure of their direction he went back into the equipment room, where the English party were just girding themselves with the most casual set of ropes and gear he had ever seen.

"Is there a quick way up into the Sella plateau this side? There's a path that makes off directly into the cliffs just opposite here; I wondered about taking that. It must take hours



off the Val Lasties route if it's practicable."

"Oh, yes, much the most direct way up," Professor Lacey knotted a pair of dingy tennis shoes at his belt, and looked round with mildly quickening interest. "Just across the meadows here . . . the path's liable to vanish, but keep more or less on the contour, and scout along the cliff there, and you can't miss it. Takes you up to Piz Selva in a few hours. Interesting route, too!"

"Is it very difficult?"

PROFESSOR LACEY answered, "Hardly a scramble. Where it gets rather steep and exposed there are wire ropes fixed and some hand-holds."

"Only you have to watch out for the ropes in places," supplemented Mrs. Palgrave cheerfully. "Some of them aren't too safe. There's a lot of weathering on those faces."

"Yes, I'd recommend roping up, if you're going with anyone else. Not that it's at all dangerous! Only if you do make a mistake you can't rectify it, that's the only thing. But you'll find it quite simple . . . just a walk!"

Edward withdrew with somewhat nervous thanks, and went out to the vast green undulation of meadow again. The two dwindling figures were walking steadily along the invisible track, some distance away now, their faces towards the mountain, but the space between was so open that he could not follow them without becoming as conspicuous as a sore finger against the empty sweep of grass. The last thing he wanted was to supply even the most tenuous of evidence

for Tonino's pathological suspicions of his wife.

After a few irresolute moments he set off uphill by the road, cutting the corners on the boggy grass, towards the crest of the pass, where the Sella towers loomed, and the slight irregularities of the abrupt cliff-face would offer him some cover. He had to hurry to arrive somewhere near the fissure in the cliff by the time they began to ascend. When he was close to the sudden scar of the rocks, he broke into a run, doubling back in the cover of the many curves and corners towards where the path would eventually deliver his quarry.

His heart was thudding, less with haste than dread, for this did not sound at all the kind of path on which he wanted to see Olimpia and Tonino setting out; but there was nothing he could do except follow, and try to remain near enough to be of service to her. He had not thought what he could do. The first thing was to be close to her, and feel the desperate valor her eyes had given him, filling his mild heart with fury and resolution.

He lost sight of them from time to time from the undulations of the cliff-face, which leaped out of the meadow almost as cleanly as a wall, with only here and there a few fallen boulders to soften its fabulous outlines. He dared not go many yards from the shelter of the rock, for fear of becoming visible to the two who were gradually converging with him across the meadow; and when he could not see them he fell into new fears, and began to run again until he came to a corner round which he could watch their progress towards the wall. They were well below the level of the "rifugio" now, and nearing the cliff, climbing again slightly out of the shallow green bowl.

He slowed down, to keep clear of them, edging yard by yard along, and waiting for the first sounds of their nearness. They were not speaking at all. Presently he could hear their steps in the grass; and for a moment, before they vanished into the rock, he saw Olimpia's face clearly, intent, aware, and very still, the eyes flaring unfocused, as though all her powers were concentrated on listening. Listening, he thought, for him.

He could not give her any sign. He had to stand stiffly back behind his oblique face of rock, and let them clatter into the mouth of the rising cleft he could not even see. And for perhaps ten minutes he did not dare to move from his place and begin the climb after them, because he had no idea of the ground, and could not risk appearing before they were out of range. Those were the worst minutes he had ever spent.

When their leisurely, deliberate movements no longer sent him any echoes, he ventured along the cliff perhaps twenty yards more, and came upon the gully, doubling steeply backward into the rock mass. It was narrow enough to be easily missed unless one looked back at the right angle, complicated with masses of fallen stones for a while, but he could move silently and fairly quickly up it, for there was plenty of cover. From rock to rock and corner to corner he pulled strenuously upward until he could hear them moving ahead of him, and catch an occasional glimpse of them as they bent their backs in the long, easy, untiring stride of practised mountaineers.

The reddish Sella stone had closed in about them now, and the meadows and the road were out of sight. They climbed between pitted russet walls, up a gully roofed with incredibly blue sky. For over a thousand feet the first terrace of the Sella shot up out of the grass here, then stretched itself in a broken but roughly level surface of whitened and weathered stone and rubble, then leaped again skyward in a second terrace, whitened again on its crest with debris, and a little snow.

Within these ramparts the vast grey-and-rose plateau, scored and cratered, stretched out mile upon crippling mile, casting upward its occasional peaks, and knotting under them its sudden glaciers. But all Edward could see now was this harsh funnel of red rock climbing steeply, and now and again between faces of rock ahead the dazzling whiteness of Olimpia's shirt.

Once they halted and sat down where there was an open window on the pass, to smoke their first cigarette; but as soon as the butts were trodden out against the stones they were off again. He stayed in close attendance on them, dangerously close, wherever there was cover, but sometimes he had to fall back as much as a hundred yards to remain hidden, and then his fear began to beat upward in his throat urgently, tugging him onwards towards her for dear life, her life, which had become so crazily dear to him.

Once he thought she hesitated at a corner, and looked back for an instant, as if she knew he was there and longed to come plunging back to him.

They were well up now, and coming to some of the more exposed places where the path, if it could be called a path, crawled outward to the exterior faces of the group, there being no purchase for it within. It had seemed very still, below in the fields, but here there was a sudden and cool wind and the shadow fell away into the sheer rock, and left the morning sun brilliant and hot upon their heads.

They had the treacherous assistance of Professor Lacey's ropes and hand-holds on these pitches, but it was safer to do without them. Edward clutched at one of the ropes and it swung alarmingly loose in his hand, anchored only some yards above him. He held his breath, for fear the movement should send a shudder jangling up to where they were, but they continued to climb in silence and he felt sure that he was still undetected.

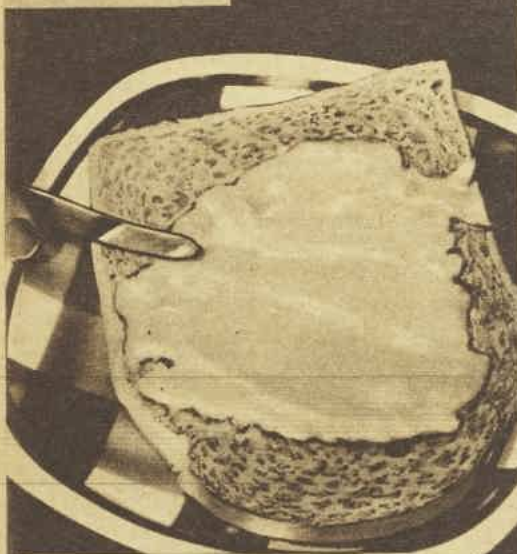
At any other time he would have been gravely discomforted by the plucking of the air and the almost sheer drop of several hundred feet on his right hand; now he was too furiously intent to notice his own uneasy situation. Compared with the two people he was shadowing, he was an absent amateur, he could see that very clearly. To them this was indeed an easy scramble, and nothing more. Edward watched Olimpia's movements whenever the chance offered, envious of her ease and precision. He knew how her mind leaned back to him in its anxiety, and yet her body seemed as relaxed and competent as a cat.

Her husband went before her, leaning back to give her a hand occasionally where the reach was long and difficult. Now the route had tacked and they were crossing Edward's position on a higher level. He clung flattened against the

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"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION"

rock, listening intently as the methodical, measured movements of their feet were stepped out above his head. There could have been only a few yards between them, for he had not been prepared for the tack, and he was much nearer than he liked.

He hugged the rock and held his breath. The cliff-face bulged slightly above him and hid all but an inch or two of nondescript khaki sleeve and he was not seen. All the same, he let them gain a few more yards before he dared move on again and he was just approaching the turn in the route when the thing happened.

For the first time within Edward's hearing, Tonino had spoken to her. Her high, clear voice, curiously flattened and wary, said something mildly in return; it sounded like an obedient agreement in whatever he had said. Then a foot slid suddenly along rock, a protesting sound, there were two cries so simultaneous that they might have been only the two dominant tones of a dreadful natural disharmony.

Then a shadow flung outward on the air above Edward's head like a swooping bird and something went by his cringing shoulders with a rushing sigh, turning, plying its arms vainly against the unsustaining wind, down, down, over the sheer edge of the cliff-face, plunging towards the meadows far below.

CROUCHED hard against his rock, frozen with horror, he saw something else fall with it, something tiny and thin and between black and bright, that rang on the edge of the fall with a metallic note, and bounced outward from his sight to vanish after Montesanto's body.

His senses, recoiling in self-defence, slammed a door upon reality and left him hanging there blind and deaf for a moment, and then he tore himself out of his paralysis to hear the thin, terrifying sound of Olimpia screaming. He forgot the nine hundred feet of vertigo below him and the thirty-seven years of physical mediocrity behind him and clawed his way up to her with heroic haste.

She was spread out against the rock, her face pressed into her shoulder, wailing like a crazed child. Not far above her right hand he could see the place where the iron staple was newly broken out of the rock.

He came to her side very gently and warily, anchored her to the rock with a firm arm, and began to talk to her in a low voice, choosing words so calm and tender that she had to hear their authoritative sound if not their sense; and within a few seconds of his touching her she was quiet, shuddering within his arm, drawing long, steady breaths. He did not try to make her move until she was ready for it. There was no longer any hurry. No hurry in the world.

"It's all over now, you're quite safe with me. I'll take you down again safely. I'll take you home. Don't worry about anything any more. I'm with you."

She braced herself a little and drew closer to him, huddling against his breast. Her trembling diminished slowly. After a while she turned her head and hid her face again in his shoulder.

"It wasn't your fault. Don't think of it, it's all over now. Just hold on to me."

"He tried to kill me," she

said indistinctly into his coat, her voice a child's whimper of protest against injustice. "He leaned down to give me his hand . . . and he took hold of the iron hold instead, and broke it out, and it fell . . . I don't know what happened . . . he must have lost his balance . . ."

She detached one hand from its frantic clutch on the rock, and took hold of his coat instead, clinging convulsively. "He wanted to kill me!" she sobbed, relaxing from her quivering rigidity into the sustaining circle of his arm. "He was smiling, and then he pulled the staple out and let it fall . . . and all at once he slipped, and the smile went away from his face . . . and then he fell, too . . ."

He held and soothed her until she ceased to tremble, and visibly drew herself together again, raising her face dazedly to his. Its calm seemed to him that of a sleepwalker, but it was calm. She did everything he told her, without hesitation, trusting him utterly, setting hand or foot wherever he told her to put them on the long descent.

"He was mad, wasn't he?" she said suddenly, when they were nearing the last stony cleft which brought them into the meadow. "It wasn't his fault . . . he didn't know what he was doing."

"No," said Edward tenderly. "he didn't know what he was doing. He wasn't normal."

He knew he had to find the body. When they reached the grass he wanted to leave her sitting against the safe, solid rocks while he prospected to the left, where he was pretty sure it would have fallen; but though her knees were shaking under her, she would not be left alone. She followed at his elbow, her hand reaching out to him, so that he turned back impulsively and gathered her to him again. Her face was too still, her eyes too hectically bright in it. He was afraid she might collapse in the reaction from terror and shock.

What was left of Tonino Montesanto was lying crumpled in a small hard field of stones below the sheer face, about thirty yards to the left of the mouth of the cleft. He looked remarkably intact still, only without bones, as limp and abandoned as a rag doll, and insubstantial inside the deflated bulk of his windjacket.

He was on his side, with his limbs tumbled about him grotesquely. Edward touched him only delicately, without moving him, because it was clear that the side of his head and face, which lay undermost, was something Olimpia had better not see. Not ten yards from him the iron staple was lying in the thin grass between the stones.

"He's dead?" asked Olimpia, through stiff lips.

"Instantly. Maybe before he even hit the ground. He wouldn't know, Olimpia, he wouldn't have time to feel anything but one great blow. You mustn't think of it. You have to think of yourself now."

"I'm all right," she said, and swayed on her feet.

He got her to a comfortable spot with her back against a smooth stone, and wrapped her in her own jacket and his, and told her to shut her eyes and wait there while he ran to the "rifugio" and not to try to move until he came back with help. He thought for fully five minutes as he ran across the meadow, his chin frequently on his shoulder, that she was going to obey him. But at the end

of that time, looking back yet again, he saw her stumbling after him at a reckless run, and calling after him with a sad little cry.

He turned back, sick with devotion, and took her into his arms. She was crying, the tears pouring from her eyes; and her face had recovered something of its live warmth with the relief of it. She was ashamed and apologetic, flushing under her tan as she entreated: "Don't leave me behind! I'm sorry! . . . I'm so sorry! But don't make me stay there . . ."

He kissed her wet cheeks, not like a lover at all, more like a father picking up a hurt child; and slowly, gently, he helped and coaxed her all across the interminable waste of meadow towards the "rifugio."

The porter, Edward, and four policemen went out to bring back the remains of Tonino Montesanto. It was not quite noon when they picked him out of the blood-stained stones, and went carefully over his disarticulated body, picked up the fallen iron staple he had wrenched from its place the better to tip his wife to her death, and put together the whole story of the morning from Edward's account.

The police officer in charge—Edward never knew what his title might be—felt at the deep inside pockets of the gabardine windjacket before he unzipped it. His hand halted upon the left breast, felt along the outline of something hard there. He was interested.

What came out of the pocket was a small, snub-nosed revolver, which he lifted forth in the folds of a handkerchief.



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"DEAD MOUNTAIN LION," by Edith Pargeter

and regarded with alert satisfaction. The make and calibre, to judge by his face, were right. There was a silencer grooved into the barrel. The individual markings and the fingerprints, if any, should settle the matter.

Edward wondered where the gun would have been by now, if it had been Olympia and not Tonino who had fallen. With all the terrace of the Sella for its grave, it would have taken some resurrecting. Pools were few and inaccessible here, and at this time of year liable to be dangerously shrunken in size; but there was plenty of land, too much for any close search. No, if the plans had gone right, that gun would probably never have been seen again.

Had Olympia known more than she had confided to him last night? Had she discovered more since then, enough to make her death desirable for other reasons besides Othello's demented vengeance? He was never going to ask her. She was alive, and out of her nightmare. That was all that mattered.

THEY carried the stretcher back to the "rifugio," decently covered from sight, and it was taken into the little office, and the policemen went in after it and shut the door on all the rest of the world. And yet within an hour or two the news had gone round. The gun which had shot Paolo Leoni was the one which had been found, wiped clean of all prints, in Tonino Montesanto's pocket. There was no mystery now—it was all over. The murderer was dead, as dead as his victim. A wretched husband unbalanced by groundless jealousy—they knew well how to understand a tragedy like that.

Giulia Leoni came downstairs in the afternoon, when it was quiet in the sun by the little chapel. She was rather grey and drawn with weeping, but quiet and calm. Perhaps she had lost a husband she adored, but at least she was cleared now of the suspicion of having murdered him.

She went steadily out at the door, crossed the gravel before the house on her foolish little high heels, and went to where Olympia was lying in a deck-chair on the grass, with Edward protectively beside her.

Giulia appeared beside the chair very gently and solicitously, her soft, round face bent above Olympia's rest. She said: "Signora Montesanto!" in the most limpidly sweet of voices, and poured out a flood of Italian far too rapid and unemphatic for Edward to follow. He thought how kind and how brave it was of her to come straight to her fellow-victim like this and offer her sympathy in this childlike manner. Her small, rueful smile seemed to him infinitely touching. He heard her husband's name; she was closing the terrible affair gently and firmly.

Olympia looked up, startled for a moment, through her long, bright-gold lashes, and a faint smile touched her lips, hazily at first, then with sculptured decision. She sat up, her face inclined towards Giulia, and suddenly she looked as when Edward had first seen her playing in the snow, absorbed, intact, herself again. Her shining cheeks curved and glowed, flushing warmly. Her breasts lifted with a fierce, reviving sigh.

He could not tell what she answered. He felt the play of certain feminine undercurrents

here, with which he was not at all competent to deal; but it was quite enough to see how they looked at each other, braced and vivid both, growing more gratefully alive and vigorous with every moment that the steady exchange of glances held them together.

Giulia had a quaint, vindicated dignity now, something she would perhaps never lose again. Drawing back a step or two for departure, she looked at him for a moment. She smiled. She made some last soft remark to Olympia, and turned, still smiling, and walked back towards the house.

Olympia sat looking after the slight, upright figure as it dwindled, and her eyes were sleepy and wide and golden all at once, like a wild kitten's. She said tranquilly: "Giulia is very pretty, and quite sensible. She will not be a widow for long."

He was trying to run to earth a word Giulia had used and which he was almost sure he ought to remember, but at this innocent remark his heart gave a great lurch, and he gave up wondering about "bagascia."

He was still thinking warmly how good women can be to one another, when he went in to tidy himself for dinner. It was quite a shock to him when he remembered and looked up the elusive word, to trace the association it had for him. He had heard it before, all right! A man in the market at Brescia had once said it in his hearing to a woman at one of the stalls, and there had been a fight. According to the dictionary, which was almost biblical in its rigidity, it meant, quite simply, "where."

It gave him a nasty jolt to think how mistaken he had been in Giulia, and for a few minutes he was filled with an illogical fury against her. Then he remembered Olympia's compassionate forbearance, and recalled with shame the legacy of shock and grief under which the poor little woman was laboring. She held Olympia responsible just because Olympia was what she was—altogether lovely and desirable. Olympia knew how to understand and forgive; all the epithet really achieved, in fact, was to endow her with yet one more grace to add to her perfection.

Olympia came down to dinner in the black silk skirt and another white blouse, against which her bronze arms and throat glowed enriched and polished in the lamplight. She sat at her table alone, declining, though graciously, all offers of company, even Edward's; but for him she said, softening the brief banishment:

"Afterwards we will go for a walk. Please! I should like to be invisible this evening. But just now I must face everyone, and then everyone will know, and it will be all over. Then we—"

She never completed whatever she had been about to say. Her eyes had a look of astonished discovery, as if even the pronoun had taken her by surprise.

He sustained the eager questions of the English party, not long returned from their day's climb to a mystery resolved, on the strength of that "we." He told the story of the morning's adventure patiently, recovering something of its terror even in thinking of it. He felt the atmosphere of the dining-room, subdued at first out of deference to Giulia and Olympia, lift gradually into exuberance as time passed, because, after all, they were all on holiday, and had just had

the shadow of uncomfortable suspicion removed from them.

Afterwards Olympia rose and in leaving the room, turned and looked at Edward from the doorway with a look so clear and open that it was rather as if a spotlight accompanied him to the door as he obeyed her summons. She was waiting for him in the hall.

"Wait a moment for me. I must get a jacket, it will be cold outside tonight."

"I'll go for it," he offered "if you'll tell me where to find it."

"No, I must go up for a moment. I shan't be long."

She came down buttoning a short woollen jacket and hugging soft kid mittens under her arm. As soon as they were on she slipped her hand into his arm and they went out together and turned towards the saddle of the pass, looking over into the Val Zalei and the descending path to Canazei. There was no moon yet and it was already getting dark. The shapes of the mountains hung black and enormous against a faintly shining sky.

They could feel the cold

self-reproachfully: "What must you think of me, that I throw myself into your arms like this, after so short a time?"

"I think you love me . . . I know I love you. What has time got to do with it, when so much has happened to us?" Was it really Edward Stanier speaking? His face flamed for his own audacity, but as much with triumph as embarrassment. He wished all those who knew him as a rather prim young tutor of confirmed bachelor tastes could see him now.

He didn't know what he felt; his senses were swimming with confused delight. Her hair was soft, like live silk, it seemed to quiver as it stroked his face, and it smelled of lemon blossom. He was faint and tipsy with the sweetness of her mouth and her eyes whenever he opened his own, opened responsibly to receive the close, focused gaze, a luminous haze of gold, rapt, placid, and satisfied.

"A cigarette?"

"Light it for me, please."

They stirred out of the trance slowly and stood apart smiling. He lit the cigarette



pouring down upon them from between the infinitesimal pricked stars and the stored warmth of the day rising out of the earth to fend it off. Over the saddle and past Valentini's Inn there were no people visible, no people in existence, except themselves.

He had never been owned like this by any woman before, it was all new to him, even the feel of her hand in his arm, even the delicate matching of steps they contrived between them. He felt his own critical part detach itself to stand on one side and look on at his own monstrous, presumptuous folly, and then as abruptly it was dragged back into partisan unity with him again, because Olympia had halted suddenly.

HER gloved hand was drawing his head down to her and her lips feeling softly, imperiously, for his mouth. Feeling, because she closed her eyes for the kiss; to Edward even that was a fabulous discovery, but he knew it by the butterfly brushing of her lashes against his cheek. She shut her long, strong arms round him wildly, arched against him into violent stillness. And less than two days ago he had not even known her! But they had lived years of their lives in those few hours.

"If you had not been there," she whispered, "I should have fallen, too. I couldn't have got down alone."

"Don't you know I'd do anything for you? Of course I had to follow you. I wasn't going to let you out of my sight."

"You saved my life. If I hadn't known you were there, close to me, I should have died of terror. Oh, Edward!" Feminine to the bone, she said

and transferred it from his lips to hers, and she put up a mittened hand to adjust it very delicately between thumb and fingers, laughing at herself. Her laugh was as light and content as when he had watched her tumbling intently in the snow of the Langkofelker. No one could have guessed she had lost a husband and narrowly escaped losing her own life in the interval.

He watched her fondly, still a little drunk with their indulgence; and it was in the absorbed solemnity of drunkenness that he found himself dwelling upon the little elaborate glove in the glow of the cigarette. A pretty little mitt, the palm of black kid, the back of cherry-red, the wrist encircled with a thin black kid strap about eight inches long, two half-hoops of chromium or steel making an unusual buckle in front.

For an instant the night was absolutely silent, with a silence which hammered his senses like the explosion of a gun. He held his breath and his fingers felt instinctively at his inside pocket where he had left something lying quite forgotten all day, ever since Olympia and Tonino took the meadow path towards the Sella.

Something he had meant to show her! But there had never been a chance until Tonino was dead and then it was no longer of any importance and he had forgotten all about it. He slid his gaze down, wincingly, reluctantly, towards her other hand, which at that very moment was rising innocently to touch his cold cheek. He felt the sweat break out along his hairline as chill as frost.

There was no little black kid strap on this wrist; only a few frayed threads of silk along the

seam marked where it had once been.

When he closed the door of his room his legs gave under him and he had to sit down quickly on the edge of the bed. Heat broke out through his body as intense as the first bitter cold. He wiped his face and watched his hands trembling. The taste of her love-making, terrifyingly sweet, was still on his lips. Only he was aware now of how her love-making might be expected to end!

SO Giulia had known what she was talking about, after all. The rest might say that the Lion had pestered Olympia without result, but Giulia knew better. There had been results, all right! Once, at any rate! Yes, probably only once; that was what had baffled the Lion. He couldn't realise that there could be a woman who lived just as he did, taking whatever she wanted wherever she found it, and throwing it away when she had done with it. That was the partial blindness which had been the death of him in the end.

She had been quite ready, perhaps, to jettison Tonino for a sufficient stake, but not for an easy creature like Paolo Leoni. And a man like that might easily become a serious nuisance to a woman who dared to tire of him before he tired of her. Maybe he only bored her. Maybe he threatened, in his baffled imagination, his offended maleness, to talk to her husband, since he couldn't talk sense into her. Either way, he got his one more meeting. And he was dead.

Edward thought of Olympia as he had first seen her, pleased with her solitude, eased of her encumbrance, gambolling in the snow with all her heart and mind. The gun must have been in the pocket of her slacks then, the gun she had planted on Tonino this morning, when for five minutes she was left behind with his body.

And Edward knew the rest of it, too, the part Giulia didn't know. It wanted only one bit of the puzzle orientated correctly, and all the rest fell into place. The summons of her eyes pulling him after her to the mountain, the chosen witness—not only for his love-sick gullibility, probably, but also as a sort of favor, because he had already been chosen for something more than a witness. Olympia liked him. She had persuaded him back to Sella in the first place as much because she liked him as to avoid the possibility of a premature discovery of the Lion's body.

This time she even liked him enough to shrug off Tonino in his favor, it seemed, especially as Tonino was beginning to offend her a little with his tragic forbearance and his tedious unhappiness. She took no delight in having him eternally miserable; she needed no tributes of that kind to establish her personality. Besides, Tonino could very usefully cancel out any lingering inconvenience left in her way by Paolo, and the life he would be losing in the process was only a purgatory to him in any case.

It had been childishly easy; he saw that now. The pitch of the climb carefully chosen, the husband unwarily leaning to give her a hand. A little jerk outward when he was least expecting it, and the iron hand-hold wrenched from its already precarious anchorage

on the rock and tipped down after him. Yes, after him!

Edward realised now more clearly the order of that fall. And then she had nothing to do but stand there huddled against the rock, screaming delightedly into her own shoulder, her eyes closed in the satisfaction of artistry, until the sweet, besotted fool of an Englishman came panting to her rescue.

But who was going to believe it now? What was there to show for it all but a little black kid strap from a glove, and if it was what he said it was, and he'd found it where he said he had, why hadn't he handed it over to the police? And, in any case, whose word was there for it but his? Whose word was there for any of it except his? And he'd already told them quite another story!

He thought of what it would be like to come out with this accusation, this incredible reversal, before Olympia's wide, wounded eyes, and a fiery sweat broke out all over him. Even if he could do it, even if he had the courage, even if he believed him, it could never be made good against that invulnerable serenity of hers. She would have nothing to do but fold her hands and endure the torrent of words and make it clear in her lovely, resigned silence that he had attempted to extort for his services a reward she was not prepared to grant and had taken this method of avenging his slighted masculinity. She wouldn't even have to say it; that was the kind of conclusion to which people leaped where Olympia was concerned. And at the end of everything, with her wild candid kisses still burning on his lips and cheeks, did he even want the truth at that price?

So when everything was said and done, there was only one course open to him. Only one! Ignominious but inevitable!

He packed his rucksack and lay down fully dressed on his bed and even slept a little, fitfully, between terrible dreams situated somewhere between sleeping and waking. At dawn he washed and shaved and crept down to the office to wait for the porter. They were used to people rising and paying bills at short notice, and the police were no longer interested. By seven o'clock he was striding down the valley towards Plan de Gralba to catch the early bus over the Passo Gardena for Brunico and the north. He couldn't wait to get out of the South Tyrol.

He went down the road as if the devils were after him for the first mile, and then inexplicably his feet began to drag. He could hardly feel proud of himself. He was turning his back on a duty, he was going to be haunted for years by uneasy speculations about all the other poor devils who were destined to blunder along after Paolo and Tonino and come to the same sticky end. But what else could he do?

He was astonished to find that his walk had slowed to a stubborn crawl, and at every panicky spurt he put on, his implacable conscience jammed on the brake yet more obstinately. But they'd never believe him. Why should they? What did his single crumb of evidence amount to when all was said and done! Coupled with the suspicious circumstances of his suppression of it until this moment?

It was at this point that it dawned upon him that he was afraid of her. He stopped in his tracks, digging his heels

Continued overleaf

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indignantly into the turf by the roadside. He could throw overboard all the arguments of chivalry, for, do what he would, Olympia needed no help to protect herself from him. The simple truth was that he hadn't the courage to face her.

The realisation fired his gentle heart into a totally unexpected anger. Not only had she made use of him as an assistant in disposing of her husband and her lover and fooled him to the hilt, but she had brought him face to face with a mirror he had probably been avoiding all his life. He was afraid to tell the truth, because it was going to put him in a dubious position and might not be believed! As if that altered the fact that it was truth! So he was that kind of timorous soul, was he?

It confused him a little to find that he had turned and was striding back up the white road as hard as he could go. He didn't pause to examine his motives too closely, and it was never at all clear to him whether the deprived ghosts of Paolo and Tonino had really had any hand in turning him or whether his own galled self-esteem had done the job single-handed. He hoped it was his sense of duty to society, but he wasn't going to look too closely. He had more than enough on his mind.

The first climbers were out in front of the chalet when he reached the "rifugio," and Professor Lacey was snuffing the air towards Marmolada and measuring with his alert old eyes the day's possibilities. A terrifying air of normality had already settled over the house. Cars were humming experimentally as people packed in their dogs and children and picnic-baskets. It would take all the stiffening his outraged vanity could provide to drive him to reopen a case so satisfactorily closed. Before his courage could fail him, he approached the Professor with so abrupt and strained a note that the old man stared and bristled like a pointer.

"My dear chap, the porter said you'd left. Did you miss the bus?"

"Not exactly. I had to come back. Professor, would you mind coming and interpreting for me? I've got to talk to the police."

"The police? Something new?" The blue eyes brightened with glee and widened with anticipation. "Surely they'll have gone by this time? But, of course, anything I can do . . ." He wouldn't have missed it for the world; he abandoned his study of the weather and was through the door ahead of Edward and panting at the office doorway in a moment.

The police were still there, just clearing up their records at leisure. They received Edward with alert interest, especially when he began abruptly: "Tell them, will you, that I've got something to say about the case and I should prefer to say it in the presence of Signora Montesanto, if they wouldn't mind asking her to come." He owed her that much, at any rate; or perhaps the debt was to himself. At least he kept his story obstinately to himself until the door opened upon the morning vision of Olympia, fresh as a flower, with a white ivory necklet round her bright bronze throat and the innocence of spring in her serene and dewy smile.

That was his worst moment. When her eyes lit on him and brightened and she exclaimed: "Why, Edward!" he felt like a murderer himself. He had almost hoped that she would have got up early and asked for him and finding him gone, suspected her immunity here and slipped quietly away to new pastures.

He ought to have known that Olympia never ran away; it looked bad, and would have inconvenienced her, and besides, there was always a better way of dealing with any situation. Several better ways. She had only to pass her slender brown hand over the facts and the appropriate arrangement would come to her fingers naturally.

"You sent for me?" she said, composing herself serenely in the chair they offered her. She looked at Edward again and more softly and knew what was happening; and when he raised his head and looked miserably into her eyes she gave him a sweet, tantalising smile. Good God, what chance did he have when she even began by teasing him? She wasn't angry or alarmed.

She didn't feel guilty at all, she had only broken other people's rules, not her own, and to wind her way out of a situation of this kind was normal exercise for her. She might even repay him good for evil by turning the whole thing into a silly misunderstanding and getting him out of it gracefully, into the bargain. If she did, he'd never be able to bear the sight of himself again.

He told his story, forcing himself to face her, and pausing patiently here and there to give the amazed Professor time to translate. With all those unbelieving eyes upon him, and Olympia wide-eyed in silent horror, it was the hardest thing he'd ever had to do in his life, but he went through with it; and when the little black kid strap was on the table in front of the police, he turned his head, and looked despairingly

for private reasons, you've—well, developed a grudge against her. Last night, apparently, she thinks you—rather expected more of her than she felt like giving—"

He had known how it would be! No one who was in earnest, no one who wasn't playing a fascinating game, could manipulate truth as expertly as she did, with such appropriate silences, such wounded reluctance to wound. She had an answer for everything; and, of course, what could be more probable than that her husband, observing something of his wife's, shed along the road or in the hall, should pocket it until he could give it back to her?

His one bit of evidence, and she blew it away delicately, like a bit of thistledown! Not a word too much, no counter-accusations against her accuser. She could not believe that Signor Stanier was insincere or malicious, it could only be that he was terribly mistaken. No, it was the police who suspected him of malice. Here they came, the long, measuring looks he had expected, the crisp, polite questions, so devilishly hard to answer.

"If you found the strap on the scene of the murder, why did you not bring it to us at once?"

"Why did you leave the house this morning, and then come back to bring this charge?"

"Do you not agree that your attitude yesterday indicated rather more than an ordinary friendly interest in Signora Montesanto?"

HE discovered, in five horrible minutes, how like a clumsy lie the truth can sound, even in one's own ears. And there was always Olympia, reproachful but gentle, holding him in the fixed and shaming regard of her great eyes; and behind their bewilderment and hurt he caught the irresistible

the door opened quietly, and Giulia came in.

She had been crying again, though there was little to show it except the more than common brightness of her eyes, and the slight unsteadiness of her lips. She gave one intense glance round at them all, sitting there tensed and wary in their chairs, and then she advanced towards the table, extending a slip of paper in her hand. Halfway across the room she wavered, and presented it instead to Professor Lacey.

"Please—read it first in English. It is best your friend should hear this."

Charming as she was, it had never until then occurred to Edward how much delight and satisfaction there could be in looking at Giulia. A fine little woman—straight! She called a "bagascia" a "bagascia," and to her face, too, not behind her back. A man would be safe with Giulia. Paolo had been safe with her, if only he'd had the sense to appreciate his luck.

"I find it," said Giulia, her large eyes resting gently upon Edward's face, "in my husband's card-case, in the coat he wears the last morning he lives. At lunch he changes his clothes. Now I am packing his things, and I find this." She looked at Olympia, who had drawn herself back into her chair and was as still as stone, her eyes flaring greenly in her taut, golden face.

"Paolo is not a good husband," said Giulia simply, "and it is not easy to live with him. A long time now I am not in love with him, but I love him like a troublesome child, and I do not let my child be killed."

Professor Lacey read, translating reverently in the midst of a deep and foreboding hush:

"Very well, then, at six, but be a little sensible about it. Wait for me well down the slope and out of sight of the path. If I can get rid of Tonino, I will be earlier, but you know how he is. Be sure no one follows, or knows where you are going, and take care to burn this. You are a fool, but nice." "Olimpia."

When he had finished, Giulia repeated it gently in Italian. She had it by heart. The police officer reached out his hand without a word and took the paper. Olympia folded her hands scrupulously in her lap, and relaxed her taut body slowly. Her eyes were lowered, but her face was serene again. She had begun to reassemble her powers already; by the time she looked up she would be ready with her parry, and it would be tireless and ingenious, and she would take delight in it still. Silly children, to think they could ever drive her into a corner! All the same, the world was narrowing.

Limp with relief, Edward was not thinking of her, and that in itself was remarkable. He was thinking first and foremost of his own self-esteem, which had been so unexpectedly reprovoked, but close upon that preoccupation pressed the thought of Giulia. She lifted her dark eyes and gave him a kind, regretful, partisan look. She did not like her children hurt, and any man in trouble had acquired a sort of kinship with Giulia.

"She is very sure of her power with men, you see," she said simply. "But these are the only words Paolo has from her; he cannot bear to burn them. It is perhaps the only thing in the word she can ask of him," said Giulia very softly, "that he will not do for her. But this time she asks too much."

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

• Our novel next week will be "A Woman Named Storm," by the famous blind author Hector Chevigny. It is an appealing and romantic drama of a young woman doctor who faces the problem of conflict between her career and her love—and finds a solution that will keep you guessing to the end.

at Olympia again. "I'm sorry! I couldn't do anything else."

"But I don't understand. Of course that's mine, it's off one of my gloves. I lost it two days ago, after we came back to lunch. If you had it, why didn't you give it to me?" Her lips were quivering with hurt and bewilderment, but her eyes laughed at him gently. "I'm sorry if you didn't think I was appreciative enough—after all your kindness to me—but I didn't think you'd try to make trouble like this—I didn't think you wanted to hurt me."

The policeman questioned her in rapid Italian, and she answered as promptly and directly. The Professor, wild-eyed with excitement, translated breathlessly: "She says she told the whole truth before, she doesn't want to change anything. She lost the strap, and she hasn't seen it since. She says Tonino must have picked it up somewhere, and put it in his pocket until he could give it to her."

"She—my dear chap, she hasn't said it—but they seem to have the impression that,

flash of amusement, and, worse, of half-affectionate indulgence.

"Silly child," she said to him clearly, without a word, "to think you could ever drive me into a corner. Now, as how much trouble and suspicion you've brought on yourself. And I could make it much worse for you, if I chose."

She still liked him; there was no resentment in her at all. She would only scratch if he persisted, and then without malice. Her eyes reminded him of the previous night, of her mouth surrendered to him without reserve, of the stars drowned in her eyes. He felt his head swimming, and clutched at it to hold conviction in. Another moment, and even he would be believing her.

"But there is no evidence to suggest that Signora Montesanto had more than a passing acquaintance with Leoni—none that she ever saw him alone."

"I did not—never. I have only spoken to him among other people, in the dining-room or the hall—"

It was at that moment that

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 466, G.P.O., Auckland.

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The pyjamas are obtainable cut out ready to sew in plain and floral flannelette. The floral flannelette features white, blue, pink, and lemon, the plain colors are white, pink, blue, and lemon. Please make a second color choice. Sizes: 2 years 20/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 3 to 4 years 21/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 5 to 6 years 22/6, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 7 to 8 years 24/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

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The throw-over is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is Swiss organdie, the color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, nil-green, and mauve. Size 36 by 36in. Price 11/9. Postage 9d. extra.

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Boy's winter dressing-gown obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. The color choice includes Royal Stewart, Victoria, McDuff, and Prince Charles. Sizes: 2 years 23/6, 3 to 4 years 24/6, 5 to 6 years 25/11, 7 to 8 years 26/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

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The luncheon set and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty floral motif. The material and color choice include cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 15 by 17in., plate mat 11 by 17in., serviette 11 by 11in. Set of five pieces 17/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Set of nine pieces 19/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each, postage 3d. extra.



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